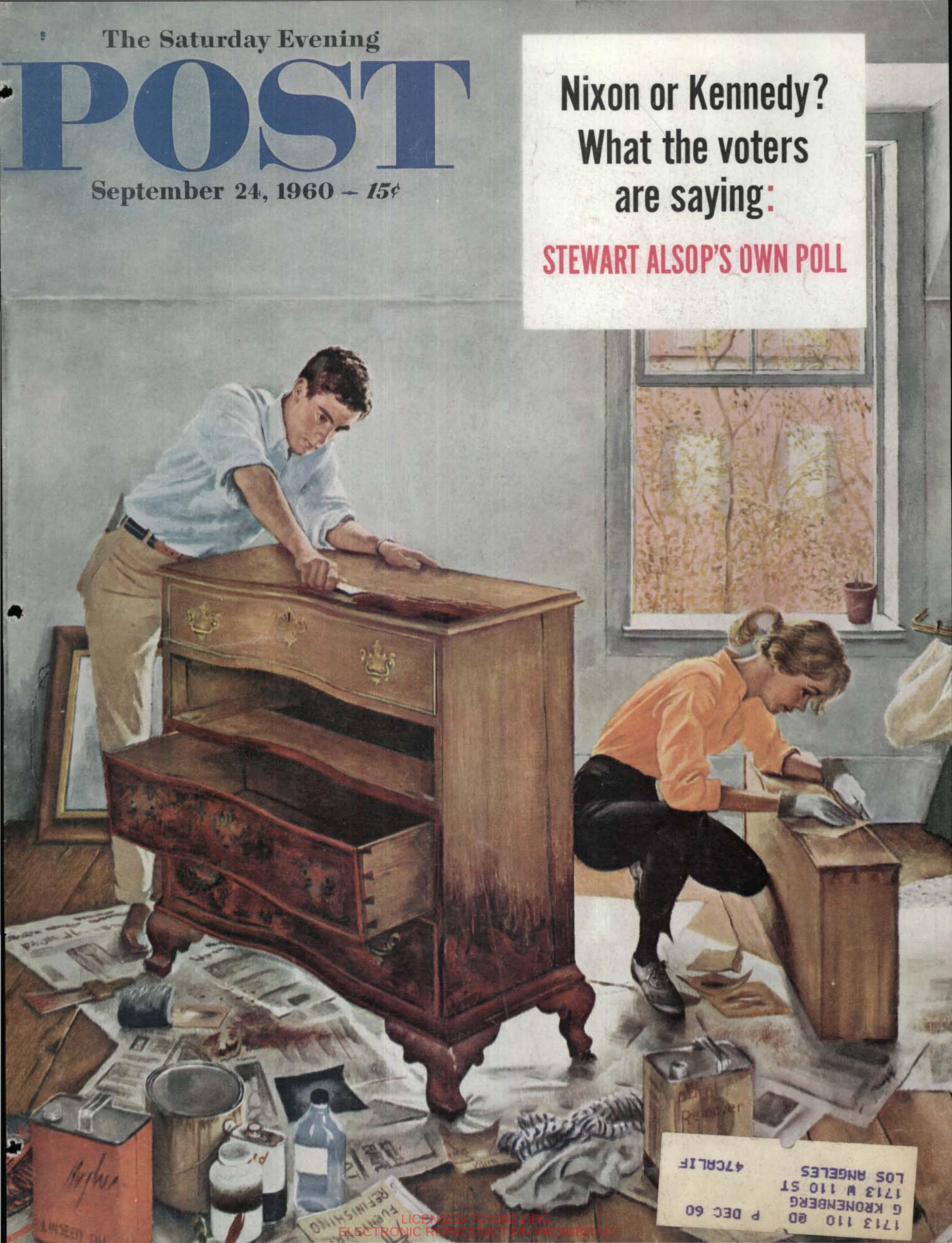
The Saturday Evening
POST
September 24, 1960 – 15¢

Nixon or Kennedy? What the voters are saying:

STEWART ALSOP'S OWN POLL



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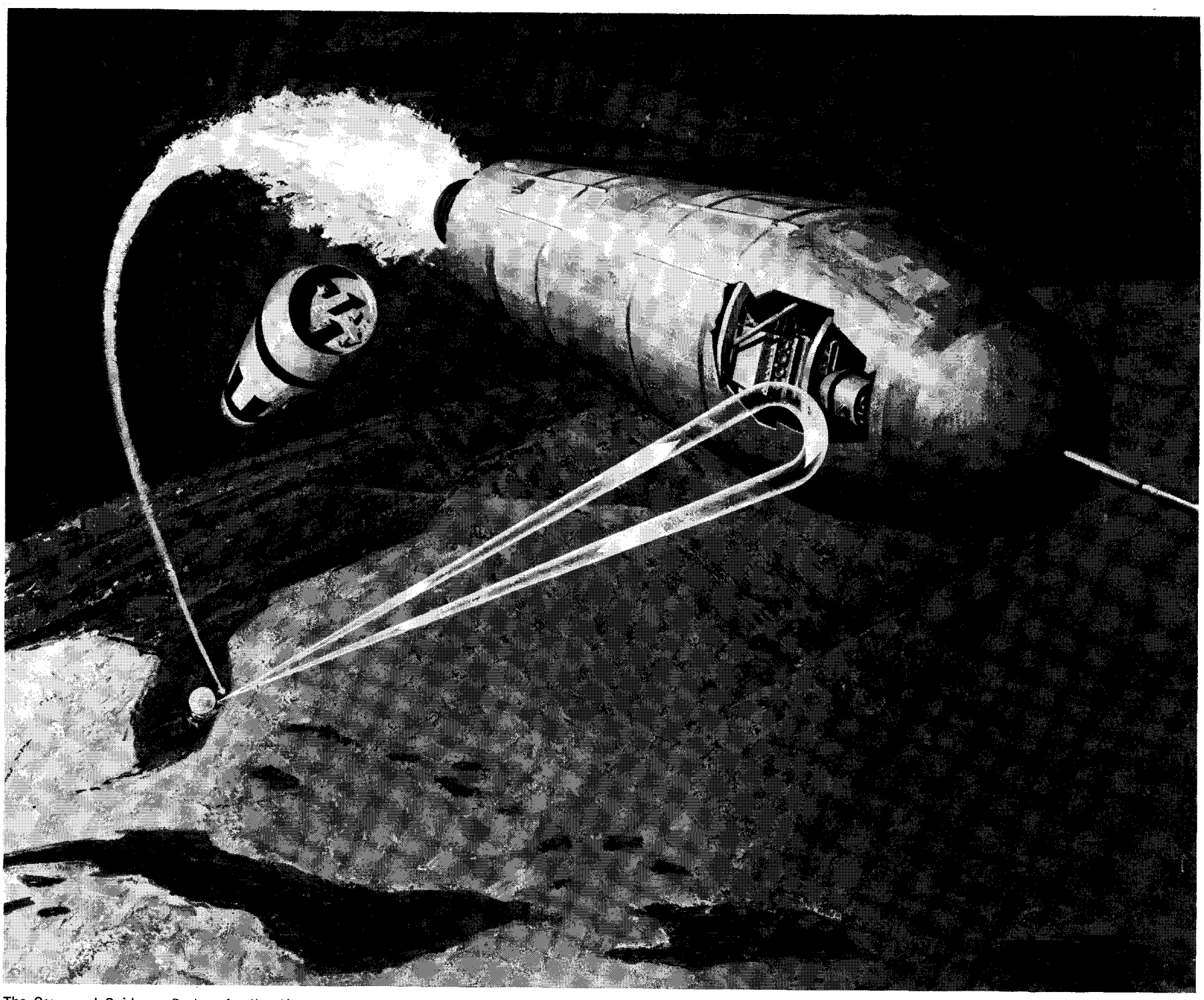
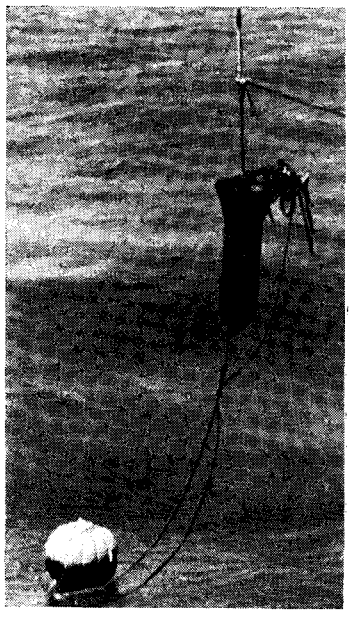


The Command Guidance System for the Air Force Titan, shown here as the first and second stages separate, was developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories and is manufactured by Western Electric. Flight information is analyzed by a Remington Rand-Univac computer.



Nose cone of an Air Force Thor-Able test missile, guided by "brains" developed for the Titan, being recovered from the South Atlantic.

How the Air Force puts Titan on Target!

Bell Telephone Laboratories Command Guidance System gives deadly accuracy to new ICBM

Suppose you were asked to guide a 110-ton missile into space with a controlled velocity so that its nose cone could then sail free of all control and hit a tiny preselected target area 6000 miles away.

This was the objective for Titan which was given by the Air Force to Bell Telephone engineers and scientists. The result was a new Command Guidance System which guides Titan with "pinpoint" accuracy.

For the first few hundred miles of flight, a ground control center tracks the missile and sends instructions to keep it precisely on course. Commands are also sent to cut the engine off at the moment of proper velocity.

To show how accurate this guidance must be: *at the time of cut-off, when Titan may be traveling some 24,000 feet per second, a difference of one foot per second in the speed could cause a miss of one mile.*

The system has already guided missile nose cones so accurately that they could be recovered thousands of miles away by waiting ships. And it will play a key role in forthcoming satellite and space probes.

This new guidance system is the product of our many years of communications research and experience—which also help bring you the finest telephone service in the world.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

We observe here two young people, happily in love with each other and grimly in love with a much-abused Chippendale chest of drawers. Artist George Hughes assures us they're non-beatniks; neither are they "neatniks." At any rate, their spiritual blessings probably outweigh their material assets, which are: one marriage certificate approximately as old as the potted plant on the window sill, one college diploma, a great supply of button-down shirts and tennis shoes, several useful wedding gifts, several not-so-useful wedding gifts, something old which they're converting into something new, and the assorted refinishing supplies on display here. There's a certain symbolism in this industrious scene: Don't most newlyweds have to scrape along for the first few years?

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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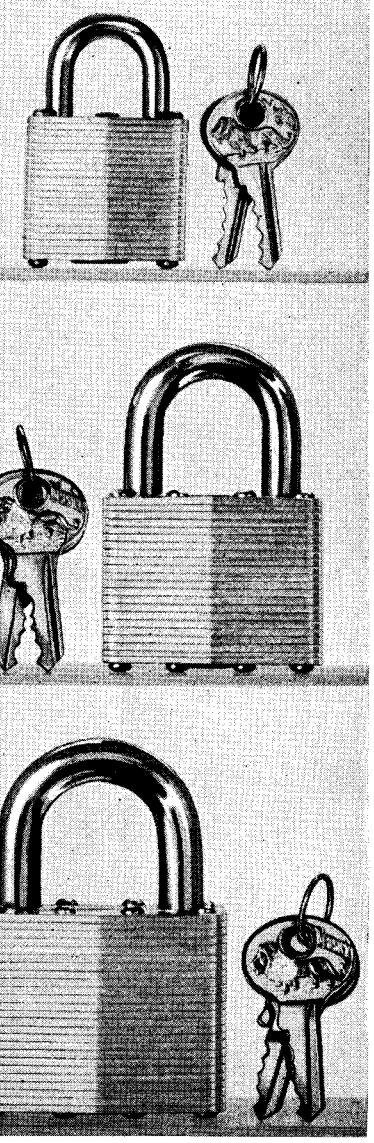

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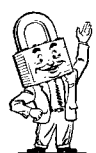

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Letters

Our Cynical Readers

Dear Sirs:

NOW THAT THEY'RE LANDLORDS [by James A. Maxwell, Aug. 13], depicting the work of a group of people dedicated to preserve their community and prevent it from becoming a slum, is a very inspiring story, but I don't believe it. It must be a lie. Slums can be prevented only through vast Federal expenditures.

Don't you listen to the Democratic orators?

HECTOR NOEL
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I laughed and laughed and laughed. Imagine nowadays people doing anything themselves for themselves! How corny can people get? Talk about horse-and-buggy stuff, why that goes clear back to pioneer days. . . . Pfui, such a bunch of dopes! Why, they are absolutely un-American.

CHARLES HAMILTON
Lansing, Mich.

Kissing In Vermont

Dear Sirs:

Re THE LOVE POTION [by Mike McGrady, Aug. 6], I have lived fifty years in the Green Mountains of Vermont and have yet to learn . . . of *amber* sap running into a silver spoon in *freezing* weather at two o'clock in the morning. Some sap!

I have been in Vermont politics and I assure you that when your author states

that the lips of Vermont girls are not usually warm and sweet, he lies. I know different.

MORRIS R. WILCOX
Burlington, Vt.

● *"As for sap," says McGrady, "I'm the sap. As for Vermont girls, I'll defer to any man with fifty years' experience."* —*ED.*

The Unwanted (Cont'd)

Dear Sirs:

I am writing this from the ceiling from which they have not yet scraped me. I cannot believe my eyes. Is Helen E. Jones of the National Catholic Society for Animal Welfare [THE UNWANTED, LETTERS, Aug. 20] actually writing to advocate the spaying of female animals to prevent unwanted litters when her denomination will not extend the same mercy to a human female?

ADELAIDE W. FERGUSON
Houston, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Believing that in the animal kingdom the human race is at least as important as are dogs and cats, I suggest the substitution of some words in the last paragraph of Helen Jones's letter. . . . The quotation is verbatim with suggested substitutions in parentheses.

"The breeding of surplus animals (*children*) is one of our nation's (the world's) worst and most subtle cruelties. The suffering of homeless dogs and cats (unwanted boys and girls) and the need for public pounds (orphanages and welfare societies) will be prevented only when animal owners (parents) stop breeding puppies and kittens (babies) they neither want nor intend to keep (want nor can support)."

H. H. VON ROHR
Montclair, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Cannot this well-educated, apparently reasonable woman, and her like, realize that the same miserable conditions await humans when the population is allowed to increase without intelligent control?

CURTIS C. JORDAN
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Unwanted children often end up living in poverty and die long before their time because of lack of food, housing, sanitation, among other things. . . . Many of us take the stand that God wills it so. . . . Aren't we just shirking a great responsibility by placing it on God's shoulders? Isn't it just possible that God is wondering when we are going to do something about it?

STANLEY W. VOLK
Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

With Helen E. Jones, who advocates controlled breeding of cats and dogs, I heartily agree. Now will Miss Jones please notify my dog?

JOSEPH ROGERS
Worcester, Mass.

The "Dull" Dutch

Dear Sirs:

As an American who has visited Holland many times during the past twelve years, I feel that I know the country quite well and must take issue with James Morris [SPUNKY ARE THE DUTCH, Aug. 13] in characterizing the country and its people as "soupy," "dull" and "stodgy." I strongly suspect that Mr. Morris visited Holland for twenty-four hours, primarily from the inside of one of the Amsterdam night clubs.

GUSTAVE SPRINGER
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

No, you won't need to cancel our subscription. We Dutch are far too "dull" to cut off our nose to spite our face! But a long-time friend has stabbed us in the back.

MARTHA BAKKER
St. Catherines, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

As a former U.S. Naval attaché to the Netherlands I disagree that young Dutch people do not concern themselves with "the meaning of patriotism, the value of sacrifice . . . and all the thousand harsh conundrums that so rack the minds of their contemporaries elsewhere."

Mr. Morris apparently mistakes the phlegmatic outward bearing of the Dutch as lack of interest and spirit. . . . During the Hungarian revolution I watched the Dutch young people marching by the

(Continued on Page 6)

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"What this country needs is a good 25¢ Martini"
NOW EVERY HOME CAN HAVE IT—READY TO POUR ON-THE-ROCKS!
Haven't you often wished you could offer your friends *cocktails?* They enjoy these smart mixed drinks when they're on the town. How pleased and impressed they would be if *you* served them!
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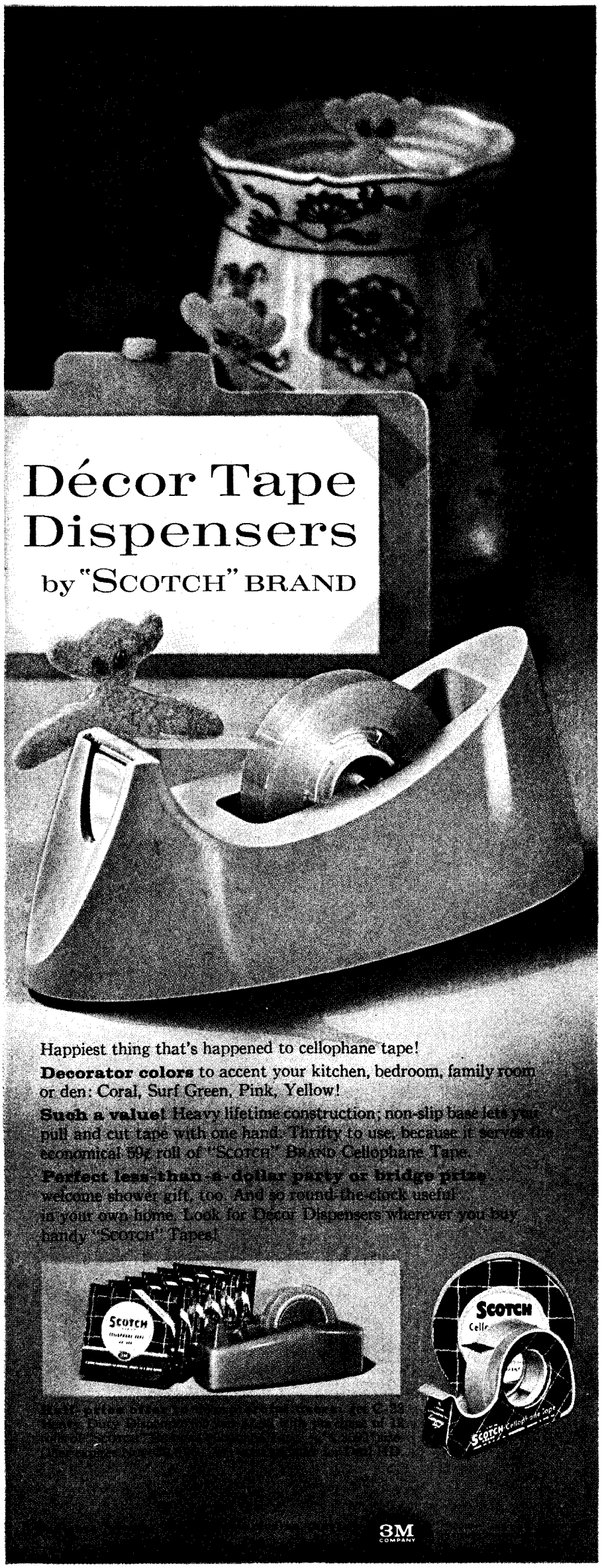
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Decorator colors to accent your kitchen, bedroom, family room or den: Coral, Surf Green, Pink, Yellow!
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Perfect less-than-a-dollar party or bridge prize . . . welcome shower gift, too. And so round-the-clock useful . . . in your own home. Look for Decor Dispensers wherever you buy handy "SCOTCH" Tapes!
SCOTCH
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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

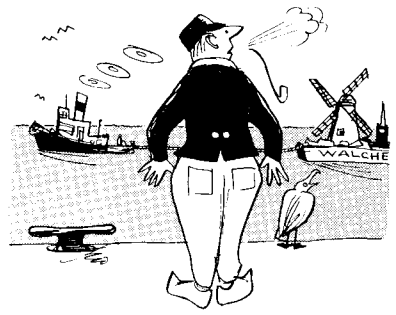
thousands and shouting against the tyranny of Communism in Hungary. These were among the very first peoples to open their borders to the refugees. . . .

The young Netherlander of today grew up under or was born under the monstrous Nazi occupational rule. His parents opened the dikes, sabotaged land and factories, risked all in resistance to Hitler. . . . He knows first hand how precious freedom is.

REAR ADM. JAMES C. SHAW, *USN (Ret.)*
Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

When I was born on Walcheren Island it was located in Zeeland at the estuary of the river Schelde, some 100 miles to the southwest of the Zuider Zee, the location you mentioned. The Dutch being



tugboatmen to the world, I wonder if this has been their largest towing job to date.

MRS. N. NEWHOUSE
St. Hilaire, Quebec

● *It was not Morris who misplaced Walcheren but a caption writer and a half dozen checkers, who were tricked by the similar names Zeeland and Zuider Zee.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Although I think you have slightly exaggerated the notion that we are a dull people, I do think you have drawn a fair picture and given us credit for what our small nation has accomplished. I wish you had also emphasized particularly our national trait of being a sociable (*gezellig*) people, a trait I find woefully lacking in America. The strong home life of the Dutch may well explain the fact that we have little delinquency, as compared to other nations.

GIJS CREUTZBERG
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

If these people can do so "well on very little," why must we have such difficulty doing well on so very much? It strikes me that they are doing their job much better than we are doing ours. . . . Their nation's very existence is an example of the great powers of the human will when faced with seemingly insurmountable odds.

MARY T. KELLEY
Arlington, Va.

Inverted Were Our Titles

Dear Sirs:

[Re your Aug. 13 titles] SPUNKY ARE THE DUTCH (page 15) and GENTLE IS THE GUNMAN (page 29), confused are the readers. Ditto are *The Post* editors.

Off it come now.

CARL A. PARENT
San Diego, Calif.

"Dear Honourable Editor"

● *Below is an appealing sample of the many requests for pen pals we receive from young foreigners. Interested American youngsters may contact International Friendship League, Boston 8, Mass., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.* —*ED.*

Dear Honourable Editor:

I am an African young boy seeking for pen friend around U.S.A. with whom I can correspond with, and to know how our different part of our world is. I would be very grateful if you could do this heavy obligation for me.

I am twenty years old. We are six in our family. I am leaving in Lagos, the capital of Nigeria, which is situated around West Coast of Africa. It is a glory to all we Nigerians that we are going to achieve our Independence on the first of October, 1960. The only thing that all we Nigerians are praying for is that God will not let our own government be like the Belgian Congolese.

KAYOES MOGAJI
12 Isalegangan St.
Lagos, Nigeria

Do Nice Girls Curl Their Eyebrows?

Dear Sirs:

My girl friend and I were reading the story, NICE GIRLS DON'T LIE by Alice Hamilton [Aug. 20]. On page 70 a sentence read: "I had very little to do, so I spent a lot of time in the washroom trying out eyebrow curler." What is eyebrow curler? We both try to keep up on the latest in cosmetics, but this is a new one on us. Please satisfy our curiosity.

SHIRLEE HORTMAN
CHARL HATCH
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

In my many years of man pursuing I have, on occasion, used an eye*lash* curler but never an eye*brow* curler. Does author Hamilton have a new weapon to use against the masculine gender?

FRANCES DEVORE, *aged 18*
Ottawa, Ohio

● *"I'll give myself twenty lashes," she says, "uncurled."* —*ED.*

Water Babies

Dear Sirs:

On page 89 of your Aug. 6 article, DOCTOR OF THE BIG U, [by Alan R. Jackson] two sentences read: "There have been four births at sea aboard the *United States*. The first occurred on the ship's maiden voyage."

Isn't there something wrong here?

GEORGE B. HULETT
Philadelphia, Pa.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

19–Frank Ross; Wide World. • 20–Frank Ross; two from U.S. Navy; United Press International. • 21–Two by Frank Ross; Wide World. • 22, 23–Coby Whitmore. 24, 25–Eugene Kammerman. • 26–Robert McGinnis. • 27–United Press International; Gus Pasquarella. • 28, 29–Ollie Atkins. • 30–San Francisco News-Call Bulletin; Gene Lester. • 31–Denver Gillen. • 32–Larry Fried; Joern Gerdts. • 33–Joern Gerdts. • 34, 35–Peter Stevens. • 36–Three by Jacob Lofman; Ben Weiner. • 37–Jacob Lofman. • 38, 39–Robert Jones. • 43–Jack Esten. • 45–Ken Riley. • 116–The New York Times; Seymour Mednick; from Eric Hatch.

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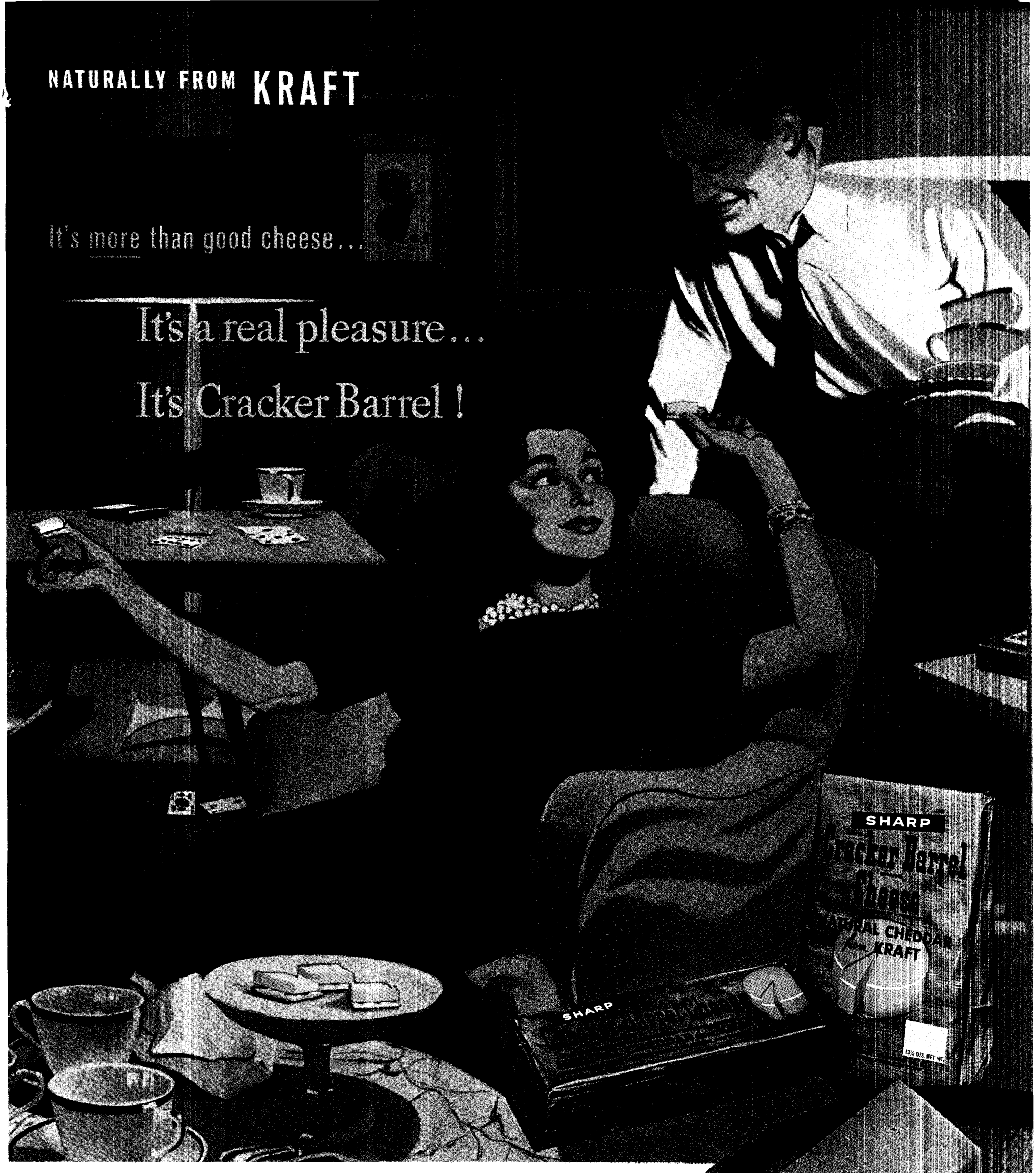

Only the **very finest cheddar** is selected by Kraft's cheese experts to wear the proud name of Cracker Barrel brand. Each cut is **marked for flavor**—Sharp, Extra Sharp, or Mellow. And sealed in foil so you get this superb natural cheese **as fresh as though it had been cut before your very eyes.** It's always great cheddar . . . **(no guessing!)** . . . when the cheese you set out is Cracker Barrel brand in the handy stick or traditional wedge.

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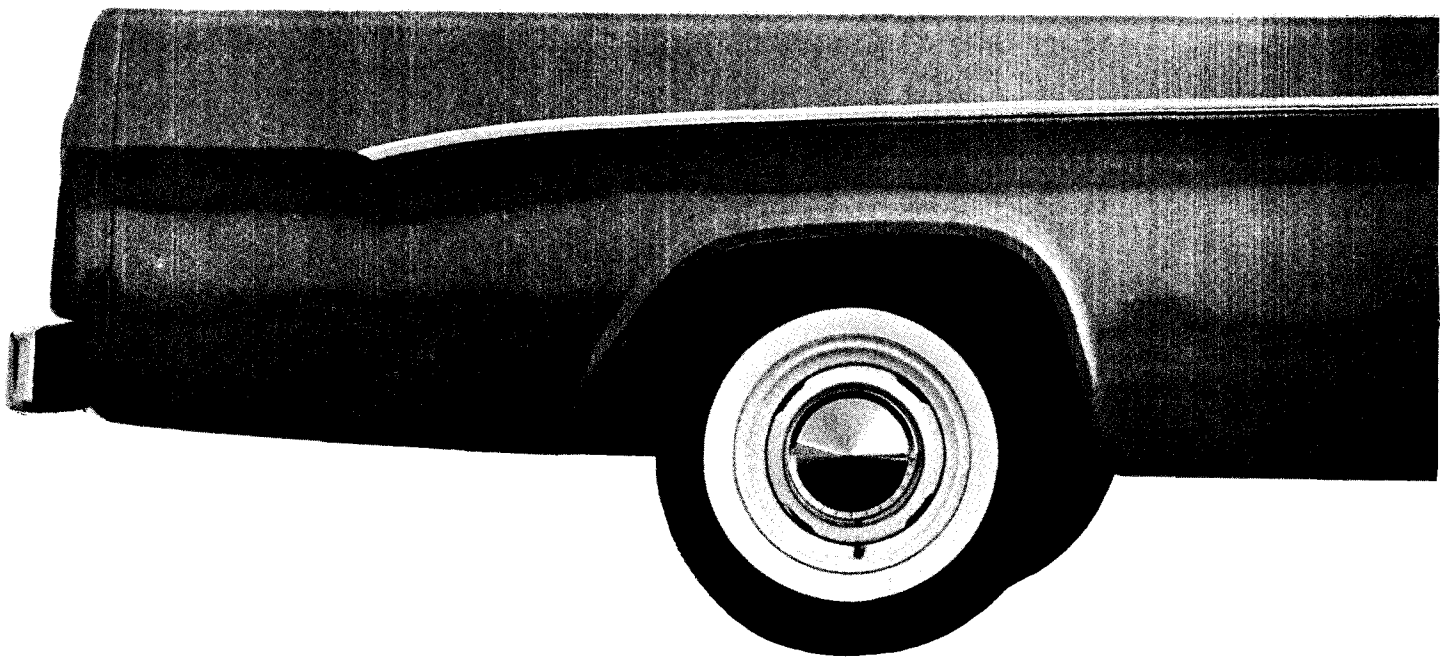

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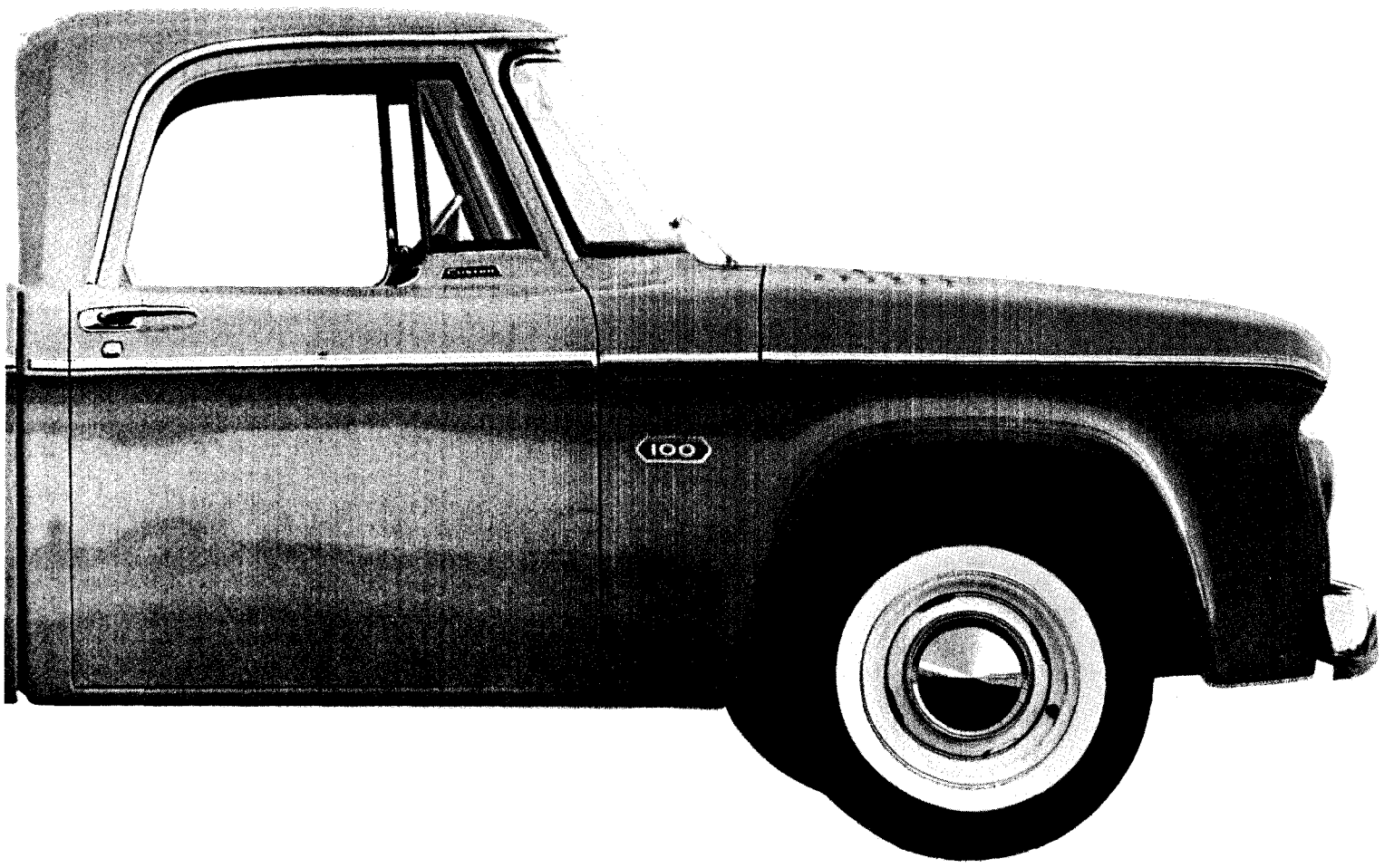


WHAT DO WE MEAN, THE ONLY TRUCK WITH COMPACT-ECONOMY?

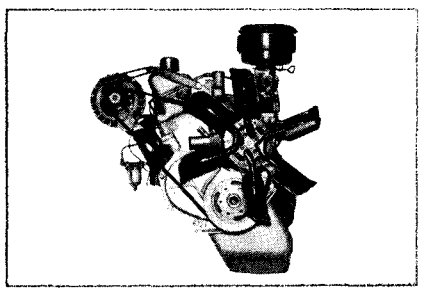
We mean that the new Dart Pickup is compact in everything but work capacity. It has a compact diet. It handles like a compact. The upkeep costs are compact. But in the work department this baby is a full half-ton hauler. It'll do a sleeves-up job of work every day, day in and year out. That, mister, is what we mean by *compact-economy*. A truck that is economy-minded, a tough devil of a truck, all truck, all work, all the way.

WILL OUR ENGINE, THE NEW SLANT-6, ACTUALLY DELIVER MORE MILES A GALLON THAN COMPETITION?

There's only one way to answer that kind of question, and that's to test the new Dart Pickup against its biggest competition, Ford and Chevrolet. That's just what we did. Result? Time after time the new Slant-6, overhead valve, 225-cubic-inch engine came out ahead on actual miles-per-gallon.

As for the engine itself, it is slanted 30 degrees from the vertical. This makes possible highly efficient manifolding, both intake and exhaust. Also gives you plenty of underhood work room which, by the way, you'll seldom need. This new engine of ours is a mighty tough customer.

Mounted on the engine, as standard equipment, is an alternating current generator. It will charge the battery even at idle. Because the battery is more fully charged, more of the time, it will last longer. Small thing? Maybe. But it saves you money.



You'll be interested to know that many of the engine parts are aluminum. Things like the water and oil pump housing, the distributor case. This means less dead weight. More payload. More *compact-economy!*

IS IT TRUE THAT THIS TRUCK IS NEW DOWN TO THE WHEEL STUDS?

Take a look at the picture above. It's unretouched, by the way. See anything familiar? You bet you don't. This one is all-out new. Not new, mind you, for the sake of newness, but functionally new. New cab, new body. New, easier clutching, and shifting, and handling. As a matter of fact this Dart Pickup of ours even has a new soft sound. Wait'll you've had one on the job a couple of weeks. It's a great new way to work.

You know how a truck ride used to be. Not very pleasant. Well, this year Dodge has done something about it, with a virtually service-free suspension system that takes the "truck" right out of truck ride. A side benefit of this new suspension is that front tires don't pay the penalty for your pleasant ride. You get every mile of rubber you paid for.

ANYTHING I OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THE REST OF THE '61 DODGE LINE?

Sure! You ought to know about the 1961 Dodge conventional and cab forward models, the four-wheel drive series, door-to-door jobs, the series of school bus chassis. There's Six and V8 gasoline power. There's Cummins diesel power. There's a weight spread of 4250 lbs. GVW to 76,800 lbs. GCW.

OK, NOW HOW DO THE PRICES STACK UP?

The new Dart Pickup and the 1961 Dodge line of trucks are priced to compete with every truck coming or going. And a Dodge truck will skin the pants off any truck for muscle, hustle and money-saving ways. You can depend on it!

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Editorials

We're Still Under the Guns, But by No Means a Second-Class Power

There has been a good deal less talk recently about how the United States has become a "second-class power," or how President Eisenhower's Scrooge-like concern for a balanced budget has left us stark naked before the Communist aggressors. At Los Angeles Sen. Frank Church, the Democratic Convention keynote speaker, gave the Russians credit for hitting the moon and photographing its back side—stunts seriously doubted by many scientists—but the senator could credit few accomplishments to his own country. In science and technology, he said, we have "stumbled and fallen behind"; our Army and Navy have "shrunk"; and "we concede to the Russians superior numbers of intercontinental ballistic missiles which we ourselves describe as the 'ultimate weapon.'"

Two months ago the Democratic leaders and their journalistic satellites were pronouncing the doom of America; but today the sentence appears to have been commuted. Why?

One answer is that such statements stirred up justifiable resentment throughout the country. But the more important reason is that the charge that the United States is defenseless because the President is too stingy to buy the necessary weapons simply isn't true.

That there is a gap between American and Russian possession of intercontinental ballistic missiles is generally conceded, although the size of the gap is a matter of guesswork and comes out differently according to the political and emotional attitudes of the guesser. Whatever the extent of the gap, it is being closed and, unless it is assumed that a new war would be fought with one weapon only, account must be taken of other weapons which would have a part in actual hostilities. Examples are the nuclear submarine and the Polaris missile, capable of being fired from under the sea toward any target desired. So far as is known, the Soviet Union has neither of these weapons. In the view of Secretary of Defense Thomas S. Gates Jr., our total defense equipment, including military agreements with our allies, bomber bases abroad and an arsenal of other weapons, adds up to sufficient "deterrent power" to dissuade the Communists from an attack on this country.

Plainly we cannot deal in absolutes in planning a defense against an unprecedented revolutionary aggression. In the past the military planners in each country knew pretty much what they were up against. Before 1914 the Germans needed only to read the British budget estimates or *Jane's Fighting Ships* to get a fairly accurate picture of British military and naval strength. Similar sources on German military plans were available to the British War Office. In the years before World War II, officers and military experts exchanged visits and observed tactical maneuvers. Even Hitler's *Luftwaffe* was created in a goldfish bowl of publicity compared with the secrecy in which Soviet military plans are shrouded.

As far as this country is concerned, these conditions still prevail. Anybody, including a Soviet agent, has access to material that would be top secret in the U.S.S.R.—including statements by various senators and columnists that we really aren't making any progress at all. But information on Soviet military planning and "posture" comes harder. Flights like that of the ill-fated U-2 have produced important information, but the scantiness of reliable data compels free-world planners to be content with what amounts to educated guesses on the kind of attack to anticipate.

Furthermore, a constantly shifting technical pattern compels frequent revaluation of every weapon: its effectiveness in relation to the other weapons we have as well as to those the enemy is assumed to have. Programs must be speeded up or slowed down as new factors respecting their validity appear, or as changes in the free world's system of alliances develop.

In the light of all this, the frequently heard charge that President Eisenhower is risking his country's security by refusing to spend enough money looks ridiculous. This anxiety to spend more money is doubtless actuated in the main by concern for the national security, but, politics being what it is, one cannot ignore the desire of some members of Congress to "do something for their districts." It may have seemed good politics to force on the President some $650,000,000 more than the Defense Department's estimates called for. But if the idea was to persuade people that President Eisenhower was more concerned with defense of the budget than with defense of the United States, it didn't get far.

Whatever the motives of the Democratic majority, it hasn't been able to convince many Americans that, by "impounding" or "reserving" a sum of money amounting to about 1½ per cent of the whole defense appropriation, President Eisenhower had seriously damaged the nation's defense posture. Some of the "add-on" by Congress was in categories in which, in the opinion of the Defense Department, more money could not be profitably used. As Senator Bush, of Connecticut, reminded his colleagues, the Defense Reorganization Act gave the Secretary of Defense enough latitude "so that he is not compelled to rush in and spend all the money that is given him," whether or not the defense program required it.

Undoubtedly there have been bad guesses, during this administration as well as in the day of its predecessors. There may well be others. But the Eisenhower Administration can fairly take credit for keeping this country sufficiently strong to deter military attack, in so far as the Soviet leadership can be assumed to be guided by realistic concern for its own survival. However, an enemy is not deterred from starting a war if he learns, or thinks he has learned, from influential political figures in this country that the United States has lost its stuff and sunk to the status of a "second-class power." Any administration is entitled to responsible criticism intended to correct defects rather than merely to scare the daylights out of people in a hunt for votes. Too many of the Administration's critics seem to us to have been a little careless in observing this distinction.

Figuring the World's End Can Fool Anybody

Our nomination for the greatest newspaper headline of this year appeared in *The New York Times* on July fifteenth. The headline read: WORLD FAILS TO END.

The news story that followed this memorable declaration told how members of a religious sect had camped on Mont Blanc in expectation of the end of the world. Precisely at 2:45 P.M. on July fourteenth women began screaming, and a Tyrolean wearing leather shorts began blowing a bugle that represented the trumpet of doom. A minute later the screaming and bugling subsided and the leader of the doomsday cult, Dr. Elio Bianca, an Italian pediatrician, announced, "We made a mistake."

We chuckled over the story and then, impelled by inexplicable motives, clipped it and slipped it into our wallet. It has not been forgotten in a welter of lodge-membership cards, ancient receipts and driver's licenses. At least once a week since mid-July—on such occasions as the time Castro seized American properties in Cuba and continued playing footsie with the Russians; whenever the U.S.S.R. launched another muscle-flexing tirade in the United Nations; when violence erupted in the Congo—we've taken out the clipping to reread that strangely compelling headline: WORLD FAILS TO END. Even if there has been only a stay of execution, we tuck the clipping away again, murmuring, "Amen."

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STRESS: HOW DOES IT AFFECT YOUR BODY?

Stress—physical, mental or emotional—can be either good or bad for you.

In fact, a normal amount of stress is actually a good thing. For example, if you get "keyed-up" over an interesting or challenging job, you may do your work more effectively. Life would, indeed, be drab without the exhilarating effects of some stress and tension now and then.

But prolonged or intense stress—caused by too much work or worry or anxiety—can threaten health.

That's because continued stress throws some of the body's chemical processes out of kilter. In particular, severe or persistent stress causes overactivity of certain glands that produce hormones, the body's "chemical messengers" or regulators.

If this glandular overactivity is continually triggered by stress, it may upset almost every system of the body. And this may lead to illness, including heart trouble, high blood pressure and digestive disorders.

All of us should recognize the threat of undue stress and tension. Its importance is made plain by the fact that so many of the people who seek medical attention today have ailments brought about or made worse by prolonged emotional stress—too much worry, anxiety or tension.

If you find that it's difficult or nearly impossible to relax, if you can't "take things easy," if you're unable to get a good night's sleep, chances are you're under too much stress. And it's up to you to learn how to handle your tensions.

Here are some ways to help you keep the mental and physical stresses of life in check:

When your work load seems overwhelming, remember that some things can almost always be set aside until later. Concentrate on one particular job. That way your work will go faster and you'll be under less strain.

When tense and upset, try physical activity. It helps relieve tenseness so that you can come back and tackle irritating problems more calmly.

Talk out your troubles—with your clergyman or family doctor or with an understanding friend or member of your family. Getting things "off your chest" prevents a lot of emotional stewing.

Have regular medical check-ups. If you keep physically fit, you'll have more zest for living and be able to take stress and handle tensions more easily.

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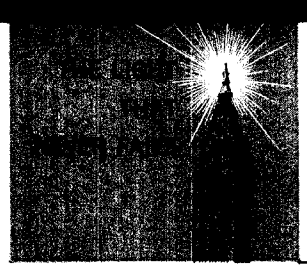

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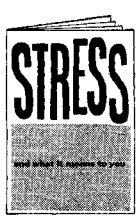

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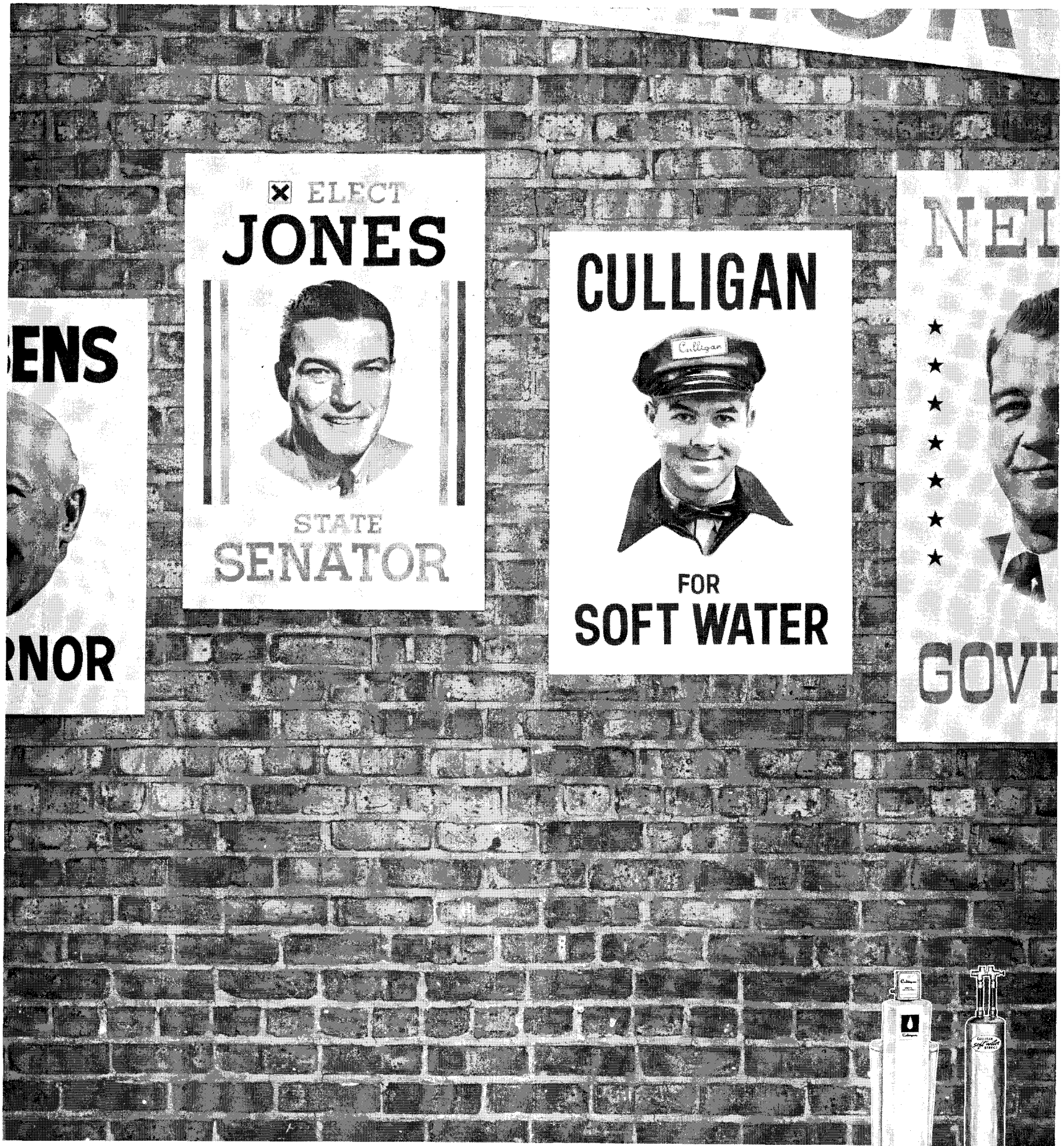

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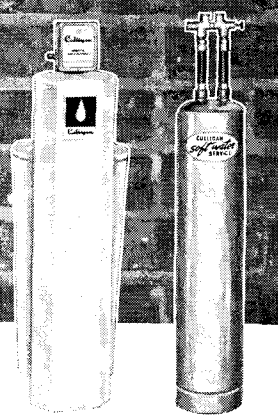

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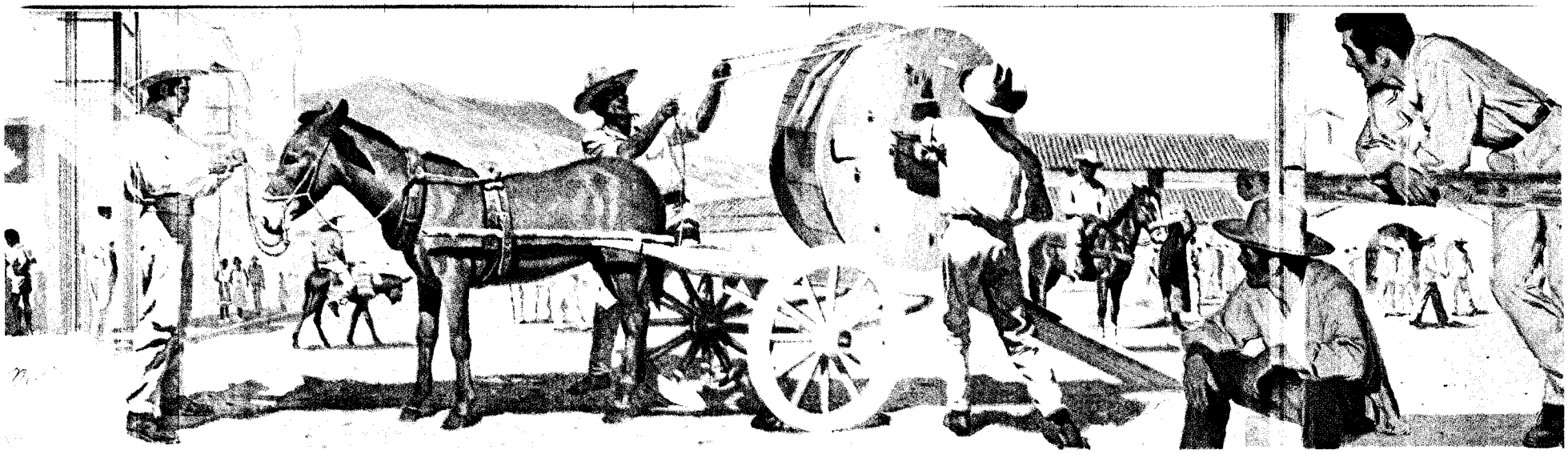
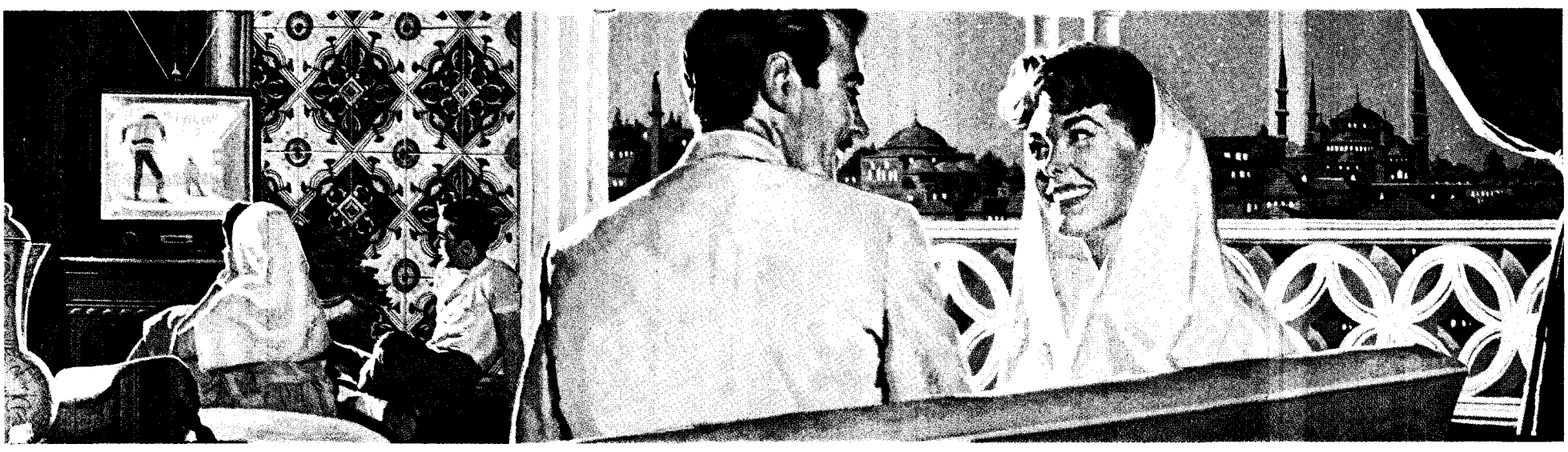


Metals for Mexico



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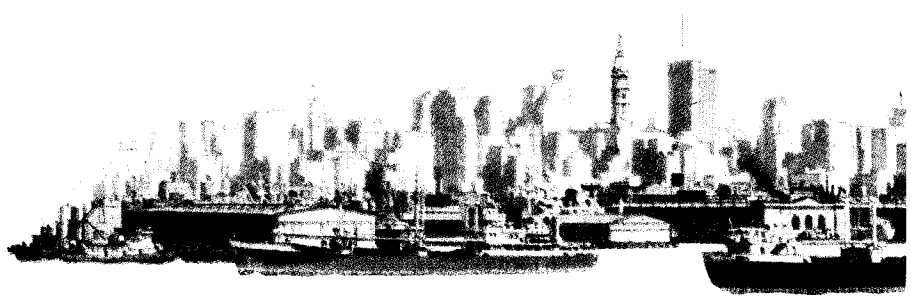
Production in this area can be geared with confidence to many favorable growth factors, including skilled manpower; availability of raw materials; rich markets within overnight shipping distance; adequate road, rail, sky, and sea transport facilities; and ample electric power. These and many other advantages result in wide industrial diversification and prosperity. This Land of Plenty holds unlimited promise for *your* business.



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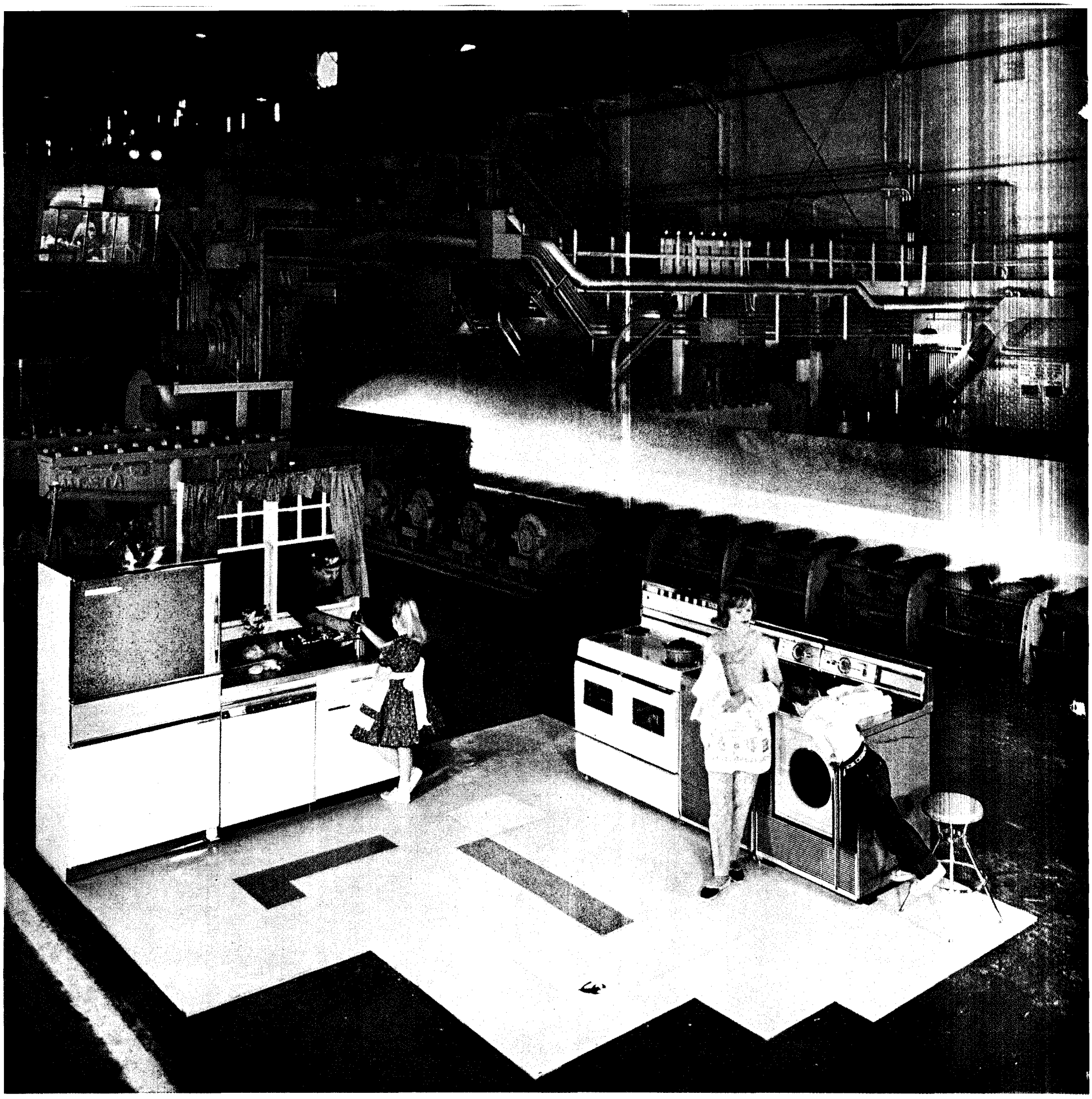

but she set the production record

This modern mill at J & L's Cleveland Works rolls out orange-hot slabs of steel at the rate of over 5,000 tons a day. That's enough steel to make 40,000 refrigerators, 45,000 ranges, 50,000 clothes dryers, or 80,000 dishwashers—quite a production tally for those men up in the control booth. But the biggest production trophy should go to the modern American mother in our make-believe kitchen. Each year she washes, dries and folds 2,600 pounds of laundry, prepares and serves 4,100 meals and does over 21,000 dishes—*without a maid.*

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She's a modern wonder—and the modern wonder of sturdy steel appliances helps make her production record possible. Products made of steel are strong, durable, efficient—a better value today than ever before because industry has invested fortunes in research and equipment to make its production as efficient as the lady in the kitchen.

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The Hammond Spinet Organ in Provincial.

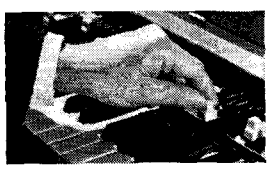
This is the Hammond Spinet Organ

The beautiful organ with the lovely voice that has won more hearts than any other ever made. You can rent it for just $25 a month. You can own it for just $25 down.

This is the organ that can't go out of tune. No sour notes to spoil your fun.

The organ that has thousands of tones — more than enough to keep you pleasantly occupied for a lifetime.

The organ whose tones are generated electrically. That's why it can't go out of tune, why it has so many tones.



The organ with the simple Harmonic Drawbar method of selecting and blending tones. The Drawbars let you control Hammond's thousands of tones easily.

The organ that gives you percussion tones in a new way —Touch-Response. It lets you bring in percussion simply by changing touch on the keys.

The organ that lets you do much more with vibrato. You can play Hammond vibrato from each keyboard separately, or from both at once.

The organ that's attractively at home in your living room. Your choice of finishes: walnut, and for $90 extra, blond, provincial, ebony, oak and modern walnut.

The organ that takes up very little space. The Spinet is less than 4 ft. wide, just over 2 ft. deep, and 3½ ft. high.

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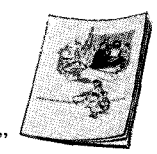

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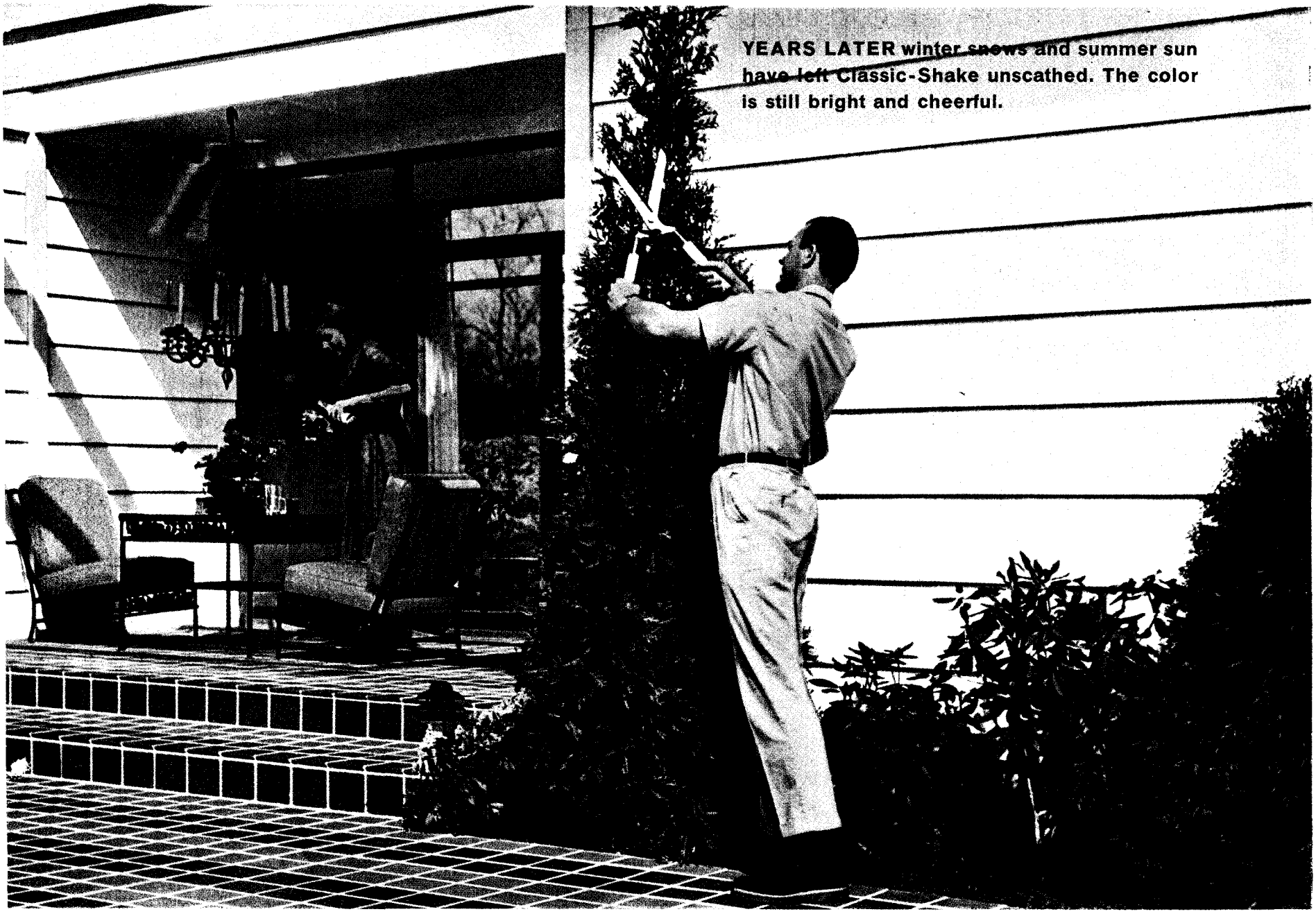

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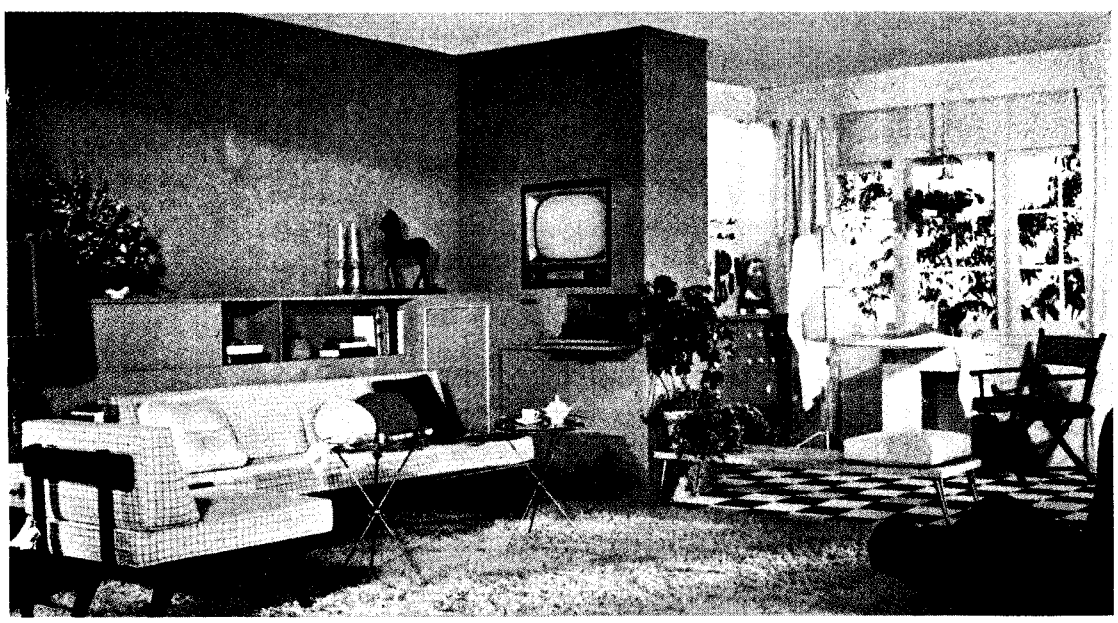

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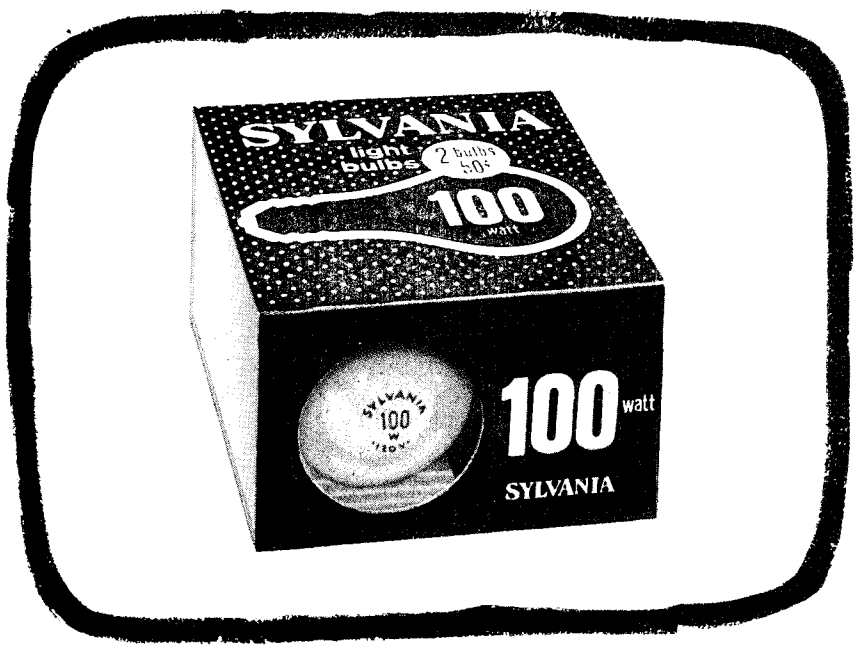

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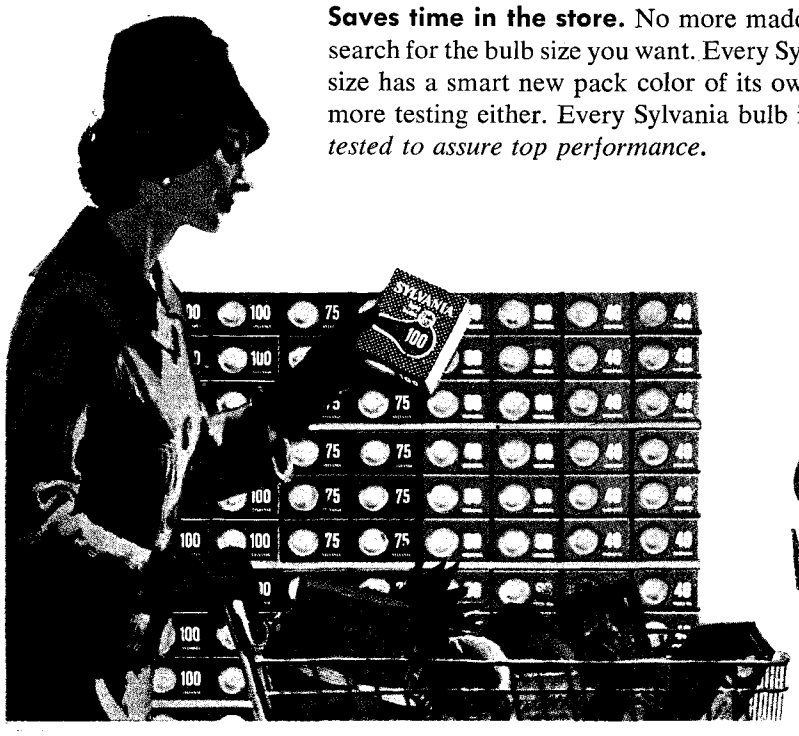
Easy to choose Color Packs from Sylvania



Saves time in the store. No more maddening search for the bulb size you want. Every Sylvania size has a smart new pack color of its own. No more testing either. Every Sylvania bulb is *pre-tested to assure top performance.*

Safer in the pack. Now you can forget about breakage! Sylvania Color Packs are rigid and rugged. Keep bulbs safe in your shopping cart, safe at home. No flop-outs or pop-outs. Just feel how strong that package is!

Handier in your home. You get two bulbs in every Color Pack—so you won't run out. And spares store neatly in your linen closet in the handy Sylvania Spare Bulb Holder – yours in a special premium offer with Sylvania 60-watt Color Packs. Ask wherever you buy bulbs.

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The Guantánamo Bay naval base is our bastion of freedom in Cuba. Above, the bay seen from McCalla Hill.

GUANTÁNAMO: Ours or Castro's?

A naval expert reports from our vital Caribbean base in Castro's hate-the-U.S. domain.

By HANSON W. BALDWIN

In spite of Fidel's bitter anti-American attitude and Khrushchev's rocket rattling on Fidel's behalf, younger brother and armed forces boss Raúl Castro (below) has said, "We are not going to touch the base at all."

For the first time since Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders stormed San Juan Hill, "Gitmo"—famed in fact and fiction to generations of Navy men—is on the political map. Fidel Castro has put it there, and Nikita Khrushchev has helped him. And it looks very much as if both of them, working with various troublemakers, will do their best to keep it there.

"Gitmo"—from the abbreviation GTMO, used in Navy messages—is Navy slang for Guantánamo Bay, near the eastern tip of Cuba. It has been a tranquil sun-baked U.S. Navy base ever since a battalion of marines raised the United States flag back in 1898, after skirmishing with the Spanish. For the last two years Gitmo's 5600 American residents have been restricted to the forty-five square miles of the base, lapped by the flood-tide of Castro's Red-tinged revolution.

Guantánamo Bay is a training base and an important antisubmarine warfare station. Its Navy routine of hard work and hard play is still unbroken, despite Fidel Castro. The ships,

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Rear Adm. F. W. "Mike" Fenno (right) Guantánamo base commander, above with Marine Col. Merritt Adelman, takes a tough stand against anyone who would wish to see U.S. forces out of Cuba.

based at Gitmo for three to ten weeks of training, steam in and out; the planes thunder into the clear, hot sky from Leeward Point or McCalla Field. Children—there are almost 1700 of them at Guantánamo—splash in the swimming pools; wives' clubs hold their meetings; the commissary and exchange are crowded.

But the outward calm masks a vigil unending. Ships in port assign armed anchor watches to guard against swimmers and small boats. Sentries on high hills study the Cuban wilderness of cactus and *maarabu* scrub with binoculars. Helicopters, jeep patrols and police dogs guard the twenty-four miles of seven-foot fence that hedge off the reservation from Oriente Province. A mobile defense force of tough marines and Seabees exercises in the deep valleys along the reservation's ninety miles of road. Harbor police patrol the bay in speedboats. Marine and Navy jet planes are ready, on ground alert.

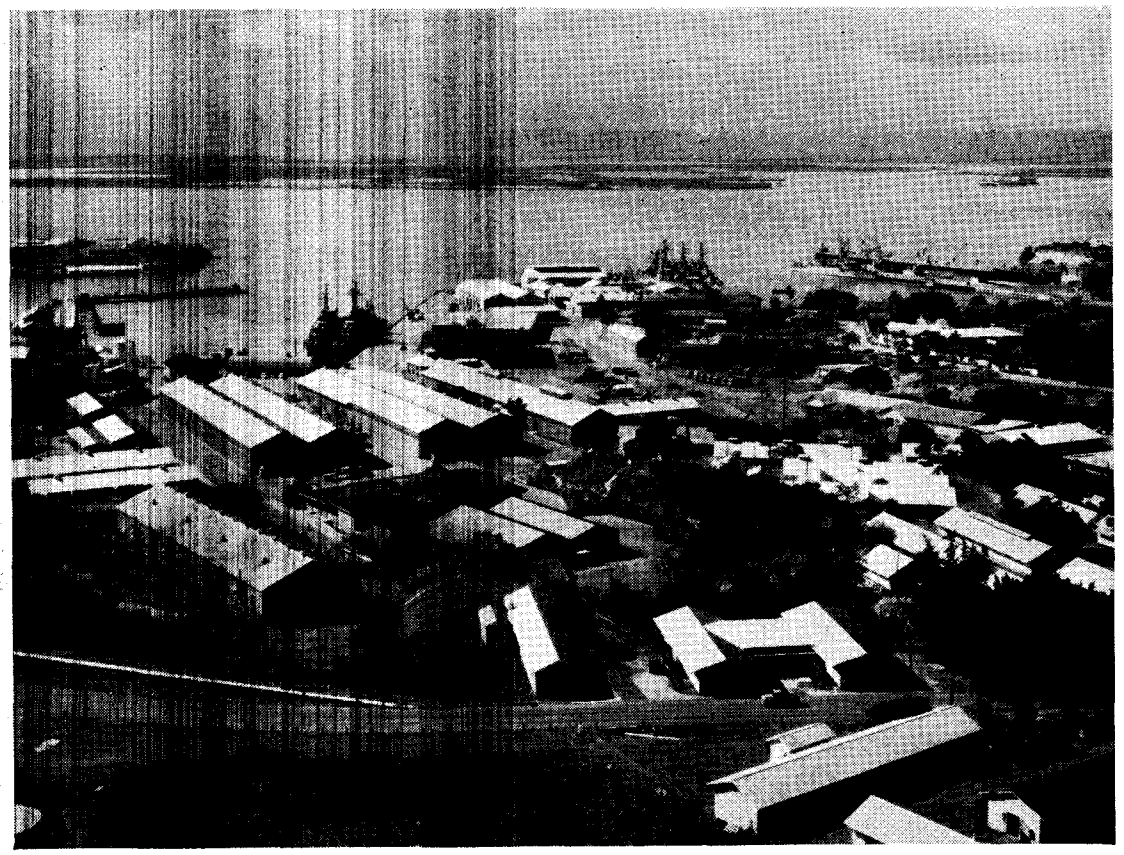
For Cuba, freed from Spain by the United States and long the friendliest of nations, is turning into a police state. Under Castro, it has a violently anti-American government more and more dominated by Communists. And Guantánamo Bay, an enclave of freedom and order and peace in a troubled land, has been singled out for attack.

Not military attack. Neither Castro nor other leading members of his government have threatened to open fire on Guantánamo, or to abrogate the treaty which governs our rights there. In fact, Fidel's brother, Raúl Castro, Cuban Minister of Armed Forces, recently declared that "we are not going to touch the . . . base at all. We are going to let [the Americans] stay there."

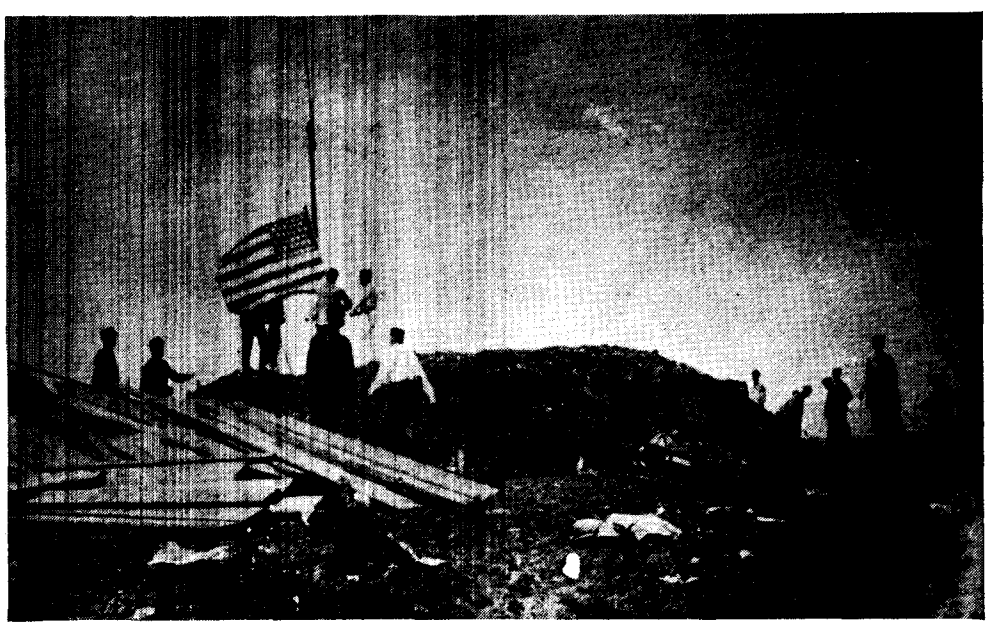
So long as the United States does not commit aggression against Cuba, Fidel Castro has said, he will observe the treaty terms. But Castro is mercurial. He has already described as "aggression" our recent reduction of Cuba's sugar quota. Last July twenty-sixth, at a rally in the Sierra Maestra to commemorate the revolutionary anniversary of the "Fidelistas," Castro charged that Gitmo had once supplied ammunition, bombs and weapons to his enemies

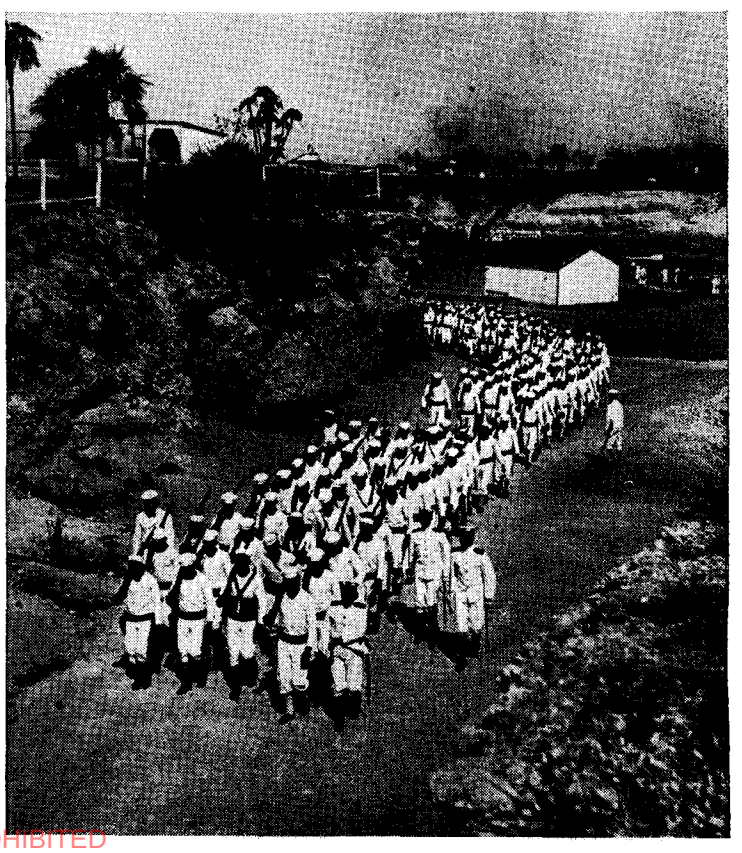
Various Castro lieutenants have declared that Guantánamo is Cuban soil, a statement which Mr. Khrushchev has backed with threats. "If need be," he said recently, "Soviet artillerymen can support the Cuban people with their rocket fire, should the aggressive forces in the Pentagon dare to start intervention against Cuba."

Denunciations of the United States base and all things American flow from the Cuban press and radio, which warn Cubans who work on the base against the aggressive Americans. For the history books have been rewritten in Cuba; the United States intervention there during the Spanish-American War is now pictured as



"Gitmo" Bay: Most of the base's 1400 buildings and other installations—now valued at $76,000,000—were built during World War II. At that time Guantánamo was an antisubmarine and training base for the Atlantic Fleet.





1898: Above, our flag was first raised over McCalla Hill during the Spanish-American War. Castro and his followers are the only Cubans to threaten the U.S. base in its 62 years. 1922: At right, Guantánamo was used as little more than a station for trainees such as these during the years between world wars.

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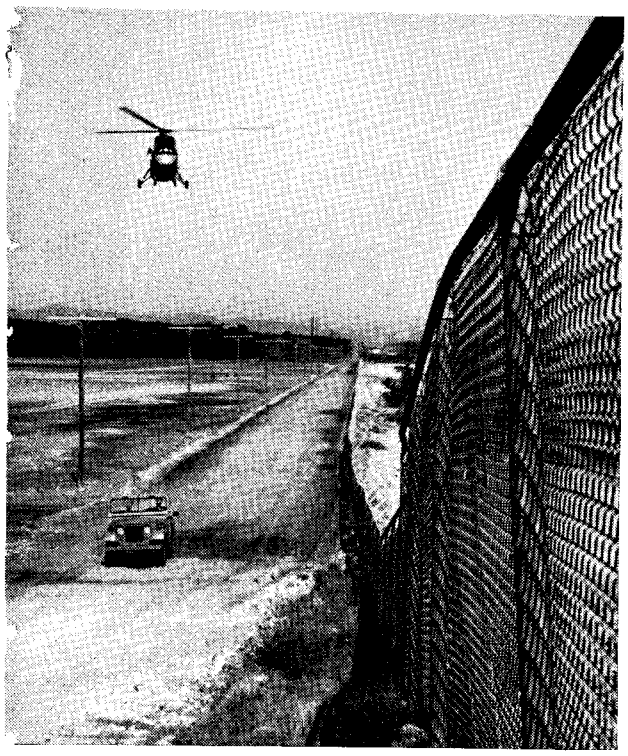
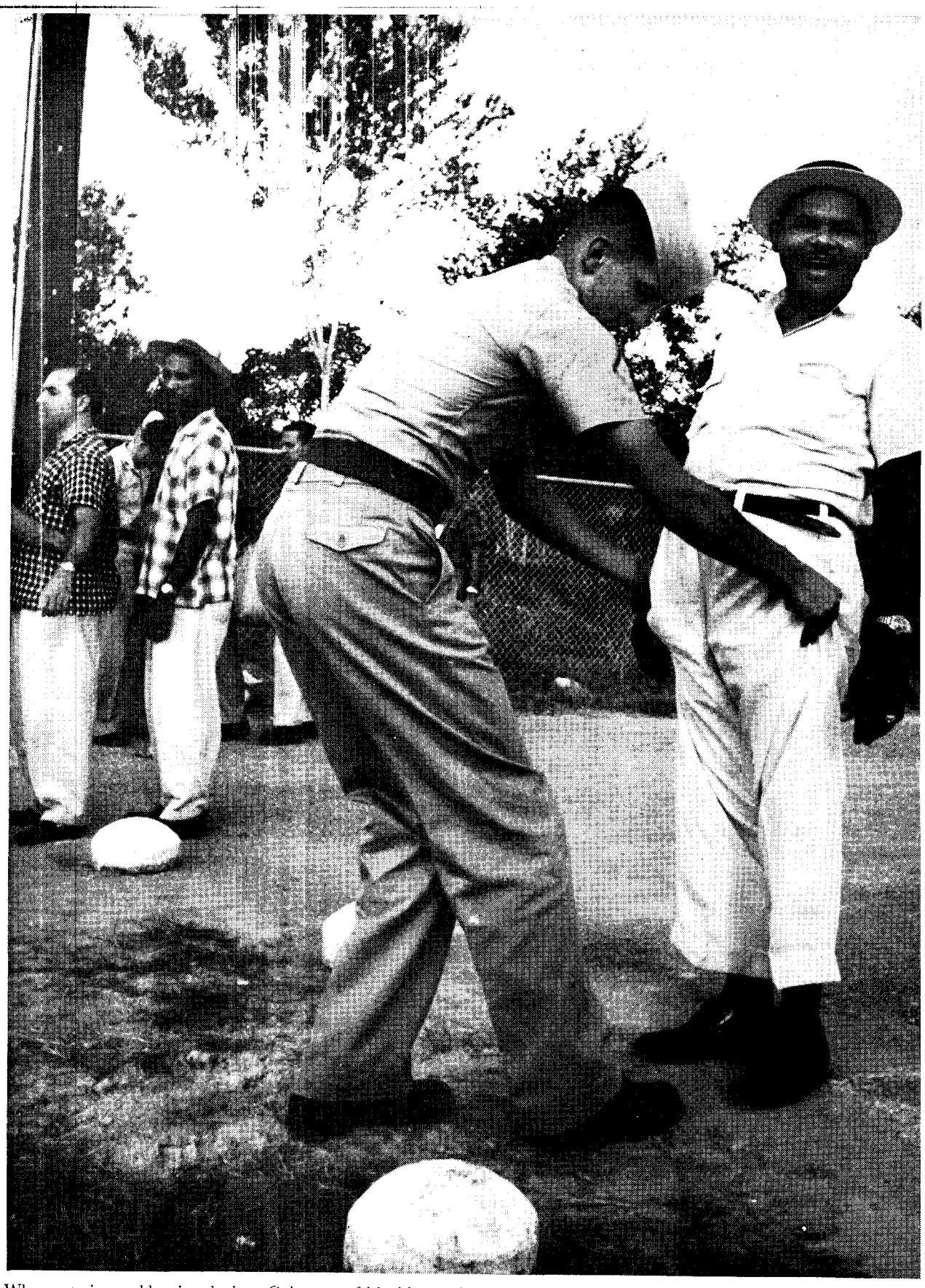


The outward calm at Guantánamo masks a constant vigil. Helicopters and jeep patrols guard the 24 miles of seven-foot fence that surrounds the naval base.

Guantánamo provides many facilities for its 5600 U.S. citizens. Above, buses carry children to base schools.



When entering and leaving the base Cubans are frisked by marine security guards and thus far there has been no sabotage, extreme absenteeism or work stoppage. At least one Cuban worker (above) doesn't mind being searched.

aggression to enslave Cuba; and Guantánamo Bay, Fidel Castro says, must never become another "*Maine*," a cause for intervention a second time.

Castro and his cohorts are the first Cubans to threaten Guantánamo Bay since 1898, when American marines and Cuban insurrectionists seized the base from the Spanish. Then, as now, the prize was the broad and shining bay itself, eighteen to forty-two feet in depth, a secure haven known to Caribbean mariners since the days when Columbus called it "Puerto Grande."

In 1898 Admiral Sampson was blockading Santiago, some forty miles away, where the Spanish squadron under Admiral Cervera had been bottled up. To get a base for his fleet, Sampson sent the *St. Louis*, *Marblehead*, *Yankee* and *Panther* and a battalion of marines under Cmdr. B. H. McCalla to seize Guantánamo Bay and its commanding shore points, and to establish a coaling station.

Stephen Crane, author of *The Red Badge of Courage*, a classic story of men under fire, was a war correspondent with the marines. Crane has left a moving and realistic description of the death of Acting Assistant Surgeon John Blair Gibbs, one of six Americans killed at Guantánamo in the first land fighting of the Spanish-American war.

I heard someone dying near me. He was dying hard. Hard. He breathed as all noble machinery breathes when it is making its gallant strife against breaking, breaking. . . . He was long past groaning. There was only the bitter strife for air which pulsed out into the night in a clear, penetrating whistle with intervals of terrible silence in which I held my own breath in the common unconscious aspiration to help. . . .

From that day to this the Stars and Stripes have floated over Gitmo. United States possession was not made formal until 1903, when agreements were completed leasing us "naval or coaling stations" in Guantánamo and Bahía Honda (the latter since abandoned). We agreed to pay $2000 annually in gold coin; when gold was devalued in 1934, this became $3386.25 in "lawful money."

These agreements were reaffirmed and ratified in a formal treaty of 1934. The treaties, similar to those governing our rights in the Panama Canal Zone, convey to the United States "complete jurisdiction and control"—or the *de facto* exercise (Continued on Page 70)

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ORGANIZATION WIFE

An ambitious man's wife should help his career. Why did she choose to sabotage it?

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

At twenty minutes to five Elliot Bolen finished his final recheck of the Consumer Reaction Charts on Sunglow sales. In the one hundred and twenty-eight Bright Smile Supermarkets in the five states under the control of Regional Administration Ten, his figures were complete. Against the Sunglow conference at ten A.M. tomorrow, he had an unqualified answer to the problem, and a mild feeling of personal triumph coursed through him. Bolen rides again.

He could now pack up for the day, except that with Bright Smile, on the executive level, you did not pack up for the day at twenty minutes to five. Five o'clock should find you in mid-project mildly surprised at the swift passage of the working hours. You did not smoke a pipe during those hours either, because of the implication of ease taking and relaxed alertness.

So Elliot reached briskly for his photo viewer and for the color transparencies of Sunglow

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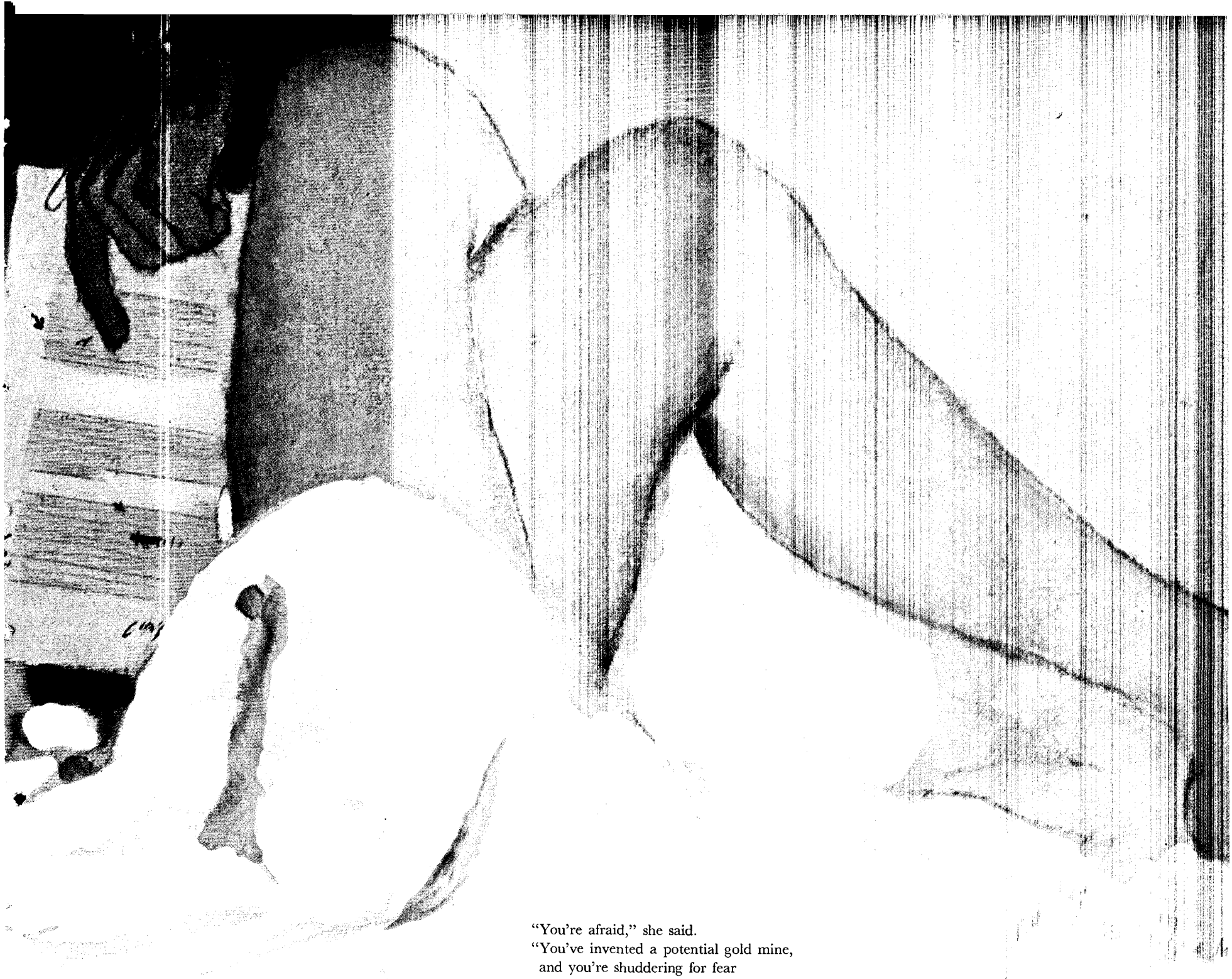

"You're afraid," she said.
"You've invented a potential gold mine,
and you're shuddering for fear
you've broken company policy."

displays that he would present to the conference and, with his eyes at the aperture, let his thoughts dawdle off pleasantly for twenty minutes to his golden wife, Molly M'Goo.

He had no galling sense of being owned by Bright Smile, no feeling of the thralldom of Organization Man. Bright Smile had built the business, therefore Bright Smile held the inalienable right to stipulate methods and disciplines of work within its organization. So also did the Episcopal Church, Du Pont, the Coldstream Guards, and the emerald merchants of Ceylon—in their own respective fields.

Going down in one of the east-bank elevators at a sedate 5:08 with Tom Grannis, Bolen began to fill his pipe. Tom Grannis said, "I've been appointed cubmaster by the Dranesville Scout Council, Elliot—and the kids want to do a play about space travel. Yvonne tells me your wife used to write."

"Writing, my friend, is a seven-letter word at my house. You must never mention it again. Molly worked two years on a novel after she left college, drew two hundred and fifty dollars' advance royalties and got a check for sixty-four dollars and twenty cents two years later in terminal payment. Fortunately she used another name."

"Reason I asked was ——" Grannis was a nonfacetious man who hewed to his point inexorably.

"Oh, no you don't, Tom. If you want Molly to write your cub-scout play, you ask her yourself—like a brave little man," Elliot told him.

Outside on Ramp Four to Parking Circle Twelve they parted. The late-afternoon shadow of Regional Administration Ten spread long across the parked-car acreage almost to the control tower of the company airstrip. Rising from the rolling prairie, the building was twelve stories high, and Cottafavia had done it in aluminum and glass with a sienna-travertine lower floor. On the top towered the huge Bright Smile trade-mark, made mobile at night by neon. The nearest houses of Dranesville were seven miles away. R. A. Ten stood alone, foursquare—a monument to a dispersal policy more in the interest of cheap land and robust rural living for the staff than the threat of atomic holocaust.

In the parking area Elliot opened his car door unexpectedly to find his wife Molly sitting in the far seat, as golden as Capri in April.

She held her hand out palm up. "Two dollars and fifty cents, please. I came out by taxi on the housekeeping money, and it won't stand it this late in the month."

"By taxi!" He glanced right and left with a pretense of furtiveness. (Continued on Page 50)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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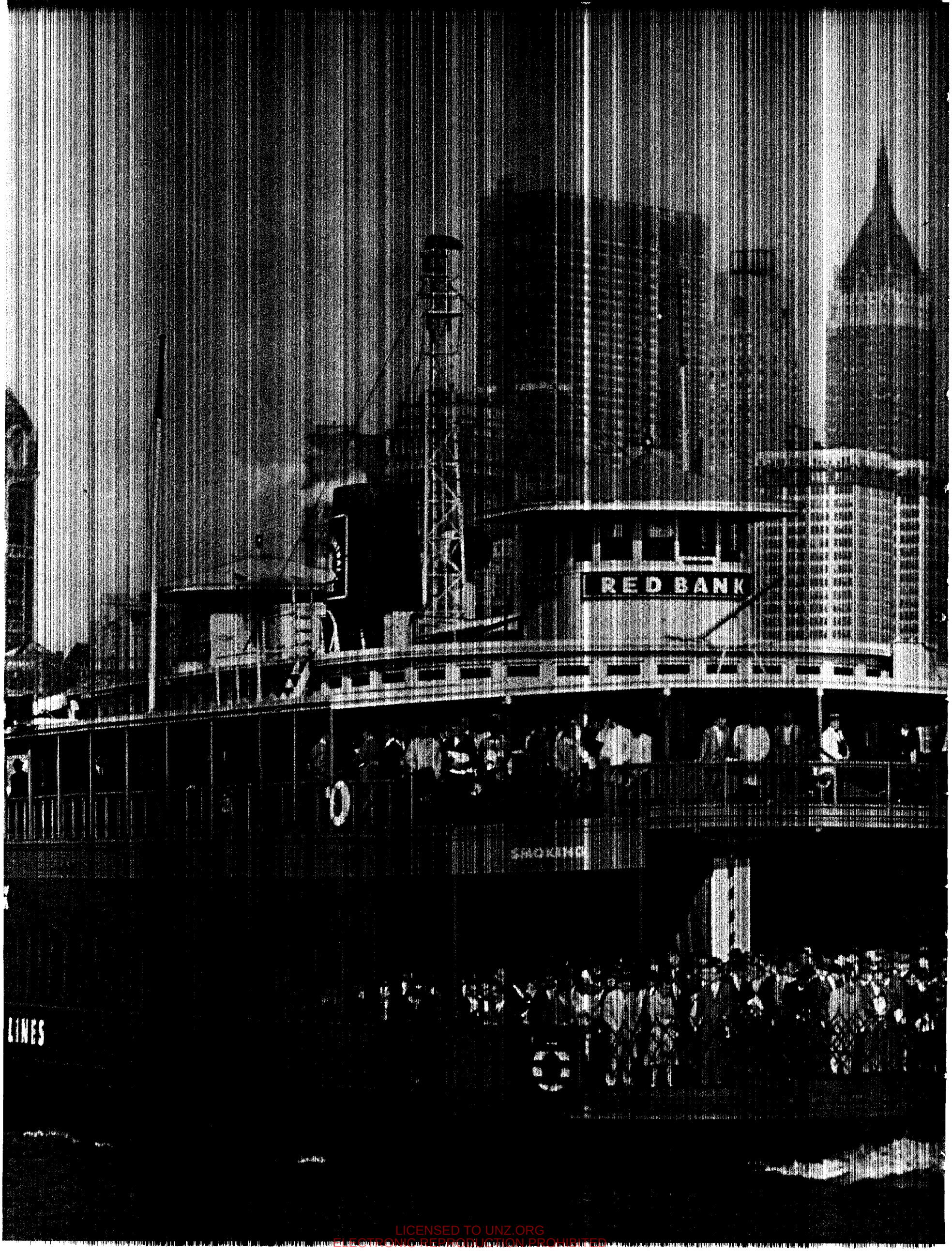

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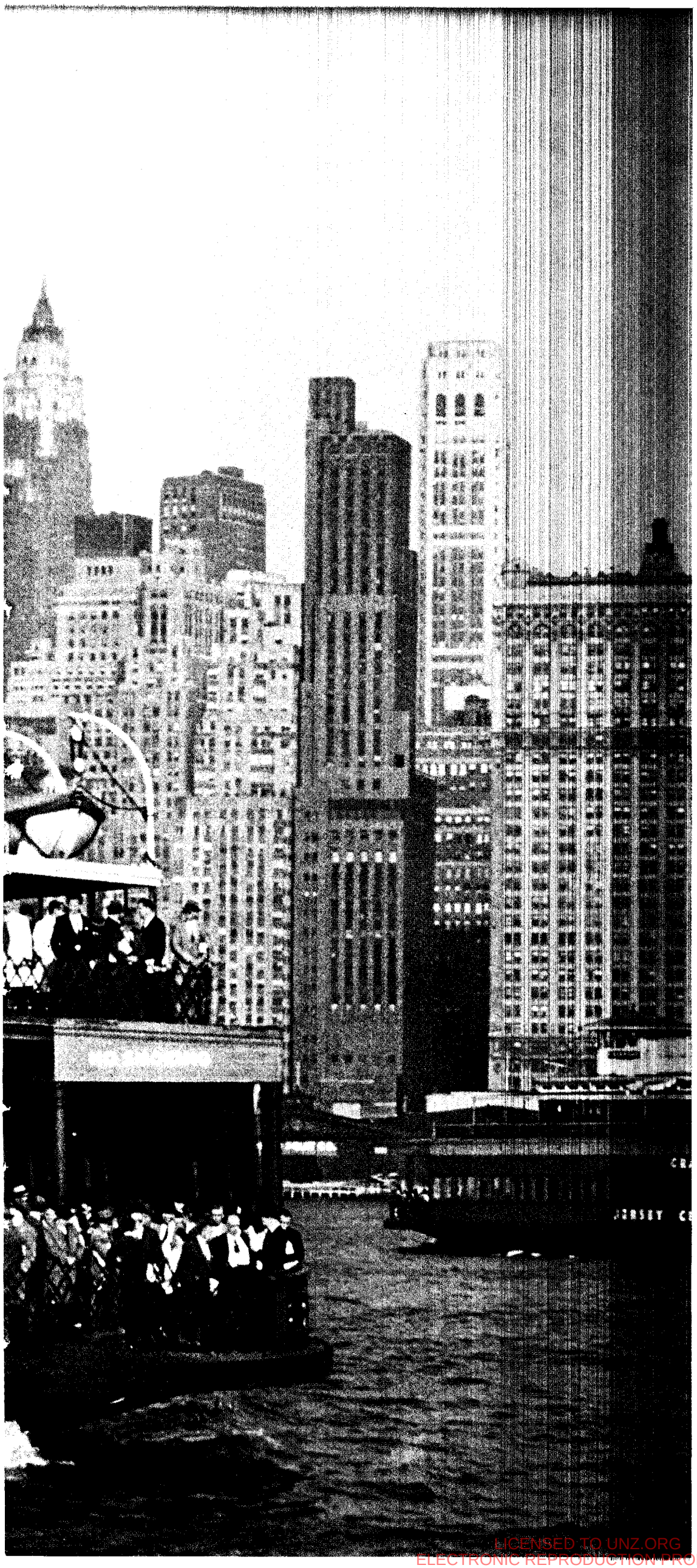
The Face of AMERICA

Five O'clock Sailors



Each weekday afternoon at quitting time, some 10,000 New Jerseyites who toil in Manhattan board five ferries such as the *Red Bank* for a one-mile crossing of the Hudson. Their trip begins with the toot of a steam whistle at the Jersey Central Railroad's downtown ferry terminal at the foot of Liberty Street. It ends at Jersey City, where the homebound voyagers make their train connections. Each of the 1100-ton vessels, which are named for towns served by the railroad, can carry 1470 passengers and fourteen vehicles. On clear days the twelve-minute ride provides an imposing view of the New York City skyline and the world's busiest waterfront. Occasionally a boatload of passengers is rewarded with a close look at a luxury liner bound for exotic ports. During the summer river breezes caress the boats and help weary commuters forget the unmerciful heat of the city. On dark, wintry evenings, all but the most stalwart amateur skippers stay inside the cozy passenger compartments. On the worst days of the year, short-range radar scans the river through the fog. About 9000 passengers ride on railroad commutation tickets. The rest pay twenty cents for a one-way trip—four times as much as for a similar ride on the Staten Island ferry.

• Photograph by Eugene Kammerman

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THE GIRL ON THE TOWER

By NORMAN GARBO

Every time she plunged from the height, part of his heart went with her.

Tom Hansen sat up in bed, the sweat cold in his armpits. It was not a new dream. He had been having it at regular intervals for nearly two years. But it was still frightening.

In it the tower always rose tall and spider-thin above the fair's tents and crowds and fluttering pennants. A girl was climbing, distant and tiny against the bleak sky, and as Tom Hansen watched from the midway below, he would feel the fear thicken in his chest and lower his head to look briefly at the water-filled tank at the foot of the tower. Then his eyes would return to the girl. Always she reached the summit and stood there as the tower seemed to sway in the quickening breeze. Hansen opened his mouth and screamed a warning. But there was no sound. He tried again. It was the same. He looked frantically at the upturned faces about him. They were smiling and unconcerned. The soundless scream had cut off his breath. He saw the girl through a green haze as she leaned forward and left the tower in an exquisitely arched dive. For a moment she soared straight and sure. Then a gust of wind caught her body and twisted it sharply to one side. The scream finally tore loose from Hansen's throat just as she crumpled against the rim of the tank.

The dream ended then, with Hansen sitting straight up in bed. Now he turned on a lamp, requiring, as always, a few seconds to remember where he was—in what room of what hotel in what city. Not that he supposed it really mattered. After a while they were all the same. He reached for a cigarette and smoked it down fast. Then he put out the light. But it was hours before he fell asleep again.

The next day was Sunday, and he stayed in bed until noon, not sleeping, but trying to fool himself into it by keeping his eyes closed. He had breakfast, then picked up a local paper and sat in the (Continued on Page 75)

She was just starting to climb as he edged into the crowd.

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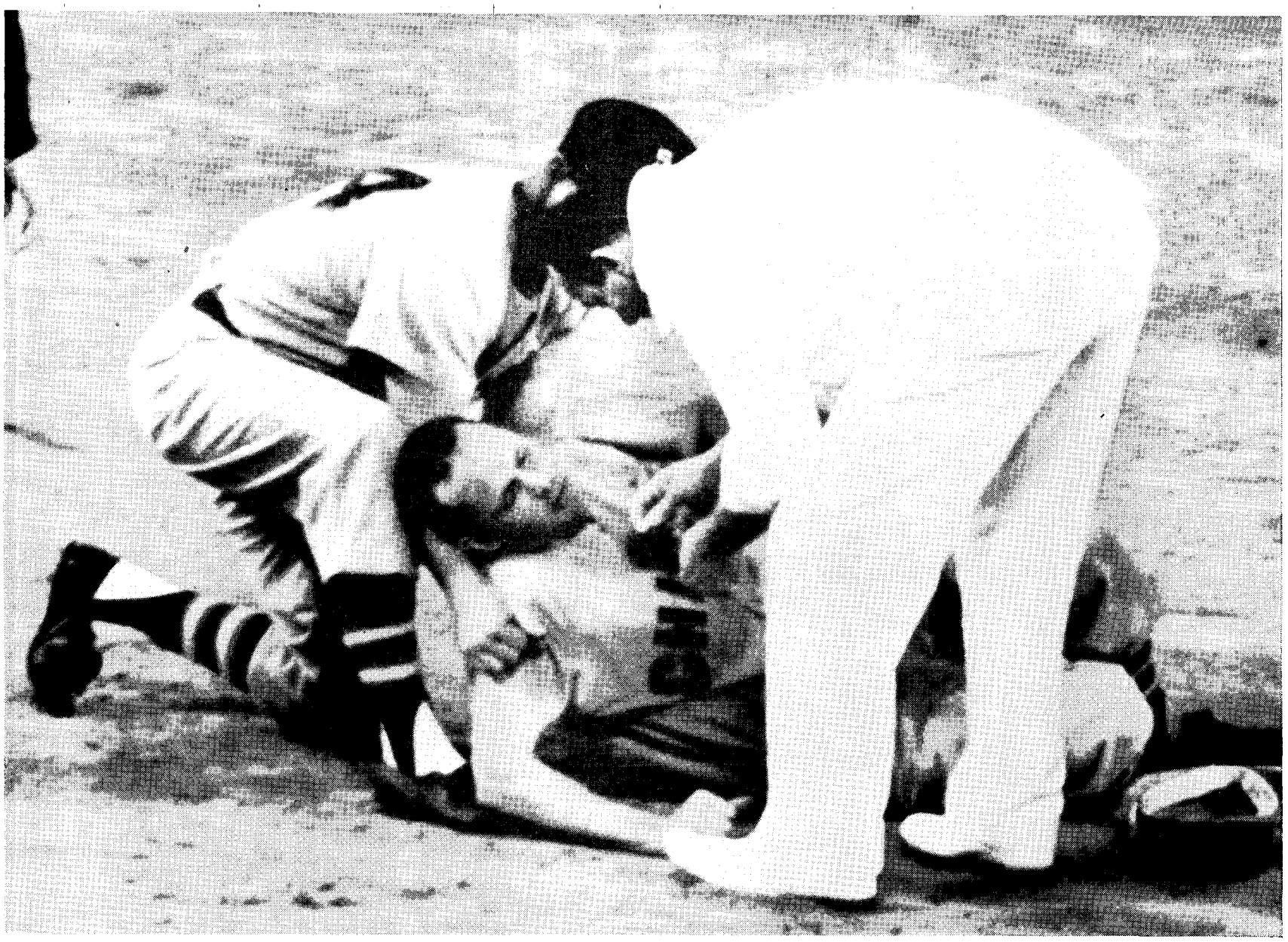


Chicago White Sox Trainer Ed Froelich (right) attempts to revive Nellie Fox, who was knocked out stealing second during a game at Cleveland in 1955.

I Am a Dugout Doctor

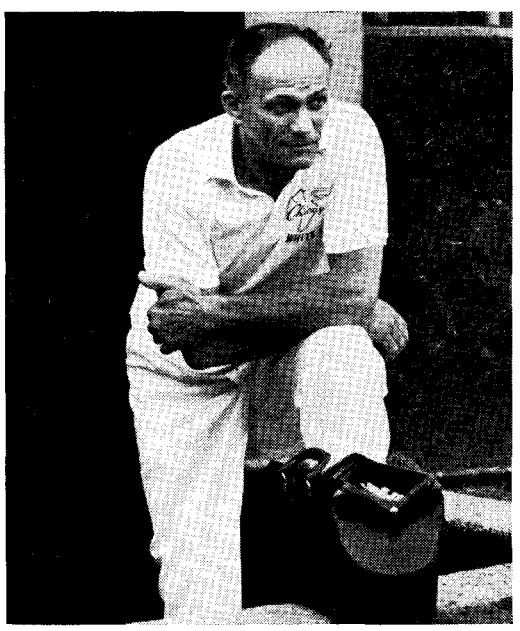
A big-league trainer tells how he acts as an unofficial psychiatrist for the fractured egos of baseball stars while also tending their bruises, lacerations and bellyaches.

By ED FROELICH as told to Charles Dexter

It happened six years ago, but the memory still haunts me. In the haze of an August twilight in Philadelphia, Cass Michaels lost sight of a pitch thrown by Marion Fricano. I heard a sickening thud. Cass toppled to the turf. I dashed from the dugout and knelt beside him. Blood gushed from his inner ear, usually a symptom of a fractured skull. "Ambulance!" I cried.

An operation saved the White Sox infielder's life, but he had played his last game of big-league baseball.

Fortunately such tragedies have been rare in my twenty-four years as head trainer of professional ball clubs, from the old Brooklyn Daffiness Boys to the Yankees, the Red Sox and—since 1952—the White Sox. Usually my emergency duties are on the order of removing a speck of dust from a batter's eye or repairing a catcher's torn fingernail. I knead muscles, give alcohol rubs, pass out aspirin or vitamin tablets, prepare orange juice for between-inning nips and otherwise guard the physical well-being of the athletes in my care.



1960: Froelich, who has been a big-league trainer for 24 years, came to the White Sox in 1952.

In recent years I have assumed another duty. I have become a club psychologist. A trainer's job puts him on very close terms with the players. Athletes babble their thoughts to me as if my rubbing table were a psychoanalyst's couch. I see them in moments of high elation and deep despair, when their emotional defenses are down.

Abnormal tensions are created in many players by the strain of daily competition for big-league jobs. Batters worry themselves sick when they go wrong at the plate. Pitchers develop insomnia after spells of wildness. Rookies become homesick, and lovesick in the spring. Aging veterans manfully try to conceal their fears of future insecurity; I see the pain in their eyes and try to alleviate it. (Continued on Page 91)

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NIXON or KENNEDY?

What the Voters Are Saying

Kennedy is slightly ahead, according to the Alsop Poll. However, the author is convinced that the candidate who can shed his "cardboard personality" will be the next President.

By STEWART ALSOP

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THE ALSOP POLL

A total of 500 persons were interviewed in seven barometric areas in six states. Percentages are to the nearest digit. Non-Catholics were 74% of those polled, Catholics 26%. Of those who voted in 1956, 245 claimed to have voted for Eisenhower, 151 for Stevenson. The results of the 1960 poll:

NIXON	191	38%
KENNEDY	208	42%
UNDECIDED	101	20%

BREAKDOWN BY RELIGION

Non-Catholics for Nixon	170	46%	Catholics for Nixon	21	16%
Non-Catholics for Kennedy	121	33%	Catholics for Kennedy	87	66%
Non-Catholics Undecided	77	21%	Catholics Undecided	24	18%

BREAKDOWN BY 1956 VOTE

Eisenhower voters now for Nixon	152	Stevenson voters now for Nixon	9
Eisenhower voters now for Kennedy	47	Stevenson voters now for Kennedy	117
Eisenhower voters now Undecided	46	Stevenson voters now Undecided	25

'56 Non-voters for Nixon	30
'56 Non-voters for Kennedy	44
'56 Non-voters Undecided	30

The word "democracy" means, of course, rule by the people. Hear, then, the voice of the nation's rulers.

"I'm a Democrat, always have been, but that Kennedy's a mushroom politician, he grew too fast."

"I don't like Nixon one little bit and I'm not too crazy about Kennedy either."

"I get so damned mad when I hear this talk about Kennedy's religion—a man's religion don't make no difference at all."

"We're voting for Nixon—we couldn't ever vote for a Catholic."

"We've had a lot of Masons President, it's about time we had a K. of C."

"I'm voting Democratic—I'd vote for you if you was the Democrat. I never made no money since the Republicans got it."

"I admire Kennedy especially for his literary ability, and his—well, I guess the word is guts."

"Kennedy's a nice young fella, I guess, but Nixon is much more experienced."

"Nixon has more experience, but there's something about him kinda scares me."

"I've always been a Democrat; but the way I hear it, a man in Rome runs Kennedy."

"Well, I haven't got anything against either of them. I just haven't made up my mind."

This is the way the nation's rulers are talking about Richard M. Nixon and John F. Kennedy. At least, it is the way they talked about them during the course of an arduous but interesting project recently undertaken by this reporter, which involved interviewing 500 voters in seven "barometric districts" in six states.

The statistical results of this walkathon-talkathon are published with this article. The statistical result which will first catch the reader's eye—Kennedy's slim lead over Nixon—only serves to suggest that the race is close, which it is. As the professional polling organizations have repeatedly demonstrated, it is just not possible to predict well in advance the outcome of a hard-fought election within a couple of percentage points, except by luck. Later in this report I shall try to explain why it is not possible, which is something worth understanding.

The other statistical results of what I have modestly christened the Alsop Poll give a more complete picture of the inner shape of this election than the newspaper polls, and they seem to me to be worth a second glance. But the most interesting results of the 500 interviews cannot be expressed in statistics or percentage points. For it is a strangely revealing experience to talk to large numbers of what the late Sam Blythe, the best political reporter *The Saturday Evening Post* has produced in its long history, used to call "the great rancid American people." Out of that experience you can get a very good idea of what the people really think about the candidates. And you can also draw your own conclusions about the candidates' prospects. Here are five conclusions which cannot be expressed in percentage points, which are doubtless most unscientific, but which are nevertheless firmly held by this reporter.

First, Nixon was quite right when he said after the conventions that he was the underdog. As this is written, he is still the underdog, despite polls showing him leading Kennedy. For Kennedy has a hidden asset which does not show up in the newspaper polls. But that asset, as I shall try to show later, is also a hidden danger to Kennedy.

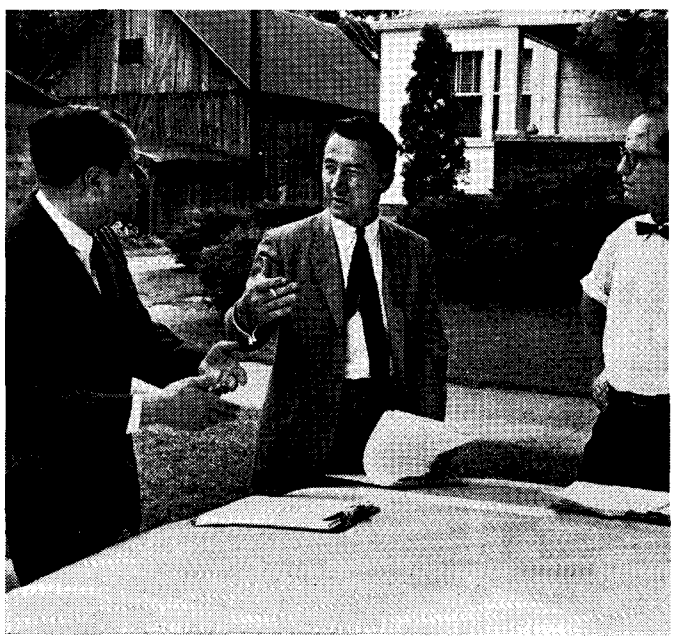
Second, Nixon is again quite right in believing that what is vaguely labeled "the foreign-policy issue" is the most important issue in this campaign. There is no domestic issue which stirs the passions of the voters and also clearly distinguishes the two parties. What the voters are mainly looking for is a man who can, in the words of one Indiana voter, "stop Khrushchev and Castro from kicking us around," and at the same time keep the peace.

Third, like it or not, Kennedy's Catholicism is a vitally important factor in this campaign, partly because there is no great domestic issue between the parties to smother and override the "religious issue." This helps to make the election a peculiarly fluid one. For a lot of people, despite polls showing only a tiny percentage of the voters undecided, have not really made up their minds how to vote, and religion will certainly influence their final decision.

Fourth, one reason a lot of voters have not made up their minds is the simple fact that they do not as yet greatly admire either Nixon or Kennedy, as the views quoted at the beginning of this report suggest. Neither man is a human being yet, in the minds of the voters, in the way that those two master vote-getters, Franklin Roosevelt and Dwight Eisenhower, were and still are human beings in the voters' minds.

For this reason, and again because there are no decisive domestic issues, personality will play a more than usually decisive role in this campaign. The voters are not only looking for a man who can restore American prestige and keep the peace. They are also looking for a man they can respect, admire and like as a man. Personality will largely decide how a most important segment of the voting population—non-Catholics who have their doubts about a Catholic in the White House, but who have not yet made up their minds—will cast their ballots.

These conclusions may be right or wrong, but at least they (Continued on Page 87)



Alsop (center) briefs polling aides
Peter Wyden (left), *Post* associate editor, and
Kermit Roosevelt (T. R.'s grandson).

Jackson County, Indiana: The author, who encountered

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

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Confessions of a Happy Man CONCLUSION

My Worst Mistake

Art found himself in serious trouble when a Federal grand jury indicted him in 1942.

By ART LINKLETTER

as told to Dean Jennings

Linkletter with his lawyer, William O'Brien, at a preliminary hearing before U.S. Commissioner Francis St. John Fox. Later the Canadian-born radio star pleaded guilty to claiming falsely to be an American citizen.

Art became an even richer man during the recent hoop craze; a company he owns sold 10,000,000 of the toys.

The sun was bright and warm along the ocean highway that day about a year ago, and, as happy couples will, Lois and I were chatting about our home, our children and grandchildren and all the other cherished treasures that have come to me in twenty-five years of radio and television work.

Somewhere along the route I had switched on the car radio, and we were just half-listening to a newscast. Suddenly I heard my name. The announcer was excitedly saying that Art Linkletter probably had drowned in the crash of a Navy helicopter, and he promised the grim details as soon as reporters could get them.

I looked at Lois popeyed, and she looked at me and she could see that I was sitting there in reasonably good health. I drove on until we found a pay phone, called the radio station and asked them to announce that I was very much alive. I wanted this news broadcast at once so that my competitors and certain critics would not waste their money celebrating my demise.

The facts were that earlier that day I had climbed into the helicopter for the finale of my *House Party* show, which was being televised from an aircraft carrier off San Diego. There had been several helicopter accidents in the area, and the Navy had insisted that I wear a crash helmet and a Mae West life jacket. Just as our program time ran out, the helicopter took a sudden wild plunge toward the sea, and the television camera fade-out showed the aircraft seemingly plummeting to disaster. It was a close call at that, because the crewman had forgotten to undo one of the helicopter's tie-down bands, but fortunately I was with a skilled pilot, and he steadied the reeling craft. But the TV audience was not told of the outcome, and soon the rumor spreaders had me ready for the undertaker.

The false report of my death gave me pause for thought, and I recalled the old popular belief that a drowning man sees his whole life passing in review just before he goes down the third time. I began to wonder what I would see if my life were to unreel itself like that, and I was sure it would take so long that someone would surely save me. There has been so much—the blue days and the gay days, the magic and misery of show business, the screwballs and the brains, great men and small, good men and bad, wonderful people everywhere.

I remember, for instance, being with the late Samuel G. Blythe, the famed editor and author, at his home in Monterey, California. We were collaborating on the writing of a pageant called *Cavalcade of the Golden West* for the San Francisco world's fair, and when I left, he gave me a large photo of himself on which he had written, To a Young Man Who's Going Places—From an Old Man Who's Been There. On the dark days, when my morale was low and I wondered whether I was making any progress, I could look at the picture of this wise and kindly man and be reassured.

I remember a chat with former President Harry S. Truman when he taught me his trick method for avoiding (Continued on Page 110)

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The wind pulled at her skirts as Pleny held his finger on the block.

Now she would know beyond question what it meant

to be a PLAINSWOMAN

By WILLIAMS FORREST

The cold of the fall was sweeping over the plains, and Nora's husband, Rolf, and his men had ridden off on the roundup. She was left on the ranch with Pleny, a handy man, who was to do the chores and lessen her fears.

Her pregnancy told her that she should hurry back East before the solemn grip of winter fell on the land. She was afraid to have the child touch her within, acknowledge its presence, when the long deep world below the mountains closed in and no exit was available—for the body and for the spirit.

Her baby had not yet wakened, but soon it would. But gusts of wind and a forbidding iron shadow on the hills told her that the greatest brutality of this ranch world was about to start. And then one morning Pleny came in for his breakfast, holding the long finger of his left hand in the fingers of his right. For some time he had concealed his left hand from her, holding it down or in his pocket; and from the way he had held himself, she had thought it was a part of his chivalry, his wish to have table manners, use his right hand and sit up straight with a lady. But now he held it before him like a trophy, and one he did not wish to present.

Nora had been thinking of New England when Pleny came in—of the piano and the gentle darkness of her mother's eyes, of frost on the small windowpanes, and the hearth fires, of holidays and the swish of sleighs, of men with businesslike faces and women who drank tea and read poetry, of deep substantial beds and the way the hills and the sea prescribed an area, making it intimate, and the way the towns folded into the hills. She was thinking of home and comfort, and then Pleny walked in; the dust trailed around his ankles, and the smell of cattle (Continued on Page 93)

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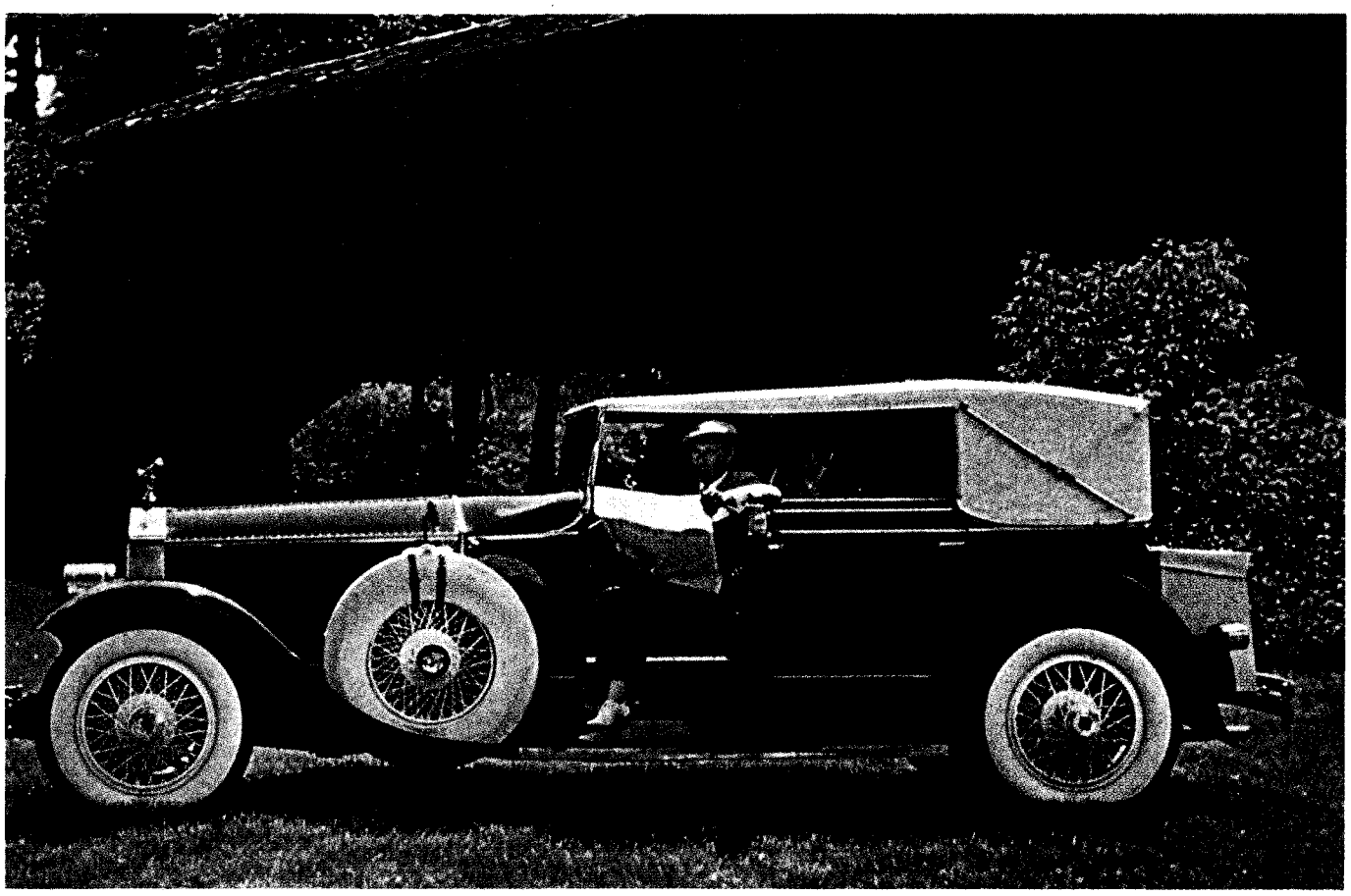
CARS I HAVE LOVED

The author recalls the days when a good auto mechanic was as great a hero as a spaceman is today.

By ERIC HATCH



The author (above) had a 1928 Rolls-Royce Phantom like this one. He never fully understood it, but he was afraid the Rolls man would refuse to sell him even a used model if he asked too many questions.

I had thought of calling this piece "Me and Internal Combustion." That sounds, I know, as if I had an alarming affliction. I have, and it began half a century or more ago. It is a weakness for internal-combustion engines mounted on four wheels. This is the device that has come to be known as the automobile. The word "automobile" means self-propelling. Sometimes the ones I owned or have associated with in a friendly way have been self-propelling. Often they have not. All told, I have probably pushed various automobiles farther in total mileage than the early cars were capable of propelling themselves in their whole lifetime.

My affliction was in all likelihood the direct result of prenatal influence because in 1901—the year that I was quite busy getting myself born—my father had what I've always understood was the first car stabled on Long Island, and it *was* stabled. There was no such thing as a garage then. The car was a one-cylinder Winton.

It came complete with a mechanic, in the same way that cars now come complete with a spare tire.

So far as I can make out, this mechanic had one function, simple but vital. Whenever the car stopped of its own volition rather than my father's, the mechanic would stand up and yell, "Everybody out! Everybody out!"

The darn fool must have known this was silly because the car held only two people, and one of them was he. He could just as easily have said, "Mr. Hatch, if you'll get out now, please?" Or if he'd merely nudged the old man with his elbow father would have caught on. But no. He'd stand up and go through that "Everybody out!" performance at the top of his lungs. After father did get out, the mechanic didn't. He'd stay in the car and lift up the front seat. Then he'd take out a special hammer he carried deep in the recesses of his

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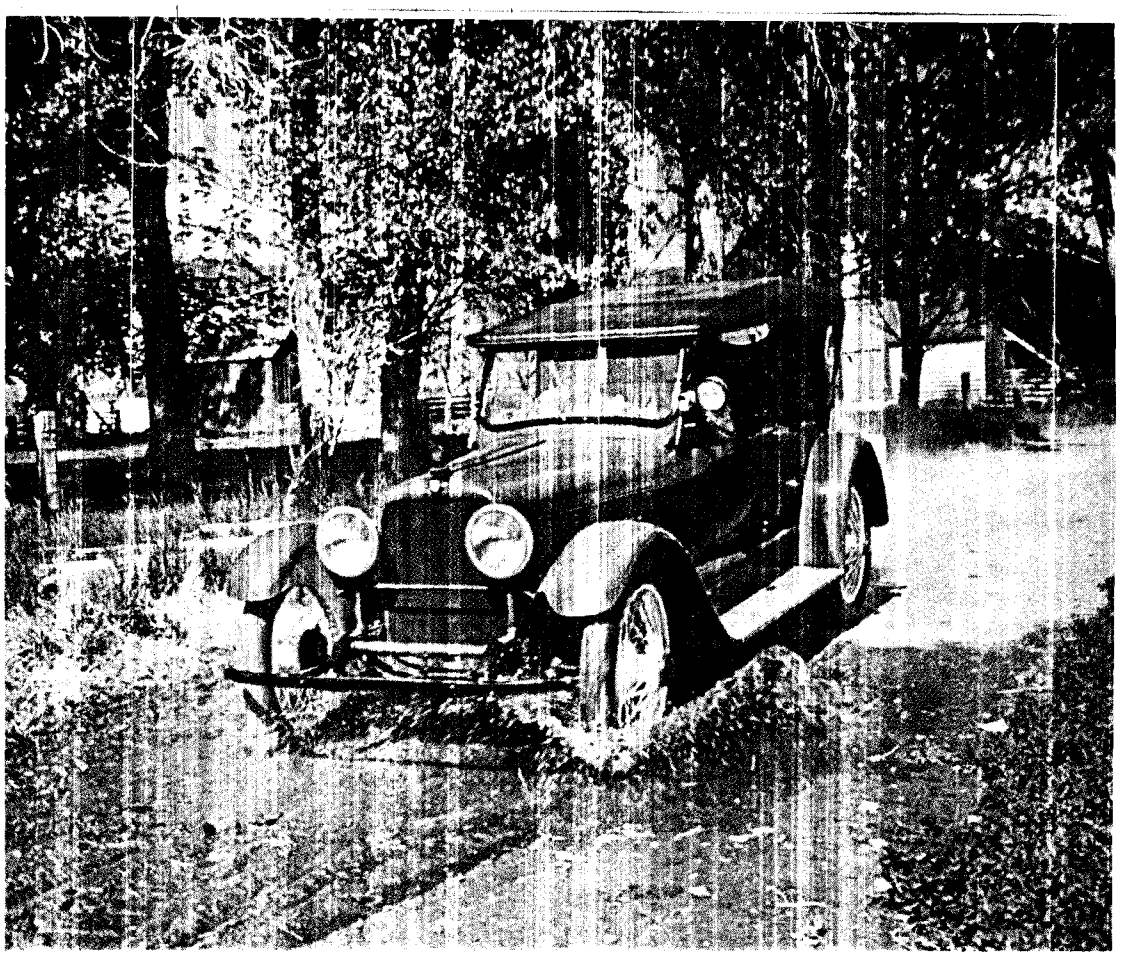
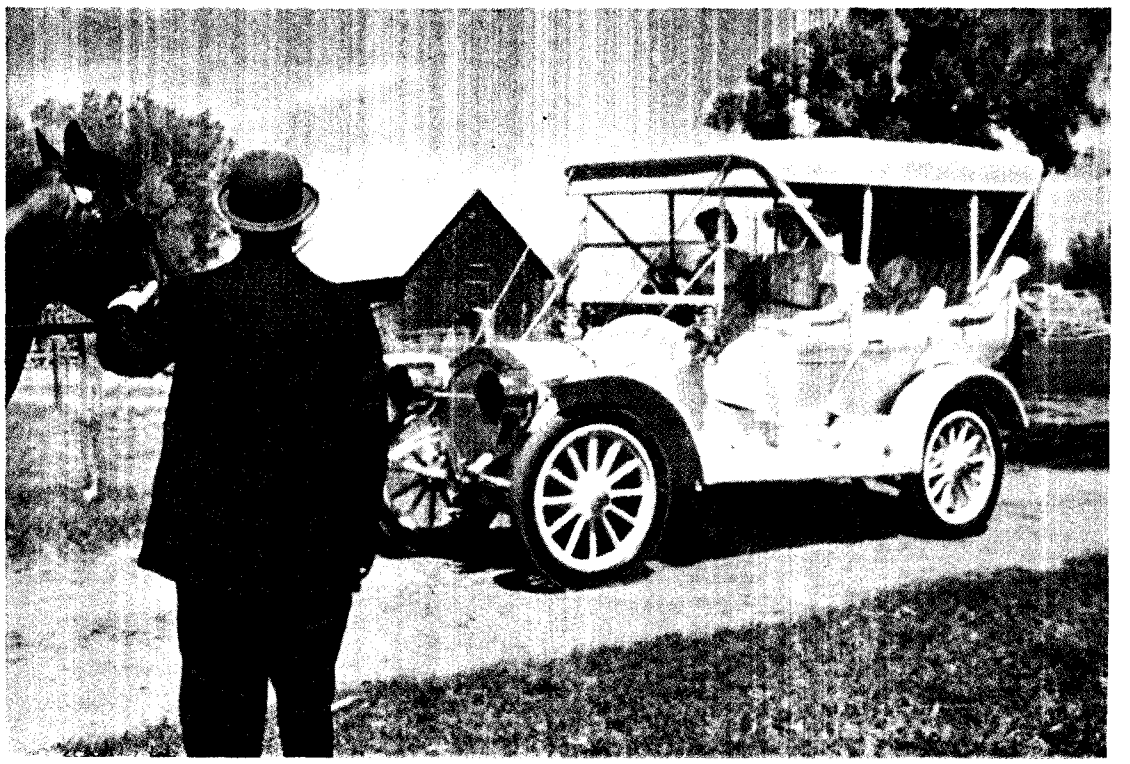
Many cars were two-seaters in 1906, such as this Maxwell. But the first Maxwell in the author's family had an entrance from the rear and seats along the sides, facing each other.



The right wheel of the author's 1917 Mercer touring car fell off about once a month. Divine Providence always warned him, and he slowed to 20 miles an hour till the calamity occurred.



When the author's father was ready to take a trip in their 1908 Thomas Flyer, he phoned the neighbors for miles around to hold their horses. (Models posed for these 1960 photographs.)

ulster, bend over and, with the irritating flamboyancy of the one-note man in a symphony orchestra striking a triangle, he would tap the gears back into place. Then triumphantly he'd straighten, put the seat back and yell, to the delight of the ever-present crowd: "Everybody in! Everybody in!"

It used to drive my father, who loathed being conspicuous, nuts. He'd climb in, blushing crimson. If by any chance this happened at the foot of Flushing Hill, Oscar, the mechanic, would dress the act up a little. Flushing Hill was very steep. Time after time father would race across the flatlands leading up to it, attaining a speed of almost thirty miles an hour. This terrific momentum would carry him maybe a hundred yards up the hill; then the Winton would stop, slide backward down the hill, coughing, and at the bottom with a sad little sigh would fall silent and stop again.

Thus, if the gear-tapping performance took place at the foot of the hill and he could collect a crowd, Oscar would tap the gears in place, wait till father got back in the car, stand up again and shout, "Everybody ready to go into reverse? All righty! Reverse!"

Needing his own gears tapped back into place by now, father would carefully turn the Winton around and, since reverse was far more powerful than any other gear, would sedately back up the hill. I once said, years afterward, "Father, didn't you feel a little foolish doing that? You must have looked ridiculous!"

Two days later—he couldn't bring himself to speak to me until then—he took me aside and without preamble said, "Son, it was this way. I used to tell myself that a car backing up a hill does not to the casual observer look so very different from a car going *down* a hill—if it is going slowly enough. It just happens my Winton was always going slowly enough."

(Continued on Page 107)

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Illustrated by

Peter Stevens

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THE CAPTURE OF KEVIN COOLEY

By JOHN REESE

How one small boy managed to become neighborhood enemy No. 1.

It was Policeman Jim Wimsett's first call, on his first day on duty in a one-man prowl car. He was young, strong, single and eager to prove himself. He followed Regulations carefully, although he knew that it took more than a knowledge of Regulations to be a good police officer.

He logged the call at 8:31 A.M. He responded without using his red lights and siren and was on the scene in four minutes. He interviewed Mrs. Ramsey, the elderly widow who had phoned in the alarm. From her he got a good description, and also a name and an approximate address. Not often are policemen so lucky.

"It's his poor mother I feel sorry for," said Mrs. Ramsey. "I know what it is to be a widow! His name is Kevin Cooley, and he lives over there somewhere. The block with the church on it, I think, or thereabouts."

"Thank you. I'll find it, ma'am," said Policeman Wimsett.

He went to his car and, on his radio, reported himself temporarily out of service while he worked this case. He did not ask the dispatcher to send help. Kevin Cooley was only four years old.

"Did you ever see such wanton destruction?" Mrs. Ramsey said when he returned. "Oh, my chrysanthemums!"

Once the chrysanthemums had grown in orderly clumps under the bay window. Now they were scattered all over the lawn, roots and all, and there were only bereaved black holes under the bay window.

"What did he use, a bulldozer?" said Policeman Wimsett.

"A piece of rope. I saw him lasso the last one. Why would he do a thing like that, officer?"

"I don't know, ma'am," said Policeman Wimsett, although in his heart he knew better. "I'll see if I can catch him."

He had no trouble following Kevin Cooley's trail. Four houses away there had once been a white picket fence. It was a very old fence, and only the pickets that had been recently replaced, with new nails, had withstood the terrible onslaught of the rope. The others were scattered all over the sidewalk.

"Why?" asked the woman who owned the fence. "Why in the world would a normal boy do a thing like that?"

Again Policeman Wimsett lied. "I'm sure I don't know, ma'am, but I'll try to find out."

From here the trail led to the corner, where Kevin Cooley had roped the street-name sign. It had been a sturdy sign, and he must have swung his whole weight on his rope to do this to it. "Seventy-ninth Street" might be salvaged, but "Drury Avenue" was a total loss. Policeman Wimsett made a notation in his notebook: "City propty. Notify St. Dept." He walked on.

There was no sign of Kevin Cooley in this block, but from around the next corner came the shrill voices of many distraught women. It took him some little time to get the story straight. It was not the damage that had been done that shocked the women, but why it had been done.

Kevin Cooley had first roped a cat belonging to a Mrs. Wallace. This was not in itself a grave tort, since the cat was a Siamese and leash-broken. But then a dog had come trotting boldly down the sidewalk. According to the witnesses, it only wanted to make friends with the cat. Kevin Cooley had attached the other end of the rope to the dog's neck.

"Shoo!" he said.

Cat and dog ran in different directions. Between them a fire hydrant intervened. Mrs. Wallace grew hysterical as she tried to relate her efforts to separate the cat from the rope, the rope from the fire hydrant and the dog from both.

"Why would a boy do a thing like that, officer?" she wept. "What kind of little monster is he?"

Again he lied. "I don't know, ma'am. What became of the rope?"

"He took it with him."

Policeman Wimsett raised his eyebrows. "And you let him?"

"What else could I do?" she cried. "I couldn't untie those knots. He came over and said, 'Here, let me. You don't know anything about a ——' What was it he called it?"

"Hackamore?" said Policeman Wimsett. "That's a halter that cowboys make in the end of a rope."

"That doesn't sound like it," she said. "Anyway he untied the knots and off he went—rope and all!"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Policeman Jim Wimsett.

He hurried on. He turned another corner. Here he saw where a tree limb had been roped and stripped of its leaves—there Kevin Cooley had lassoed more flowers. He counted three clumps of zinnias, two rose bushes, and two tender young lilacs. All were now ruin. There was also a broken flower pot on the curb. It could have been pulled from that porch and dragged here on the end of a rope.

He reached the end of this block at exactly 8:46 A.M. In the middle of this intersection—Seventy-eighth and Drury—stood a small, foreign-made automobile. It was a real little midget of a car, and it was almost hidden by the six women who clustered around it, looking helpless. Two black skid marks showed where the locked wheels of the tiny car had been dragged from a legal parking place at the curb. From the front bumper dangled a short piece of quarter-inch rope.

"What happened?" said Policeman Wimsett.

They explained: The little car belonged to Mr. George Dudley. Mrs. Dudley's wealthy aunt had stopped in for a moment this morning, parking her huge, pearl-gray sedan in front of Mr. Dudley's little black car. While she was inside, Kevin Cooley had happened along with his rope. It was but the work of a moment to tie the front bumper of the little foreign car to the back bumper of the big gray one.

"You saw him do this?" said Policeman Wimsett.

"Well, not exactly," said Mrs. Dudley, "but before he disappeared, I heard him running after Aunt Peggy, screaming for her to give him back his rope. So he must have done it! Why would a boy that's little more than a baby, really, do a destructive thing like that?"

"I don't know, ma'am," Policeman Wimsett prevaricated. "Didn't your aunt stop at all?"

"No. She's very hard of hearing. She didn't even know she (Continued on Page 98)

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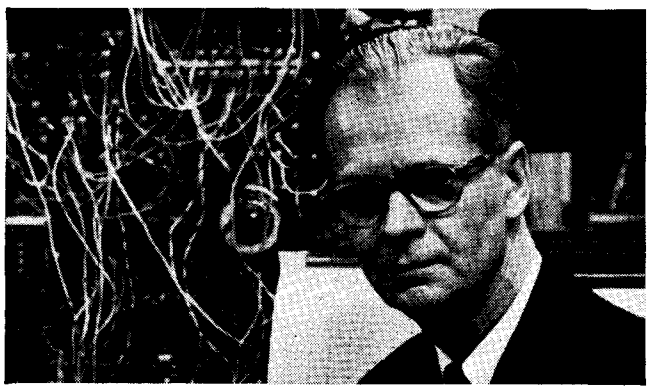
Can Machines Replace Teachers?

With a device that asks—and answers—questions, students can quickly master material that once took months to learn. One child remarks, "It makes me think too much."

By GAY GAER LUCE

Machines teach algebra to ninth-graders at New York's Collegiate School for Boys. Here instructor Daniel Leahy introduces the mechanical tutors to his students.



Harvard psychologist B. F. Skinner. A disillusioning visit to his young daughter's arithmetic class prompted him to develop a modern teaching machine.

Dr. James G. Holland of Harvard. "I would risk the guess that [with machine teaching] any given material can be learned in half the time," he says.

Devon, Pa.: Here a sixth-grader demonstra... the multiple-choice machine. The student presses a key to match questions and answers

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Perhaps never before in history has American education been subject to greater pressures than it is today. Even before the launching of Sputnik I—and with increasing vigor since then—critics have pointed out that national survival itself depends on a drastic and immediate improvement in our educational system. Educators themselves are generally agreed that we must raise academic standards and expand the curriculum, adding new and more advanced subjects—perhaps even doubling the amount of material now covered in the average secondary-school schedule. At the same time, we are faced with a present shortage of qualified teachers, and statisticians warn us that by 1970 there will be 50,000,000 children in school and another 10,000,000 students in college. To supply teachers for all of them, we would have to funnel 50 per cent of all college graduates into teaching. This is a manifest impossibility.

Ground between the millstones of great urgency on the one hand and inadequate resources on the other, educators are little short of desperate for solutions. Many answers have been advanced—a longer school year, the use of educated housewives as aides, educational television, to name only three. Now, almost unheralded, still another possible solution is being rushed into use with a speed that holds both great promise and, some think, great potential danger. This is the teaching machine, a device that teaches by testing and employs a method which originated in experimental psychology.

Until very recently, the public has heard almost nothing about this development, yet teaching machines are already being used in a number of schools and colleges. Introductory courses in psychology, languages, mathematics, logic and other subjects have been taught partly by machine; and the results so far have been impressive. Students in these classes have covered more ground in less time than their counterparts in nonmachine classes. Last January, for instance, a group of eighth-graders took only two weeks to learn from an automatic tutor the identical math work which had required three months to present in the traditional classroom manner in senior high school. "I couldn't do this just reading a book," one of them said.

Earlham, a Quaker college in Richmond, Indiana, has used the machine method in statistics, making the course such a snap that several students remarked to the college president last term that their professor seemed to have "gone soft." And at Hamilton College in New York State, the machine method raised individual final-examination marks in freshman logic about ten or fifteen points to an unprecedented average of 85 per cent. "This is the first time we know that one hundred per cent of our students are learning," said a professor.

In all these cases, the use of teaching machines has been experimental; but in the light of such encouraging results, it seems entirely likely they will soon be introduced on a far wider scale. Already there are at least eight companies making them.

Teaching machines are actually rather simple devices—deceptively so. As one manufacturer says, "The trouble with teaching machines is that they either sound like robots and scare everybody, or they sound so innocuous that nobody realizes they are revolutionary." There are several varieties, but all of them employ the same basic teaching method. This is to break down a topic into a series of questions which are presented to the student, one at a time, in a carefully planned sequence.

One typical machine, about the size of a portable typewriter, has two small windows in the top. In one of these will appear the question, printed on a long roll of paper which winds upward within the machine. The student reads the question, writes his answer on the blank paper which shows under the second opening, and then flicks a lever on the side of the machine. This simultaneously reveals the correct answer—printed alongside the question, but hitherto hidden by a sliding mask—and covers the student's answer with a sheet of transparent plastic, thus discouraging second thoughts. Another flick of the lever advances the roll to the next question, hides its answer and bares the right-hand window for the student's pencil.

At each step, the student is immediately shown whether he was right or wrong; and each question requires him to apply what he has just learned from the previous question, in turn adding a little more to his knowledge of the subject for application to the next question. The machine itself does not teach, of course. The instructive part of the device is the series of questions, called a program, contained in it. These programs can be—and in many cases are being—used without machines. The principal advantages of the machine are that it makes sure the student answers the questions in the proper order, without skipping around or peeking ahead, and that it stores a detailed and tamperproof account of his progress. But it is the program, not the mechanical contrivance, which represents the really revolutionary change from traditional teaching methods.

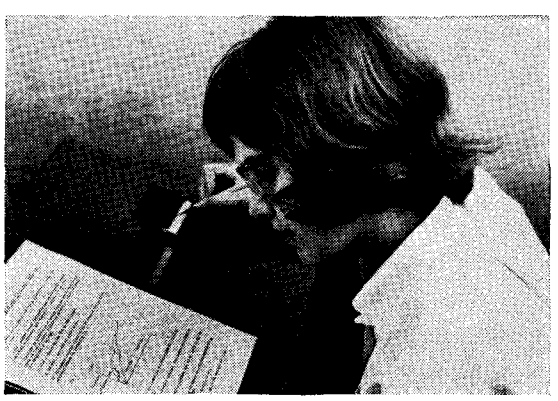
Programs are not merely textbooks written in question-answer style instead of paragraphs; nor are they lists of separate questions, like standard aptitude tests. Their sequence of small steps is so cleverly organized and phrased that students should be able to answer almost every question correctly. If they make many mistakes, something is wrong with the program, and the author must revise it.

Ever since Prof. B. F. Skinner introduced his automated elementary-psychology course at Harvard three years ago, he and his colleagues have been improving the program. Most recently, Dr. James G. Holland, an associate of Skinner, took a fine-tooth comb to the answer tapes of the 1958 class, analyzed student errors and came up with a new program several hundred steps longer and containing much new information. Using this, the 1959 class not only cut the number of errors in half but also went through the material somewhat faster. Basing his conclusions on this and similar evidence, Skinner has said, "I would risk the guess that [with machine teaching] any given material can be learned in half the time, with half the effort."

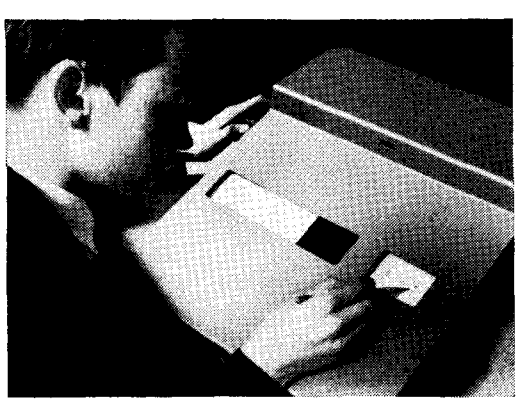
In addition to this absolute saving in time, one great and obvious advantage of machine teaching is that it permits each student to learn basic material at his own pace, outside the rigid classroom schedule. Last year, for instance, students completed Skinner's psychology program in an average of about thirteen hours; but some individual students finished it in as little as seven and a half hours, while others took as long as twenty-six. Furthermore, no student missed material because he happened to be out with the flu when the instructor explained the topic, because he daydreamed in class or because the lecturer moved too fast for him.

Perhaps what appeals most to teachers whose courses use teaching machines is the fact that they no longer have to spend class time "beating basic skills into skulls." Freed from such essentially mechanical chores as vocabulary drill, routine factual presentation and incessant quizzes—not to mention correcting homework—the teacher can devote his time and talents to the more creative art of illuminating the material students already know when they come to class.

This is not to say that all educators are enthusiastic about automatic tutors. Many shudder audibly at the "impersonality and isolation" they foresee when children spend several hours a day with teaching machines. Learning, they say, is a complicated process, involving emotions as well as intellect. A young Philadelphia mother summed up this point of view (Continued on Page 102)



In an automated psychology course Radcliffe sophomore Verity Rich uses supplementary material to help her answer the machine's questions.



John Gardner, 14, at the Collegiate School for Boys, learns math from the "program"—the machine-operated question series.

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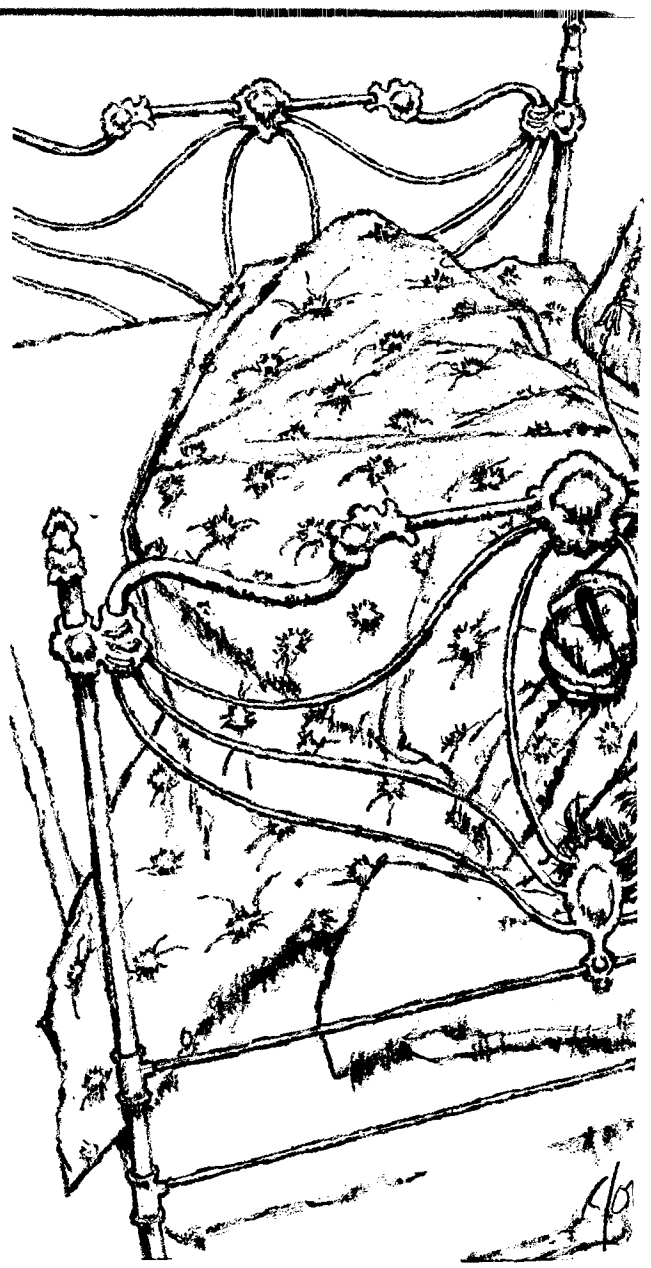
The longer Rick avoided capture by the police, the more his life was in danger.

ALIBI FOR MURDER

By NANCY RUTLEDGE



Bartholomew Garth murdered his wealthy, tyrannical father, Old Garth, but escaped suspicion; he had an airtight alibi. All available evidence pointed to brash, young Rick Donelli as the murderer, and the police were looking for him.

But the day after the murder Felice Harris, Old Garth's beautiful typist, told Bartholomew she could break his alibi. She tried to blackmail him. Bartholomew strangled her.

Again Rick Donelli was suspected because his fingerprints were found at the scene of the murder. But Saul Milstein, the outspoken detective, began to have doubts about Rick's being the killer of either Old Garth or Felice.

V

Saul knocked on the door of the small office lettered NED PHILLIPS, INSURANCE. A short man, going to fat, with thinning hair, rose from the desk. He gave Saul a hopeful professional smile. "Can I sell you some insurance today?"

"Sorry," Saul showed him his badge. "I doubt that cops would be considered very good risks anyhow."

The little man nodded glumly.

"Bad day?" Saul asked.

"Not in business. Got a big group-insurance contract at the new airplane plant."

"I should think you would be celebrating."

"Normally I would. But one of my kids——"

"Sick child?"

Ned Phillips smiled wanly. "Not that kind of kids. I'm not married. One of my Army kids. You'd never know it to look at me now, but I was the toughest lieutenant in the Rangers until two years ago. You know about the Ranger training at Fort Benning, Georgia? It really separates the men from the boys. Picked men, all of them. Tough. Rangers are sort of like Commandos were—they get basic survival training, learn the silent kill, judo, the works. A lot of people think we're too tough on 'em, but they don't understand the meaning of the word survival. You get soft, and someday when they need to survive, they won't."

"Rick Donelli was one of your boys. He the one you're worrying about?"

"Yeah," said Ned Phillips more glumly. "That's right. I read about it in the paper."

"Think he's guilty?"

Ned Phillips shook his head. "Rick was a tough kid. From the beginning he had his own personal war, it being peacetime. He fought the Army and he fought me. Singlehanded he took us on as a matter of principle. That kid just don't believe in regulations, whoever signs 'em or whoever gives 'em. You could throw him in the brig, give him discipline marches, anything. He went right on fighting his personal war until the day he got out. If he could have been demoted any lower than private, he sure would have been. But there was something about him you couldn't help liking all the same. He had guts, real fighting spirit. He wouldn't have been a Ranger otherwise; they're picked men. He sure did his best to make my life a living hell. I don't think I ever said a civil word to him myself. I don't think very many Army people did. But I sure wish I'd known he needed that violin. This agency is doing pretty well. I've got no family. I'd have been glad to get him whatever he needed for that music contest. Anonymously, of course. It would have had to be anonymously. He wouldn't take the time of day from me as a present."

"You think if you had gotten Rick the violin, it might have kept him from killing Old Garth?"

"I just wish that once in his life he could have had something he wanted that bad. He never was lucky—at poker, at craps, at anything. But I don't think he killed Old Garth."

"Why not? Don't you think he's capable of killing?"

"Mister, any soldier I trained is capable of killing. Killing anybody anyway necessary. What do you think Ranger training is, a picnic? But there always was a queer soft side to Rick, tough as he was. He sent his pay home to his old lady. He gave an old gent his seat in the bus once. I can't see him killing a helpless old man for no reason at all. And no soldier I trained would ever hang around afterward playing the violin if he did kill somebody. It's got to be somebody else. No other suspects?"

"I didn't say that."

Ned Phillips brightened. "Dammit, I liked that tough kid. Could I get him a lawyer or something? Anonymously," he added quickly.

"Sure," said Saul. "When we catch him."

Rick Donelli stared at the headline of Antek's paper in utter disbelief. BEAUTIFUL MODEL FOUND STRANGLED. FIND FINGERPRINTS OF RICK. YOUNG ITALIAN SOUGHT. POLICE DRAGNET SPREAD.

Rick's hand shook so he could hardly hold the paper. He thought of Felice last night, slim, beautiful in her green chiffon dress. She had been kind to him, after her fashion. She had not told the police or Bartholomew Garth about his being there.

Bartholomew Garth! Rick's hands steadied. He read the article carefully, thoughtfully. There was absolutely no mention of Bartholomew. No other fingerprints had been found, except Rick's and Felice's. But the doorbell had rung as Rick left, and Felice had said it would be Bartholomew. How could he have come and not left fingerprints? Why should he? If innocent, why had he not come forward and volunteered what he knew of the matter? Felice had been killed while she was eating dinner with someone, the paper said. The dinner she had prepared for Bartholomew.

Rick crushed the paper fiercely in his hands. He was alone. Antek had already gone to the small music school where he taught daily.

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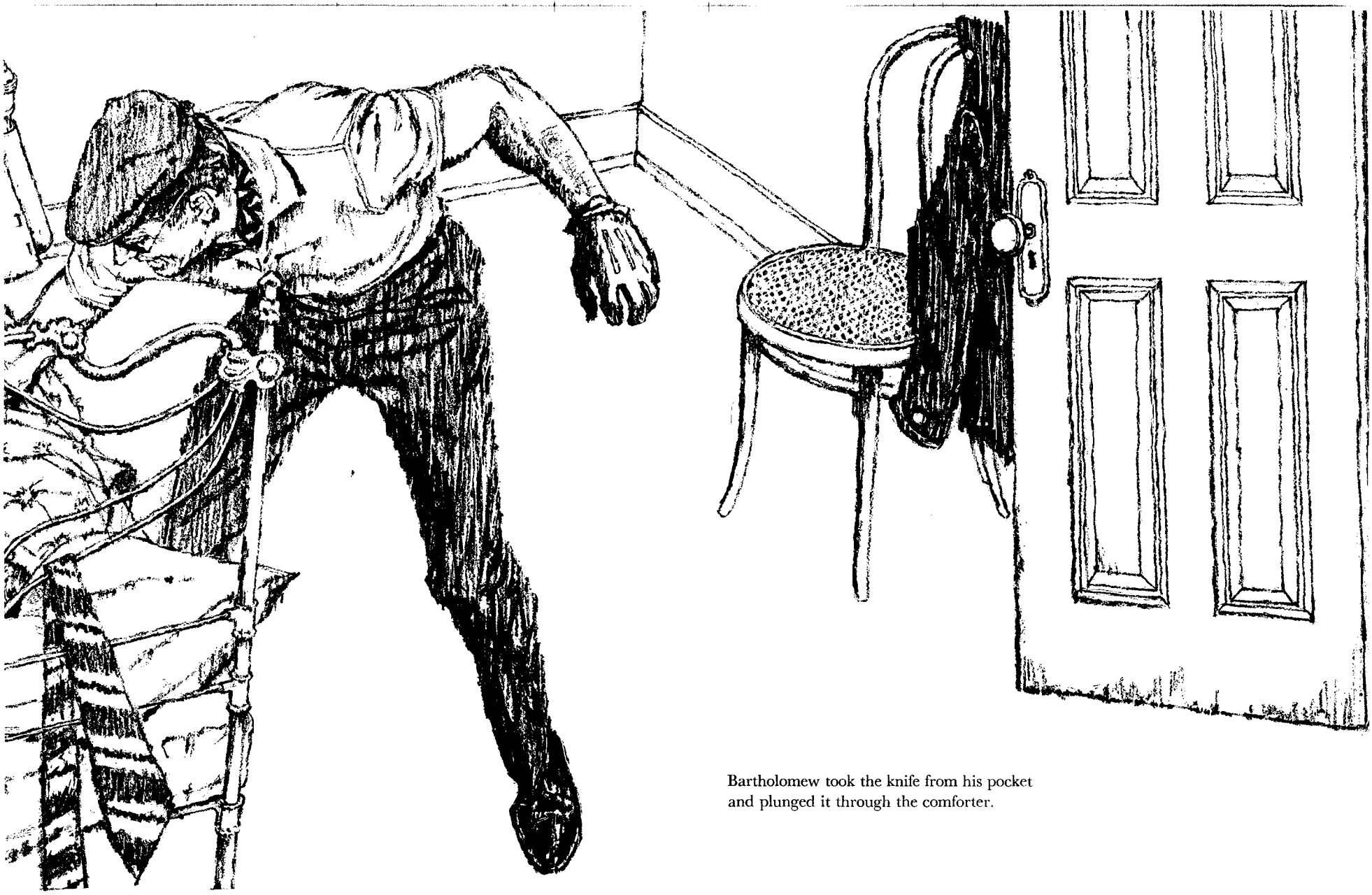

Bartholomew took the knife from his pocket and plunged it through the comforter.

Rick paced the living room, not seeing the many framed photographs of Antek's pupils on the walls, the FM radio that was Antek's pride and joy, ever since Rick had bought it for him from his first earnings at the airplane factory. Rick saw only Felice and Bartholomew Garth. Actually he had never seen Bartholomew, only his picture in the paper. BEREAVED SON OF OLD GARTH. But he remembered the face, handsome, proud, smiling bravely. Rick had thought at the time it was a face that would be attractive to women. It had apparently been attractive to Felice. Perhaps too attractive.

Don't just sit here. Do something. What can I do? There's no proof but my word that Felice was expecting Bartholomew. He'll deny it. My fingerprints were there, not his. But for once I know something the police don't know. This is my chance. Before, I only knew I didn't kill Old Garth. But if Bartholomew killed Felice, it must have been because he killed Old Garth and she knew it. Now I know the man I'm after.

Rick sat at the desk and addressed two envelopes. He wrote on two single sheets of paper and put them in. He donned Antek's old jacket and old straw hat. He had agreed with Antek that it was far too dangerous for him to be seen on the streets in daylight, with the police search for him on. But now he had to risk it. At this time of year, with Colorado's glorious scenery, the town was full of strangers. Tourists. The police would not be watching the tourists. In fact, they would go out of their way to avoid bothering them. Rick would simply look like a tourist. He took off his blue jeans and put on his blue-checked bathing shorts. His young legs and arms were tanned; with dark glasses, he needed only one more thing: Antek's old box camera.

He watched the street carefully before he went out the back door. Whatever he did, he must not let Antek be connected with this. Antek was the only true friend Rick had ever had, and his feeling for the older teacher, who had the knowledge of the music Rick loved so much and the kind and gentle spirit to teach it, was very warm and very deep. From Antek, Rick would take stern lectures he would not tolerate from anyone else. He could not look at the older man's broken hands without resolving that he would be Antek's hands now, that his playing would justify Antek's unswerving faith in him.

And from Antek Rick had learned more than music. He had unwittingly acquired other things he had always lacked; the power of concentration, the determination to see a study through, however difficult, even a touch of manners and an admiration for something he had heretofore always regarded only as weakness—Antek's gentleness, generosity. Rick had come at times even to doubt the fundamental philosophy by which he had lived until then—with a chip on his shoulder—that nobody was going to do something for somebody else, that nobody got something for nothing. He had watched, first with disbelief, then with growing awe, as Antek patiently gave of himself and his time and talent and knowledge, freely and with joy, without hope of repayment or desire for any.

Rick walked boldly down the street, only forcing himself to keep his pace to a saunter, when he wanted to run. He strolled down the main street, noting with relief that the lake excursion boat had just come in and there were literally hundreds of tourists in shorts walking up and down the streets, in and out of the souvenir stores, emerging triumphantly with miniature Indian dolls, water-color prints of the mountains, wild West boots, ice-cream cones and candy.

Rick went into the post office and bought two stamps and two special deliveries. The mail clerk barely looked up, harried by a long line of tourists mailing post cards and needing to catch the boat.

Rick put the specials and regular stamps on the two letters and dropped them in the FOR LOCAL DELIVERY ONLY box. It was still early—with luck they should be delivered this afternoon.

Rick found a phone book and looked up a number. He knew the street, a simple one of older houses. He found the house without difficulty. He looked around carefully and then settled himself behind a hedge, well concealed, to wait—until lunchtime probably. Three hours, at least. Rick had no illusions; Saul Milstein was a tough cop. Rick had the gun in his jacket pocket, but there was no telling what Saul would do, even at the point of a gun. No telling at all. And if he did not do as he was told ——

Rick was sweating. He knotted his hands together. *It's my only chance. My last one. I've got to take it.*

(Continued on Page 80)

Illustrated by Robert Jones

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Post Scripts

Snappy Little TV-Drama Identifications

"How long have you and your wife, the former Arabella McNertney, lived in this city, Mr. Gifford?"

"You mean, here in Wheeling, West Virginia?"

"When did you last see your wealthy, eccentric uncle, the corpse there on the floor, alive?"

"About seven-thirty, Acting County Coroner Dalthorp. I was ——"

"As my older brother by two years, Harold, what do you think of our orthodontist father?"

"Well, I certainly don't think he's ever done right by our mother, who, as you know, is a stenographer."

"As Chairman of the Board of Directors of the City National Bank, what would you say motivated the murder?"

"I was just going to ask you, the Deputy Commissioner of the Tri-County Rehabilitation Authority, the same thing."

"Why does our bachelor uncle hate all of us so much, Matt?"

"Because he's jealous of his brother—our father—a very successful criminal lawyer."

"Oh, stepmother, stepmother, stepmother!"

"Oh, Rosalie, who's just returned from Europe after all these years!"

VERNON H. KURTZ

New Outlook

What a sad day it is
When an old era passes
And bifocals take over
For rose-colored glasses!

LOUISE MCCLANAHAN

"He's given me the faith I need in myself to bust out of here."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I'm Glad You Asked Me That Question

(Or, Why I Went Fishing Without a Fishing Rod)

"You'll love it at Wolf River. We were there last year. Beautiful country, and the trout fishing is superb. Herb got a three-pounder, and Dick had his limit every day. They really —— Me? Oh, I didn't fish any, but I had a swell time just the —— Well, as a matter of fact, I didn't have a fishing rod. But, as I say ——

"Why don't I get one? Good heavens, man, don't let Evelyn hear you say that. I have six—fly rods, that is, not counting casting rods, spinning rods, trolling rods and —— What I meant to say was, I didn't happen to have one with me at the time. It was ——

"What do you mean, get ready at the last minute? Not me. If anything, I get ready too early. I had my lists made in June—we were leaving on Labor Day—and along about the middle of July I began assembling my stuff. I always lay it out in the den, here, so I can check off the lists and be sure ——

"Oh, no, Evelyn doesn't mind. One less room for her to clean for a month or so. She just closes it off and —— She and I usually sit in the laundry whenever the kids invite their friends over. I fixed it up with a lamp and a couple of chairs.

"Anyway, I had all my gear out and ready by the tenth of August. Then—talk about tough breaks—a few days before we left, Evelyn's Aunt Martha dropped in to spend a week. Well, poor Evelyn was on a spot. We have only the two bedrooms, and the den is the only place to set up the roll-away. Believe me, she didn't have the heart to ask me to move all that stuff. In fact, she and Aunt Martha did it while I was at the office. Naturally Evelyn tried to remember where she put each item, but they were in a hurry—and that Martha! She sticks things away where nobody could find them. So, that's how I happened to be up there without half my equipment last September. But never again! I'm prepared now. I floored in that back corner in the attic. Makes plenty of room—ten feet square at least—and ——

"For my stuff? Heavens no! For Aunt Martha."

JACK SWEZEY

Second Chorus

She remembered the story in detail;
The who, when, what and where.
She remembered word for word what she'd said
And the answers of everyone there.

She told me precisely what each of them did
And even described what they wore.
In fact, she remembered everything—
Except that she'd told me before.

SUZANNE DOUGLASS

Conversation Stoppers

"Say, honey, here's an interesting item—'The female Brontosaurus often laid fifteen eggs at a time, but hatched only one.'"

"Oh, didn't you know that?"

"I wanta tell you, Fred, that older daughter of mine is really something. She can play a Bach cantata and fugue sitting backward at the piano!"

"They all go through that phase."

"In my opinion, Simeon K. Snapdragon is the *only* man for the job."

"What's he running for?"

"Son, don't you think you ought to get to work, instead of just staring off into space like that?"

"All right, but what's the coefficient of y to the tenth if x is 3/185ths of b squared?"

"Seems to me our bill at the Frillery Frippery is a little high this month."

"Let me see, dear, what was the date of your weekend fishing trip with the fellows?"

"I can make this area really pay off, boss, if you'll just sweeten the budget a little."

"Now, the way it looks to me is, you ought to be able to make up last year's deficit with a little hard work."

"Gee, that blonde in the second row was really something, wasn't she?"

LEONARD A. PARIS

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
July 2, 1921
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP
"3-minute" men
About three minutes' preparation, and the biggest part of your meal is ready to eat—the best part too. Quickly prepared, delightful, wholesome, this splendid food is a favorite in the modern household.
Campbell's Tomato Soup
A puree of luscious red-ripe tomatoes fresh from the vines, daintily prepared in Campbell's famous kitchens, with choice creamery butter, granulated sugar and other savory ingredients. There are many tempting ways to serve it. Order a good supply and keep it handy.
12 cents a can
Campbell's
This ad appeared 39 years ago...
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP

Have you checked the price of Campbell's Tomato Soup lately?

Anyone that goes to the store or pays the bills knows what's happened to prices over the years. That's why we thought you might be interested in this advertisement that ran for Campbell's Tomato Soup on July 2, 1921.

It shows that the price was 12¢ a can. If you have a grocery store advertisement handy—or if your memory is really good, we think you'll be mildly amazed to find that this is just about the same price you pay today . . . same size can, of course.

The same kind of price story—though in varying degree—can be told about the other Campbell's Soups.

Of course, we can't take all the credit. The happy reason that Campbell's has been able to buck the tide of rising prices is partly you, partly the grocer and farmer, and partly us. You, because there are so many more of you these days, and because you seem to like our soups more and more as time goes on. And it's the grocer and farmer, of course, because each has become increasingly efficient . . . the farmer in producing, and the grocer in serving you.

As for us, we just naturally like to make soup. We like to make it as good as we can and bring it to you for as little as we can. And we find ways to do this better as we go along.

This seems like a good time to tell you that we find this a very pleasant relationship, indeed—and we thank you.

- Soups
- Frozen Soups
- Tomato Juice
- Pork & Beans
- V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
- FRANCO-AMERICAN Products
- SWANSON Products

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It came by truck

ATA FOUNDATION INC.

New York—or any other city for that matter—literally came by truck because there was no other way to bring it! Ships and trains and planes do a great transporting job, but you don't expect ships to sail up Main Street or trains to deliver stuff from door to door or airplanes to parachute cargo smack onto roof tops. For the food we buy at the corner; for the houses and buildings and schools we live and work and learn in; the shoes we wear and the sidewalks they step on; the fuel that keeps us warm and the appliance that cools us off; for practically every necessity of everyday life—we depend on trucks. There's just no substitute, no other kind of transportation that brings so many different essentials to so many millions of people.

TRUCKS

Sponsored in behalf of the AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY by GMC TRUCK & COACH—A General Motors Division

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The Case of the IMPUDENT BIRD

From Soho to Westminster, controversy rages over our new $5,000,000 embassy building, with its thirty-five-foot eagle overlooking eighteenth-century Grosvenor Square.

By TONI HOWARD

LONDON.

"Looks like a bloomin' wedding cake," said a London cabby judiciously.

"Aw, it ain't so bad," countered another. And then, as if the American colony in London were a problem in juvenile delinquency: "At least it'll get 'em in off the streets."

The two cabdrivers were lolling in front of the old American Embassy in Grosvenor Square, in the heart of London's expensive West End, and gazing across the tree-shaded square at the enormous new American Embassy, which shimmered in the morning sunlight like a miser's dream. Since the brand-new white-and-gold embassy building does look rather like a wedding cake, the cabbies were not being too unfair. At least they were judging the building for what it is, a functional State Department edifice built to provide offices and reception rooms for the United States ambassador to Great Britain and approximately 600 staff assistants and employees. They were not treating it, as many British have been doing, as an American insult to England, as if it were a piece of cheap glass arbitrarily shoved into the priceless setting of an eighteenth-century London square.

Although admitting that the six-story embassy building is "in scale with its elderly neighbors," most Londoners barely conceal their disapproval of it. Since it was first begun in August of 1957, yards of newspaper space have been devoted to its bulk, its modernity, its gaudy aluminum friezes. Some British architects have given it grudging praise. But most Britons regard it as simply one more impudent step in the "Americanization" of one of London's historically Georgian districts. A director of Grosvenor (Continued on Page 46)

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HOTPOINT ELECTRIC '60

NEW SIMPLIFIED COOKING AT THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON

YOUR MEALS LOOK BETTER, TASTE BETTER, ARE BETTER

SEE THE NEW SMOKELESS BUILT-IN OVEN

Handsome HOTPOINT BUILT-IN OVENS barbecue and broil without smoke or odor, and door lifts off for easy oven cleaning. Matching surface section fully automatic.

Introducing America's newest Electric Range—the HOTPOINT ELECTRIC '60. At the touch of a button, it does all your cooking simply, precisely, recipe-right.

Brings you a new world of cooking marvels. Hotpoint simplified surface cooking—with five measured heats for each unit—cooks frozen vegetables to garden-fresh flavor, fries food to an even golden brown. Faster, too . . . you can bring soup to boil in 65 seconds. And the Super-Matic unit makes every pan automatic.

Broil or barbecue, bake or roast automatically. The wide oven bakes better cakes, broils steaks just the way you like them every time. Your roasts will be tender, juicy—and just right, thanks to the Roast-Right Thermometer. The Rota-Grill rotisserie gives you outdoor barbecue fun and flavor . . . indoors, all-year round.

The Hotpoint Electric '60 comes in 30″ and 39″ sizes, with a choice of four Decorator Colors and Classic White. Visit your Hotpoint Dealer soon.

THE REMARKABLE CALROD®

Here's the finest precision cooking unit made today . . . the time-tested reason behind the superiority of the new HOTPOINT ELECTRIC '60.

Send for Kitchen-Laundry Plan Book . . . 12 wonderfully convenient Kitchen-Laundries are colorfully pictured and planned in our new Plan Book: "Your Next Kitchen-Laundry." Send 25¢ to Hotpoint, Department S-924A, Box 6107, Chicago 80, Illinois.

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LOOK FOR THAT HOTPOINT DIFFERENCE!

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RETURN TO TERROR

If Farkas had to die, he would be sure not to die alone.

By MARTHA ALBRAND

Sarolta Drake had been kidnaped by Communist agents in Brussels. Her husband Jed thought his only chance of finding her was first to find Charlotte Goud, the woman the Communists planted as a maid in the hotel where Jed and Sarolta were staying. Sarolta had been trapped when she sought to trace the suspicious Charlotte. But now Farkas, the chief Red Agent, had Sarolta on his hands.

What am I going to do with her? he thought. Perhaps it would be best if she were found dead somewhere, run over by a car. That would prevent a police search and allow him to lie low until he got another chance to kill Kendeffy, the anti-Communist who wanted to slip back into Hungary with Drake's help.

Yes, what am I going to do? Farkas repeated the question in his mind. Then suddenly he knew.

CONCLUSION

Police stations all over the world look the same. If the walls have been painted recently or not, they always seem to need a new coat of paint, as if the atmosphere alone, the thousands of petty complaints, the sober or confused reports of a criminal act, the uneasiness or anxiety of the people who have been brought there sufficed to dirty them. The furniture seems to be especially designed for them in its singular uncomfortableness, uninviting and shabby. The wastepaper baskets are usually full. The desk behind which the officers on duty move is ink-spotted like that of a school child's; the pencils need sharpening, the pens either need to be refilled or, if they are old-fashioned, their points are bent. For some reason or other, the autographed photographs of the heads of state are always flyspecked.

By midnight everyone in the place knew Jethro Drake so well by sight that nobody stopped him from walking straight through to Inspector Niklaas's private office. Niklaas was a man between fifty and sixty years of age, a tall, heavy-set man with graying hair, who in his many years of service had become well acquainted with the darker aspects of life; but it was hard for him to remember a case as confused and complicated as the one he was in charge of now. He rose when Jed entered, and shook his head. "No, Mr. Drake. Nothing yet."

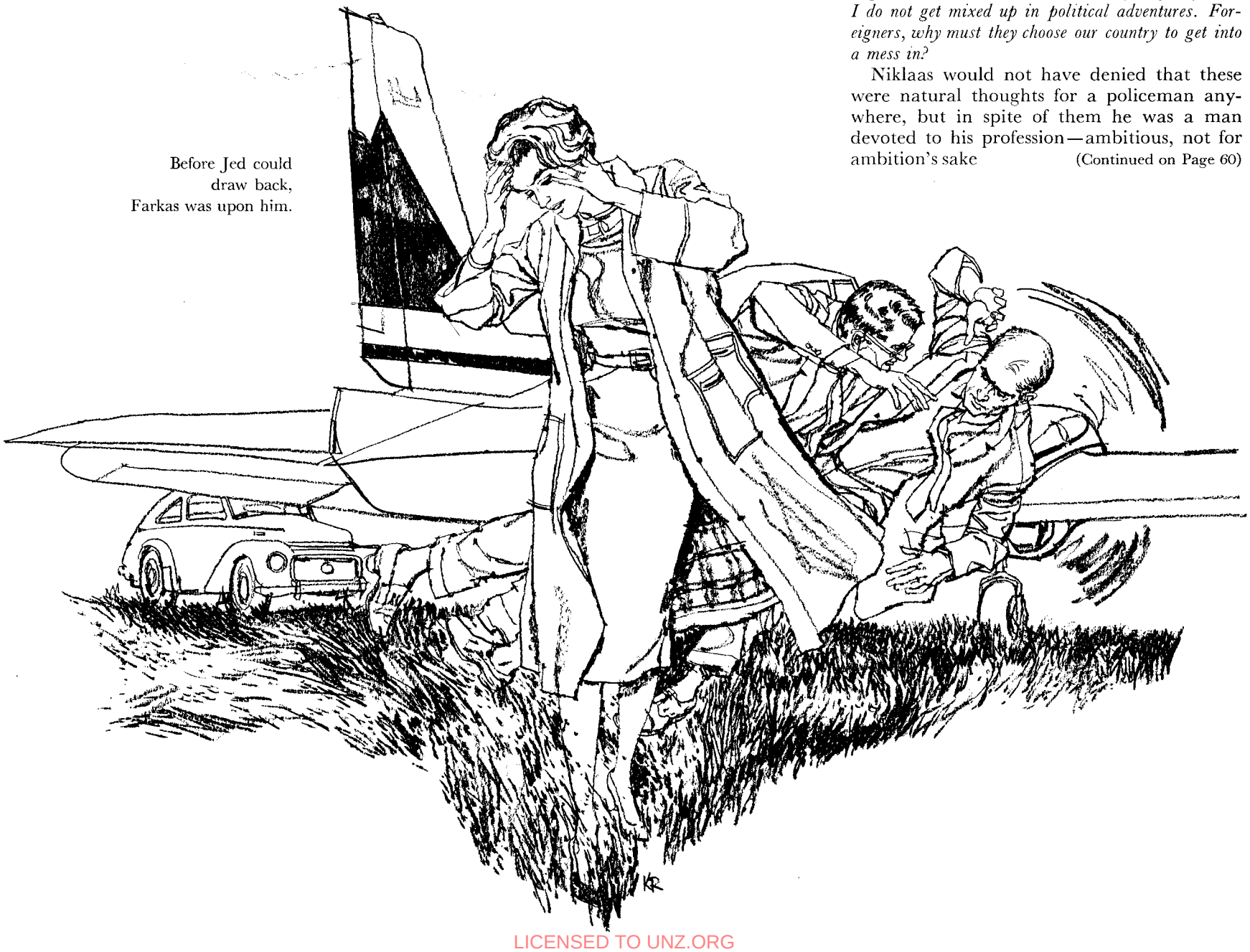
"It's almost six hours since you put your men on the job."

"I know, Mr. Drake. You must be patient."

"Patient?" shouted Jed. "Would you be patient if your wife ——"

He stopped shouting, for Niklaas was looking at him as if he were thinking, *My wife and I do not get mixed up in political adventures. Foreigners, why must they choose our country to get into a mess in?*

Niklaas would not have denied that these were natural thoughts for a policeman anywhere, but in spite of them he was a man devoted to his profession—ambitious, not for ambition's sake (Continued on Page 60)



Before Jed could draw back, Farkas was upon him.

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The Case of the Impudent Bird

(Continued from Page 43)

Estates Limited, who handle the real estate of the square, lowered his voice to tell me: "Personally, I feel the Americans have no conception of what Grosvenor Square is. Certainly the building is in scale, but it has also changed Grosvenor Square beyond recognition."

Actually, the Americanization of Grosvenor Square has been going on since before the First World War. But whereas, before, that Americanization was only a temporary expedient taking place behind the red-brick fronts of rented houses, now it is very much in evidence. Now it shows. It shows in the bronze statue of Franklin D. Roosevelt in the center of the square. It shows, one entire city block of it, in the mammoth $5,000,000 embassy building's textured façade. Worst of all, it shows in making the rest of Grosvenor Square look shabby by comparison.

For in truth there is no longer any authentic Georgian architecture in Grosvenor Square. Every house here has been "restored," and in the days when restoring did not mean repairing a building in its original form but "improving" it in the style of the day—in this case the most resolutely ugly era of British architecture, the era of nineteenth-century Victorian England. An attempt has been made to preserve "the Georgian look" through the use of dormers and fanlights. But today the six-acre square that has come to be known as "Little America" is three fourths neo-Georgian—and one fourth twentieth-century American.

The man responsible for the three fourths that is neo-Georgian is the third Duke of Westminster, to whom this square belongs, as it has belonged to his ancestors since 1626. The man responsible for the one fourth that is American is architect Eero Saarinen, who designed the new United States Embassy building.

No two men could be more dissimilar in taste and outlook. The third Duke of Westminster is an eccentric sixty-six-year-old Englishman who spends most of his time in Sussex raising ducks. Eero Saarinen is a Finnish-born American of fifty, who is acknowledged as one of the world's most gifted architects. The duke got where he is by being born a Grosvenor, by having ancestors who married women of property (which included Grosvenor Square), and finally by outliving his cousin, the second Duke of Westminster. Saarinen, whose subordinates call him "Eero," got where he is by designing buildings.

The U-shaped building Saarinen designed for the United States Embassy in London is, most architects agree, one of his finest and most conservative. Of the seventy new embassies and consular buildings which the State Department is building in a ten-year construction program at a cost of more than $20,000,000 per year, it is by far the most sumptuous and the most ambitious. Planned as far back as 1951, it will, when all the costs are in, represent an American investment of $7,000,000, calling for $2,000,000 for the 999-year lease of the land and $5,000,000 for the construction. It has all the Saarinen touches—soft terrazzo flooring, walls of white Panthelique marble, 1000 cubic feet of teakwood doors and paneling, a lily pool surrounded by gilded and mirrored columns.

It contains a United States Information Agency library 4000 feet square, a golden-walled auditorium seating 200 people, a restaurant and cafeteria and employees' lounge, photographic and recording studios, and an underground garage for seventy official cars. (Part of one story is underground.) Although the ambassador has as his residence Barbara Hutton's former million-dollar mansion in Regent's Park, the ambassador's suite on the second floor of the new building includes a private dressing room, conference rooms, the ambassador's dining room, kitchen, private lounge and private bath, as well as an office with gold carpeting and walls paneled in beige antique satin.

All told, the area of the building is 255,000 square feet, of which only 87,000 is office space. (By comparison, the White House in Washington has a total of 58,000 square feet.) Since the United States Government already occupies well over 255,000 square feet of floor space in buildings scattered around Grosvenor Square, which it is giving up to move into the new embassy, the gain is obviously not one of space but one of modernity and prestige.

That having been the intention, the Government was in luck to choose an architect like Eero Saarinen. A stocky, slow-speaking man with a trace of Finnish accent, Saarinen visited Grosvenor Square six times, studying the site and making sketches, before submitting his design in the State Department's competition. Announced the winner in March of 1956, he returned to London to present the blueprints to Ambassador Winthrop Aldrich, the London County Council, the Royal Fine Art Commission, the City of Westminster, and the Grosvenor Estates Limited as representatives of the Duke of Westminster. All of them, with varying enthusiasm, approved the plans.

The building was started in 1957 as a co-operative Anglo-American enterprise. Twenty-five separate leases had to be acquired and renegotiated into the 999-year one. The demolition of the old houses took six months, and the actual construction three years.

Finally, in the spring of last year, a building began to emerge. The British were somewhat reassured to discover that the facing of the exterior was of Portland stone, which has been used for most of London's public buildings, including the Bank of England and St. Paul's Cathedral. In the damp sooty London climate Portland stone weathers either to a sickly gray-yellow or to a moribund streaky black. But it is a British stone, and the consensus was that it would blend agreeably with the rest of London.

Then why, of a sudden, all the hue and cry? The answer seems to be the gilt. While the embassy was abuilding, Londoners tended either to shrug it off or rather admire its general lines—the recessed two-story base and ingenious, staggered box-frame front.

And then the gilt went up—and with it the screams. To be sure, the State Department's press releases had talked openly about the decorative use of anodized aluminum. But as one London paper put it aggrievedly, "In the U.S. anodised aluminium (*sic*) is more usually given a silvered finished." *This* anodized aluminum had a shiny gold finish, and as passers-by watched in horror, British workmen started bolting vertical strips of it all over the façade, a kind of cross-stitch of it along the penthouse roof, splashes of it on the capitals of the entrance pillars, nineteen-foot sheets of it on the main-entrance wall in decorative panels, and friezes and interior columns, and finally, to surround the entire block, they began installing more than 2500 square feet of gold aluminum fence. In all, forty tons of the stuff, rolled to the thinness of one-fourth inch, were being

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plastered over the interior and exterior of the building.

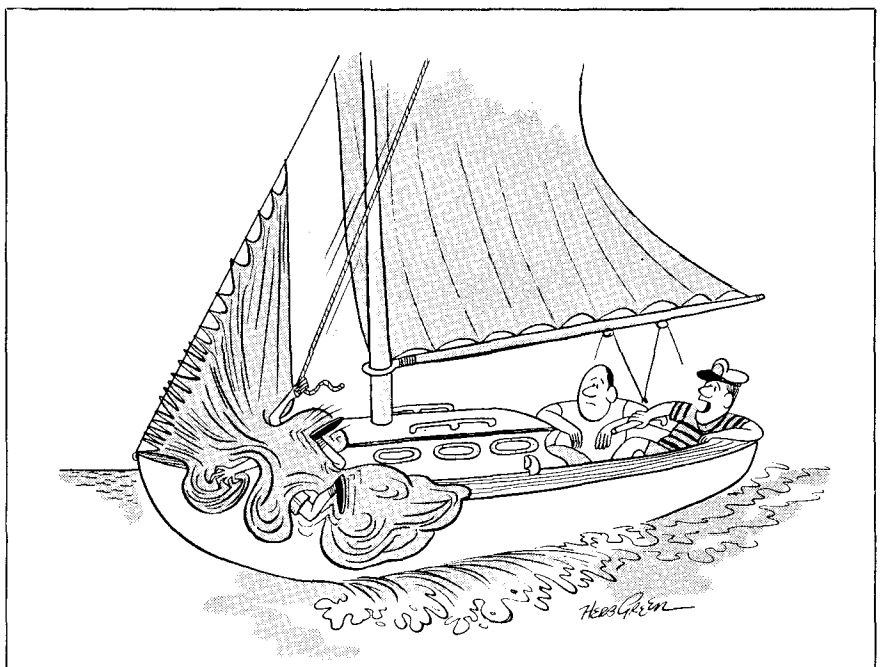
The screams did justice to the British capacity for self-expression: "Golden piecrust" . . . "costume jewelry" . . . "a Moorish palace" . . . "ice-cream cake" . . . "the Hollywood-Broadway influence" . . . "jingoism allied with salesmanship." But those who screamed were only just getting into voice when the announcement came about the eagle. The sculpted $54,000 American eagle which was to spread its thirty-five-foot wing span over the main entrance to the new building, the State Department stated, was also of gold-finished anodized aluminum. It would overhang Grosvenor Square by five feet and be visible for miles.

The lid blew off. "Inacceptable!" cried a Labor member of the House of Commons. "What on earth is London going to look like if all the foreign governments stick up monstrous national emblems on the buildings they occupy?"

"Would Washington like a lion with a thirty-five-foot nose-to-tail span on top of the British Embassy?" asked the *Sunday Times*. "Or a thirty-five-foot hammer-and-sickle over another building?"

For weeks the debate raged in pubs and taxis, in the House of Commons and the House of Lords, in the nation's press and drawing rooms and clubs. The usually pro-American *Observer* sternly summed up the matter from the British point of view: "The rather childish controversy over the xenophobic nature of the thirty-five-foot golden eagle is false. The eagle is consistent with the architecture, which in its turn is consistent with the tragedy of Americanism."

The phrase "the tragedy of Americanism" reminds one of the crack the British used to make during World War II, that there were only three things wrong with American soldiers: "They're over-paid, oversexed and over here." For what the British have against Americanism, in these post-Empire days, is that it is overdone, overpowering and over here.



"You know, sometimes I don't think she'll ever get the hang of it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It was not always so. When John Adams, the American republic's first minister to the Court of St. James's moved into No. 9 Grosvenor Square in 1786, he complained to Congress that he wasn't allowed enough money to keep up a style of living commensurate to that of other foreign emissaries. In those days an ambassador's house was his embassy, and Adams conducted all his consular and diplomatic business from his own parlor.

John Adams did not, however, start the American trek to the square, for after he was recalled to America in 1789, the house went back to British tenants. It was not until 124 years later (1913) that another United States ambassador, Walter Hines Page, moved the United States Embassy from a dark little building behind Whitehall into No. 4 Grosvenor Gardens and took up residence himself in "a splendid big old house" at No. 6 Grosvenor Square.

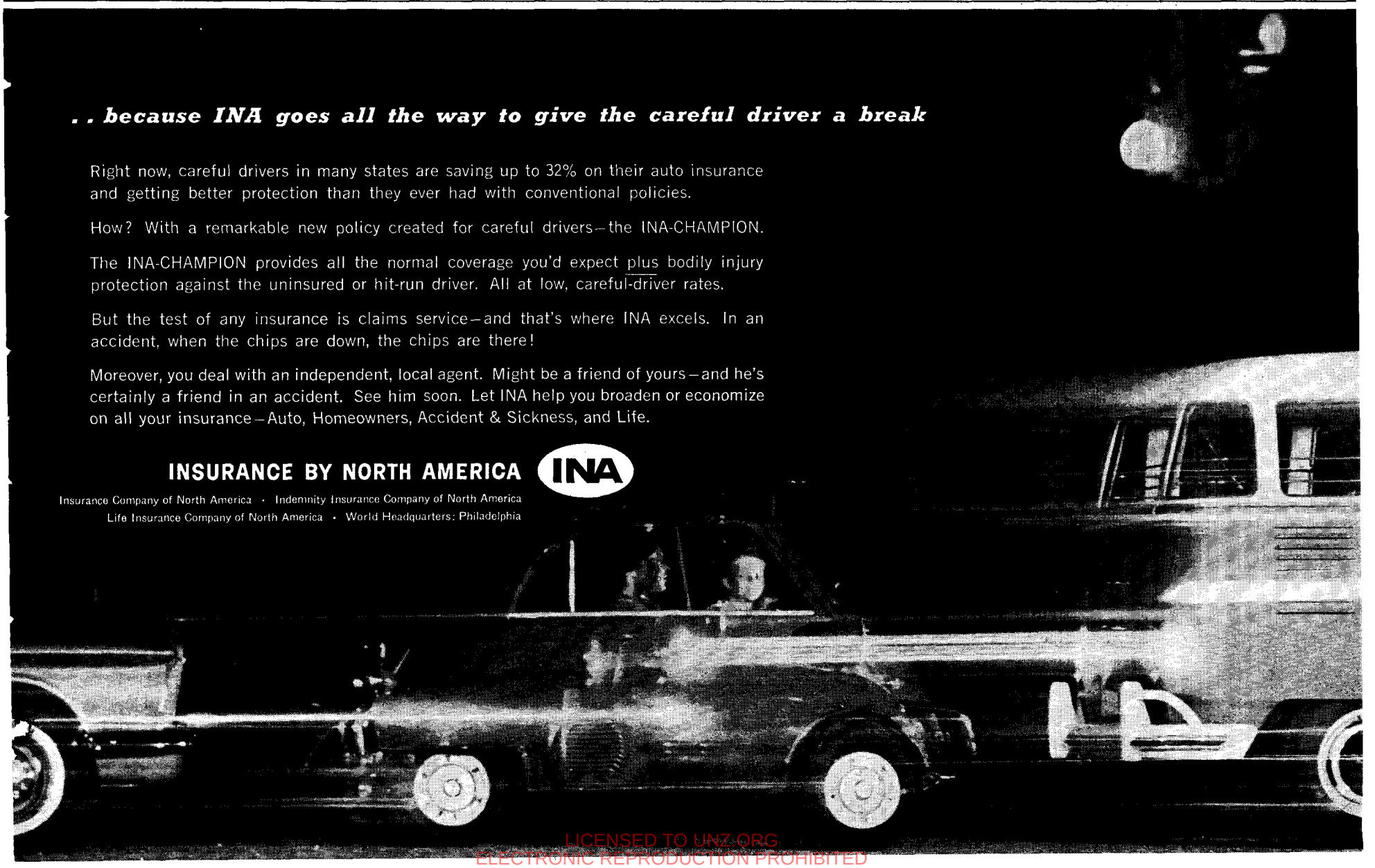
"For the first time," he wrote Woodrow Wilson's trouble shooter, Col. Edward House, "Uncle Sam has a decent place in London."

Yet what really put America into Grosvenor Square in force was the need for economy. Having built a marble-halled embassy in Paris in the 1930's at a then-fabulous cost of $1,500,000, the State Department did not have enough money left either to build or to buy a suitable property for its embassy in London. In 1937, having toyed with the idea of buying a mansion near Buckingham Palace, Ambassador Robert Worth Bingham settled for rented space in a building still under construction at No. 1–3 Grosvenor Square.

This was the foot in the door that led to American occupancy of Grosvenor Square. Two years later, when World War II broke out, an embassy that had been quietly handling the problems of hundreds was suddenly deluged by thousands of Americans clamoring to get home. The consular section had to be tripled. Additional offices had to be found for the Board of Economic Warfare and Lend-Lease (the "Harriman Mission"), and for a hush-hush group of United States Army officers sent over as Special Observers—all in Grosvenor Square. Meanwhile, German bombs were reducing the number of buildings available. Of the fifty small houses that made up the square, No. 5 was hit, then No. 9, the Adams House. Numbers 16 and 17 were knocked out completely. Numbers 23 and 24 went up in flames. The sirens in the embassy at No. 1–3 wailed day and night.

After we entered the war, the Americanization of the square hit an even dizzier pace. General Eisenhower's Supreme Command (SHAEF) moved into Nos. 18–21. The United States Navy took Nos. 27–29 and the Marines No. 30; the Navy also took over the center of the square, converting it into a vehicle dump and radio center. The OWI moved into the corner at

(*Continued on Page 49*)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Right now, careful drivers in many states are saving up to 32% on their auto insurance and getting better protection than they ever had with conventional policies.
How? With a remarkable new policy created for careful drivers—the INA-CHAMPION.
The INA-CHAMPION provides all the normal coverage you'd expect plus bodily injury protection against the uninsured or hit-run driver. All at low, careful-driver rates.
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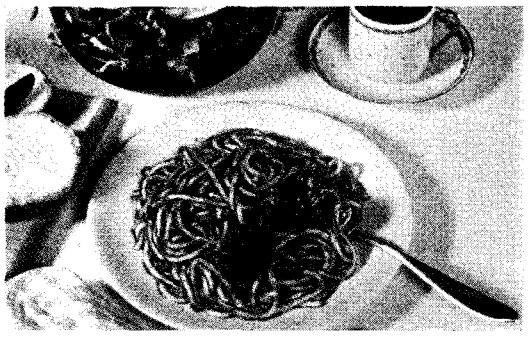

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A meal in a minute *with the Chef's touch in it.*

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(*Continued from Page 47*) No. 48 and the Red Cross into No. 15. Londoners began calling the square "Eisenhowerplatz," and the nickname stuck for the duration.

All in all, the British Ministry of Works requisitioned in the Grosvenor Square district thirty-eight houses and 198 apartments for the United States military and twenty-one houses and seventy-seven apartments for the American Red Cross. Meanwhile, on leave from airfields and Army and Navy installations all over Britain, American GI's and officers streamed into London—and headed for Grosvenor Square. In the blacked-out streets of the district tiny fly-by-night drinking clubs opened "For Allied Officers Only."

Those were stirring times, and they certainly stirred Grosvenor Square out of its calm upper-class gentility. Most of the square's tenants moved elsewhere, generally to the country to get away from the bombings. Yet some of them managed to cling on. This reporter remembers taking tea in those days with Lady Leigh at 31 Grosvenor Square and listening to her ladyship deplore "our changing ill-mannered age" as the sirens screamed and the little gold Louis XV chairs trembled.

It is not surprising that after 1945 the American holdings in the square did not shrink back to their prewar size. Many of the American-occupied houses were handed back to their former lease holders, but what with GI brides, the Marshall Plan, NATO and the galloping postwar tourist, American consular and military personnel were still crying for more room. The State Department accordingly acquired the leases of Nos. 1–3 and 5 and expanded upward through a few more floors, kept No. 13 for an American school and No. 41 for a U.S.I.A. library, while the United States Navy valiantly held onto the handsome block of Nos. 27–29. Not until the new embassy building was almost finished did we put the leases on these properties up for resale, and announce to a disbelieving London that with the acquisition of the entire west side the United States had no more territorial ambitions in Grosvenor Square.

Americanization or no, in the nearly 240 years of its existence Grosvenor Square has always been a subject of gossip, mainly because of the large number of peers of the realm who resided here in their own peerless way. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries it was a veritable hotbed of dukes and duchesses, marquesses and marchionesses, earls and countesses and the like. In those days one scandal after another seems to have rocked the square, as its titled residents moved in and out of high political office, challenged one another to duels, gambled and flirted and drank, and matched their horses at Newmarket. A reading of the annals of the square reveals a long list of noble divorce suits and a startling number of suicides, generally phrased in such gentle terms as: "Gambling and loose habits led to his ruin, and he died by his own hand."

Some of the square's early residents played a role in American history—Charles Calvert, fifth Lord Baltimore and hereditary proprietor of Maryland; Lord North, George III's prime minister who was responsible for the Boston Tea Party, and Charles Townshend, author of the infamous Stamp Act. George Frederick Handel composed his *Messiah* in a house near the southeast corner. In 1748 Dr. Samuel Johnson, kept waiting by the Earl of Chesterfield in the anteroom of No. 45, got so unruly that the earl had him summarily chucked out into the street.

East side, west side, all around the square, each house has a kind of pedigree of nobility and nonsense. Francis Scott, an illegitimate son of Charles II, was celebrated for the duels he fought, but he finally wound up marrying his washerwoman while he lived at No. 1. Sir Robert Sutton, expelled from the House in the 1730's, for "sordid knavery," lived at No. 26. Lady Oxford and Asquith, returning from a brisk canter in Hyde Park, once rode her horse up the steps of No. 40, and into the marble entrance hall "to give papa a call."

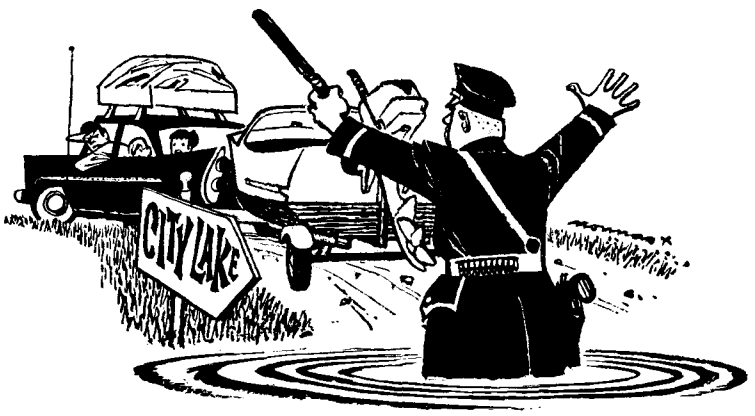
As it turned out, the teen-aged lady's mount wrecked most of the first floor of the home. "This upset my father's temper as well as preventing me from dancing for several days," the noblewoman wrote in her diary.

On the more respectable side, the square was also favored by dowager duchesses and dowager countesses. In reviewing the archives of the square, I counted scores of these widowed ladies bravely carrying on behind the lace curtains, and finally dying here, often in their late 80's or 90's. Today there is not a dowager duchess in the square, nor a footman nor a coach-and-four.

The Grosvenors are gone too. With the present Duke of Westminster living in southeastern England with his ducks, and the duchess raising prize Jersey cattle in Ireland, the square laid out by Sir Richard Grosvenor in 1722 hasn't a Grosvenor in it. The town houses the family used to occupy have been torn down and rebuilt as neo-Georgian apartment buildings, with elevator boys instead of footmen.

The Grosvenor family is one of the great old families of England, and has tended to remain what it was originally, a family of landowners. Although the Westminster dukedom dates only to 1874 under Queen Victoria, many of the family's holdings date back to the sixteenth century. Today, despite the usual difficulties with inheritance duties and land taxes, the family still manages to extract a pretty handy living from its real estate. In London alone the duke owns 100 acres of Mayfair and 200 acres of Belgravia, a total of 9000 separate properties in the most fashionable and desirable residential district in London. The Grosvenor Estates Limited people refuse to disclose the revenue the duke gets from all this. But one can form a reasonably good guess when one remembers that the United States Government paid him a cool $2,000,000 for the ground lease on the one and eight-tenths acres the new embassy occupies.

And so we take leave of lovely Grosvenor Square, with its wisecracking cabbies and its spanking new American Embassy gleaming in the London sunlight. In doing so, let us sincerely hope that by the year 2951, the year our lease is up, there will be a thirtieth-century Duke of Westminster—or at the very least a dowager duchess—to renew it for another 999 years, Portland stone, lily pond, anodized aluminum and all. THE END



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Joe hitched his boat-trailer behind his car and started on a vacation tour along inland lakes. At one lake within city limits the police denied him permission to launch his boat unless he obtained a city license to do so. Joe sued to require the city to permit him to yacht without a license.

"This city has to regulate, through licensing, all boats for the protection of its people," the city attorney argued. "If we didn't, every hot-rod boat owner in the United States could go tearing around our lake."

"If I had to get a license from every city or county with a lake in it," Joe replied, "I'd go broke paying fees before my vacation was half over."

If you were the judge, would you require a license of Joe?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Joe won. The court said that although the city could regulate boating as a public measure, it could not require licenses. "Our state is advertised throughout the world as the 'Land of 10,000 Lakes,' with superb hunting and fishing and other recreational facilities," the court pointed out. "To require an individual—whether he be a resident or a nonresident—to obtain a municipal license for each lake he visits will quickly reduce the attractiveness of our beautiful lake region."

Based upon a 1959 Minnesota decision.

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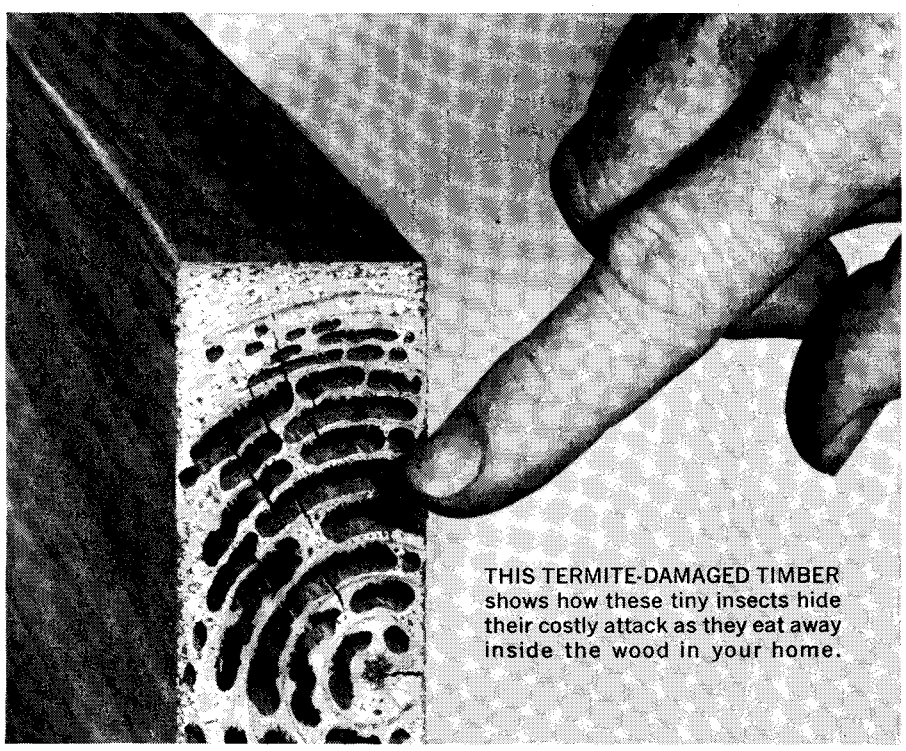

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Phone for inspection: Look for Bruce-Terminix Service under "Termite Control" in the yellow pages and call your local company. Or write E. L. Bruce Co., Box 397G, Memphis 1, Tenn.

Organization Wife (Continued from Page 23)

"Did anyone in the comptroller's office see you living beyond our means?"

Molly's voice hushed to a stage whisper. "Only Inspector Flandreau of the Surété—but he never guessed for one moment that I wasn't the old apple woman of the Avenue de Friedland. Light your pipe, my Gallant Grocer—I'm here to get you home promptly in time for a six-o'clock call from New York."

He got in and settled to lighting his pipe. "Who from—the call?"

"Lorenz Shatto."

"Ah, yes. Used to own a maverick spread over west of the Pecos."

"Cut it out." Molly put a hand on his arm. "Lorenz Shatto, I said. Chairman of the board of Anspacher-Aulls. It's the Diversichrome patent he wants to talk to you about."

Elliot jockeyed out through the homing cordons of Bright Smile cars, and the open prairie rolled away from them on both sides.

"You're just a get-rich-quicker at heart, aren't you, M'Goo? That's why I love you. Also you've got breathless legs."

"Elliot"—she struck lightly at his groping hand—"you get this through your thick school-of-business-administration head. That day in the garage when you rigged up those colored discs on my camera to revolve by the works of my traveling clock ——"

He grinned. "I'll willingly take Anspacher-Aulls' million dollars for Diversichrome. Or better still, let's wait for the Eastman Kodak call from Rochester—offering two millions—and hold an auction sale. How did Anspacher get onto me? Through the patent attorneys we hired by taking food from our innocent children's mouths?"

"No," she said.

"I don't like the flat and final sound of that unqualified negative. You kept after me until I took out the patent on the silly thing. Have you, M'Goo, by any chance started a private promotional project for Diversichrome?"

"Darling, you'll have to bear with me, poor, weak vessel that I am. I have."

"What?"

"I wrote an article on Diversichrome—all about how you worked it out—and I sold it to *Photography* for thirty dollars. It came out on the stands yesterday. That's the reason Lorenz Shatto called you."

"And," Elliot said grimly, "that's really why Tom Grannis asked me if you used to write."

"Don't be ridiculous. I told Yvonne Grannis I did."

"Don't you be ridiculous! Tom Grannis is a member of the Policy and Ethics Committee."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Plenty," Elliot nodded. "The neons are on—will you look in the rear-view mirror? Bright Smile lights the land. Bright Smile also pays me twelve thousand five hundred dollars a year in addition to some very acceptable living benefits and a generous retirement plan. It has schooled me and shifted me four times in major moves around the country, widening my horizon of practical experience. It also, by contract now, forbids me to enter into any supplemental private enterprise of my own without their knowledge and consent."

"But it doesn't forbid me," she smiled brightly.

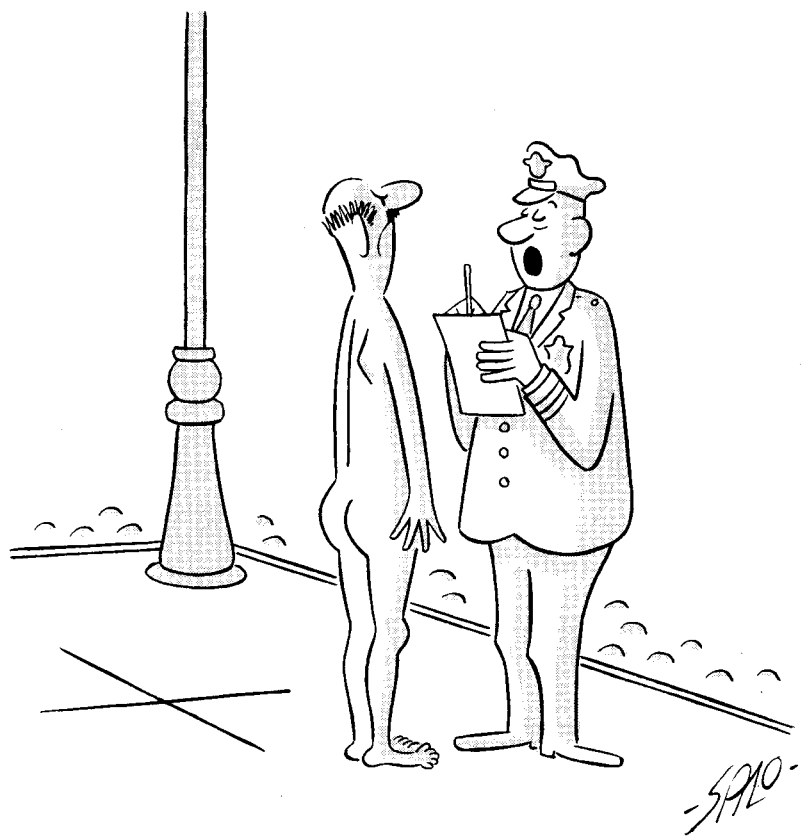
"Doesn't it? Let me give you an exact quote from the *Manual of Policy and Ethics*. 'At the administration level, salaries are deemed ample enough to make it unnecessary for wives of the staff to seek supplemental income. His wife is a symbol of a man's bulwark of stability in life and is of more value to Bright Smile as his hostess and the mistress of his household than she would be in gainful employment of her own.'"

"Elliot?"

"What?"

"There isn't any possible chance, is there, that someday they'll sell us on the block, separate us and send one of us down river to the cane plantations?"

Their car rolled into the outskirts of old Dranesville and across the Wicomico River Bridge, (*Continued on Page 52*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"When did you first notice you'd been robbed?"

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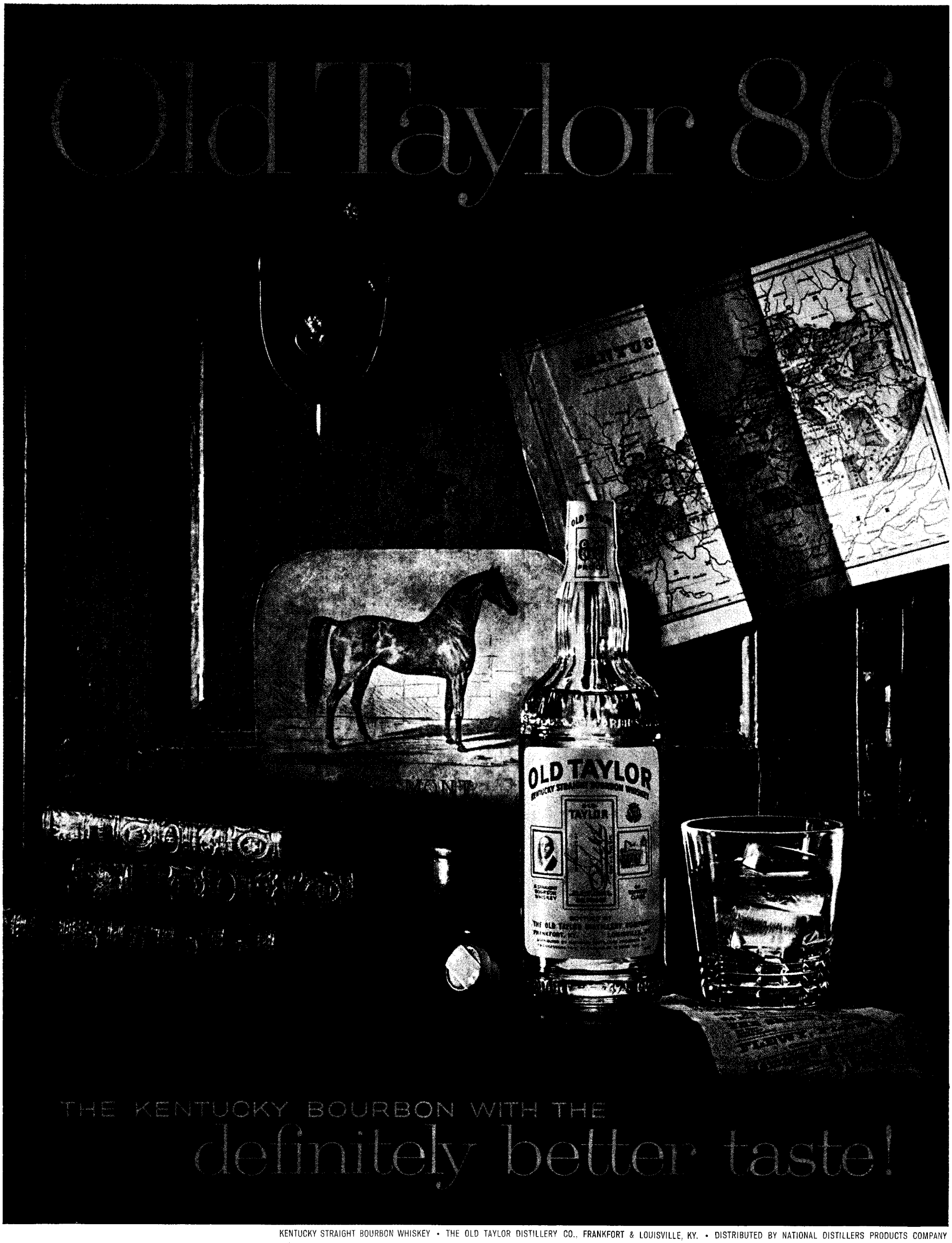
Old Taylor 86



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definitely better taste!

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(*Continued from Page 50*) which has been there since Custer's time, toward the higher ground where Bright Smile built its own residential suburb on broad elliptical asphalt drives that are a series of rising terraces bracketing the old prairie town below. Past the Wingrove Country Club that Bright Smile built for its people—but not quite as far as Regional Directors Row and well below the house of the Resident Vice President which crowns Medicine Hat Hill.

Elliot brought the car to a stop in their drive.

"You're mad at me, aren't you, Poochie?" Molly said.

"You must have mentioned my name in the article—did you mention my connection with Bright Smile? And don't call me Poochie."

She shook her head. "Only that you lived in Dranesville. That's why Mr. Shatto called the house. I'm not a cretin, Elliot. I know you don't want personal calls at your office."

"I don't want the call at all," he said abruptly. "If there's any turkey talked on that telephone by this man Shatto, it will be all over town. If it has the slightest implication of a negotiation on my part for a connection with Anspacher-Aulls—of any kind—it can be disastrous at this particular time."

"You are angry, Elliot!"

"I suppose I am"—he put his hand on hers—"but I'm sorry I am—at you. It just so happens that I have pulled the trick on another sleeper called Sunglow, which is the fourth time I've turned the high card in the fourteen months since we were shifted here. The scuttlebutt is that Sloan Mayhew is to be made Regional Director of Merchandising Research. If it is true, the assistant's job he vacates will be filled from here. I could be the logical man. Or Tom Grannis could be. For want of a better medium of exchange in this modern world—the money involved is sixteen thousand dollars a year."

"Oh, stop it! You invented Diversichrome too! Are you ashamed of it?"

"You stop it, Molly," he said firmly. "There are ways of going about these things, and when I have signed a contract that stipulates those ways, I adhere to it."

"Is this really a marital hassle, Elliot?"

"I'm not Dagwood, Blondie, a second-class citizen in the funny papers. Though I am only a husband, I'll still run my own business affairs!"

Her face went perfectly white. With a quick jerk of the handle she opened the door on her side and got out. She stood there looking at him. "All I ask is that you don't kid yourself, Elliot. With all your honorable approach, with all your loyalty to the organization, you're developing a fear of it and you have been—ever since this last promotion from the Dallas office!"

Mrs. Messenger had the boys in their bath—both in the same tub. The steamed bathroom, half an inch awash, looked like a submerged and badly crippled pig boat under patterned depth-bomb attack. Elliot stripped off his shirt and took over damage control. "They'll drown each other, Mr. Bolen!" For a moment he watched the dual maelstrom of plump pink meat that was his immortality.

"That's the whole point," he grinned; "they are to be allowed every opportunity to do so. Charley! Let go of Mike's hair . . . and stop biting his toe, Mike!" Michael tore himself loose from the paranoid attack of his brother. Elliot grabbed his four-year-old in an enveloping towel. "Biting," he said, "is strictly for the girl birds, Mike." Then with Mike on one hip and Charley thrashing on the other, he sopped them dry and dragged them into their room to their laid-out night clothes.

Molly was standing in the doorway when he turned around. "It's five minutes of six. Will you take the call—or not?"

"I'll take it." Then the phone rang.

"Mr. Bolen? Lorenz Shatto." A grim voice twanged with the wire of power.

"Yes?"

"Late tomorrow afternoon I have to be in San Francisco. By leaving New York tonight for Omaha, I can be in Dranesville tomorrow morning. Could you see me for the hour that I will have there? From ten to eleven?"

"No," Elliot said. "I'm afraid that is utterly impossible."

There was a short, almost a shocked pause at the other end. "I see," Shatto said then. "Well—ah—could you possibly arrange your affairs to meet me in San Francisco before the end of the week—naturally at our expense?"

"No, I'm sorry, but that is also impractical."

"New York then—early next week?"

"No," Elliot said. "I'm not being difficult. It just isn't possible for me to see you tomorrow at ten or to leave Dranesville on personal business at any time in the near future."

"Mr. Bolen. If you already have been approached on the Diversichrome patents, it would be very wise of you not to commit yourself fully until you explore at least one counteroffer."

Because he had been angry at his wife and because Molly was watching him from across the room with bland eyes, he became intensely angry at the assuming voice on the telephone.

"I was born a few days before yesterday, Mr. Shatto."

The wire in Shatto's voice hummed taut. "I take that to be an admission that you have already received tangible proposals on Diversichrome."

"You may do so if you care to."

"I care to," Shatto said." Our attorneys have drafted an outline of our offer. It was in the mail to you, air-mail special, at four o'clock this afternoon. Wait for it, Mr. Bolen," Shatto said harshly, "because we place no reasonable limitations on any demands that you may make in your own revision of it."

... ...

Autumn of No Return

By Jane Merchant

I remember a day,
High-colored and warm,
An innocent day
That did me no harm,
With a bicker of blue jays
Quick in the elms,
With harvest fragrance
From apple realms
And grape dominions
Rich on its breath—
And nothing to mark it
The day before death.

... ...

"What hotel will reach you in San Francisco?"

"That's much better, Mr. Bolen. The Mark Hopkins until four o'clock Saturday. Good night."

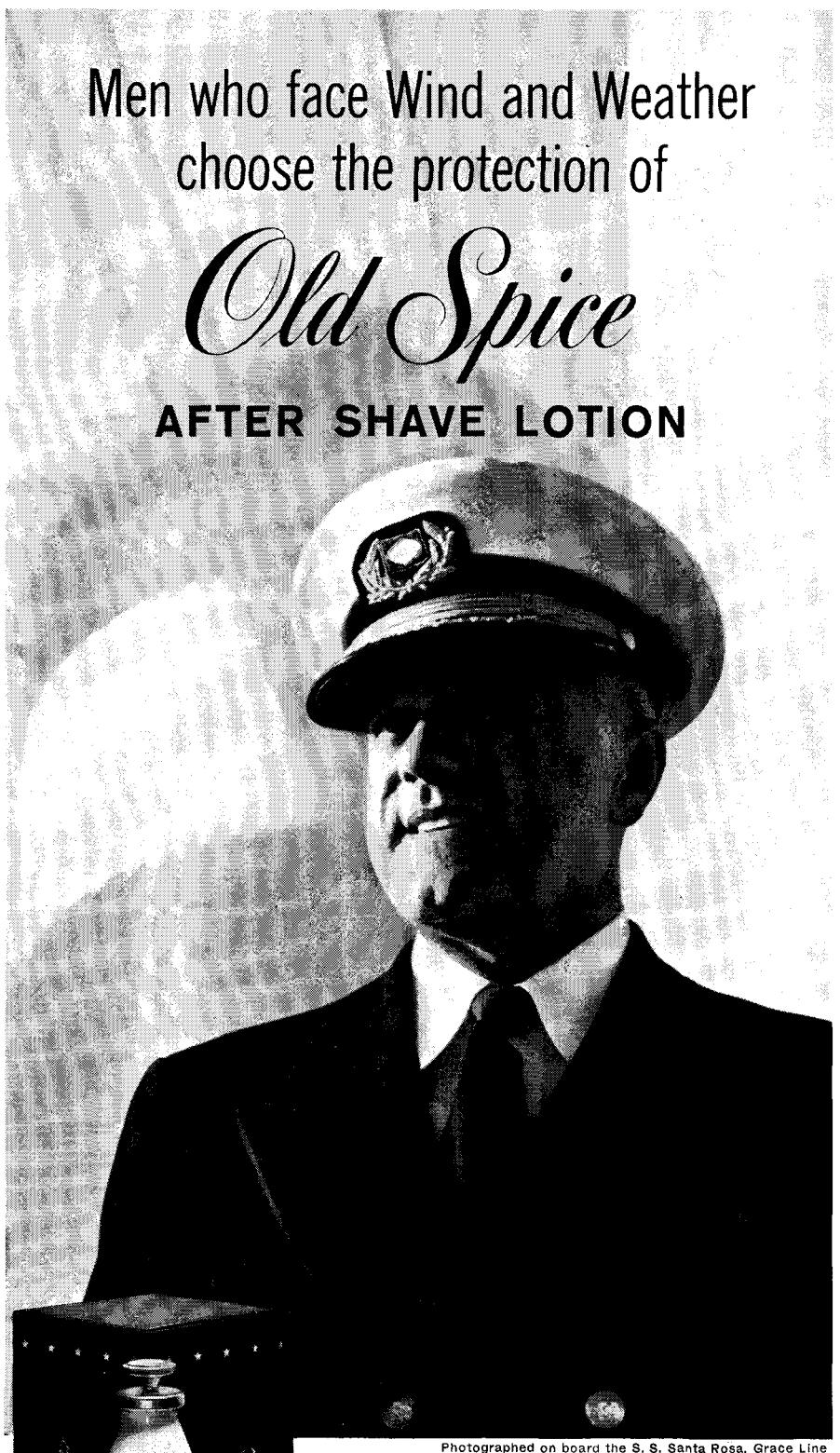
Molly was still looking at him intently. Finally she said, "Well?"

He smiled at her from the stolid mask of his own thinking. "I've solved your problem for you, M'Goo. You take that two dollars and a half for the taxi out of the thirty-dollar check you got for the *Photography* article—and deduct it as a business expense. Then you give me thirteen-seventy-five—for your half of the investment in Diversichrome. Now will you stir and pour?" and he nodded to the frosted mixer and kissed her.

At ten o'clock the next morning Bolen, with Miss Sotomayor at the projection machine, faced Hulan Harshmeyer, the Resident Vice President, and the six departmental regional directors—Sloan Mayhew sitting in for Merchandising Research Vice President Philip Huntsberry in New York at the Home Office, as a preliminary to Huntsberry's being stepped up and transferred out permanently. A tacit admission that Mayhew had the Regional Director's job sewn up.

For a brief moment Elliot Bolen met Hulan Harshmeyer's veiled eyes and then he looked off through the tenth-story conference-room windows, across the vast sweep of prairie where only the marauding Sioux would have taken a man's scalp a century ago. Tom Grannis was a damned good bet for the assistant's job—and a golf crony of Mayhew—and married to Sloan's (*Continued on Page 54*)

Men who face Wind and Weather
choose the protection of
Old Spice
AFTER SHAVE LOTION



Photographed on board the S. S. Santa Rosa, Grace Line

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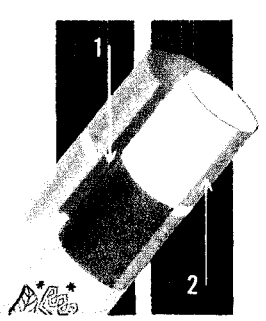

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(*Continued from Page 52*) wife's cousin. Elliot Bolen glanced at Sloan Mayhew, but he saw nothing there, beyond Mayhew's gray fortyish face with its poker-player's eyes and the deep cheek lines, sharp—almost pain-etched—to the thin mouth.

"We'll start the day with Sunglow, gentlemen." Harshmeyer nodded. . . . "Shoot, Bolen."

Elliot got up with a fine sense of the value of the dignified pause. "Sunglow," he said, "is Bright Smile's own proprietary product engineered to compete with Liggett and Foster's Sure-Brite and Standard's No-Rub. For the three months since we introduced it, Sunglow's sales in Bright Smile Supermarkets have struck an average of 28 per cent lower than both other brands. When I show you the slides of the three shelf displays photographed at random from a few of our stores in this region you will see what became apparent to me almost at the start of the project. . . . Miss Sotomayor? Slide One." Then he crossed to the switch to close the inner louvers to darken the room. The picture went on the screen.

"Hell," Harshmeyer said at once. "The diagonal-stripe design of the Sure-Brite box dominates Sunglow completely in visual appeal. Looks like one long barber pole laid out flat on the shelf."

"It is more than that, sir," Elliot said. "The illusion created by that diagonal stripe makes the Sure-Brite box look twice as big as the Sunglow box, because it makes two boxes look like one big box."

"What we've got, then, is a packaging goof-off from the start—and that's a damned expensive proposition to correct. I doubt if we are justified in even recommending it—with the poor showing Sunglow has made."

"Slide Two, Miss Sotomayor."

"Well, that can't be!" Harshmeyer growled. "The No-Rub box *is* bigger than Sunglow."

"No, sir. The metal shaker dispenser on No-Rub gives you *that* illusion. Actually the Sunglow box is larger than the others because it was engineered purposely to hold more product."

"Why weren't these comparisons run off before we let ourselves in for a two-and-a-half-million-dollar promotional budget on Sunglow? Are you the only photography buff in the organization, Bolen? I don't have to see any more. Open the louvers."

"Just one more slide, sir. . . . Miss Sotomayor? Slide Three."

It was a picture of four flour barrels standing on the floor at the end of a run of shelves at Market Three, Topeka. The shelves held orderly displays of No-Rub and Sure-Brite. The barrels, deeply aluminum-foil-covered at their lips, held a jumbled mass of Sunglow boxes.

Elliot's voice was compelling. "Motivational Research tells us that women resist breaking an orderly display, gentlemen. So in six key stores in Region Ten I had these test displays put in. The barrels themselves suggesting bigness and quantity and perhaps informal hominess. For the past month in those six selected test stores, Sunglow sales have topped the two competing products by 36, 28, 27, 31, 30 and 29 per cent—even when No-Rub and Sure-Brite were displayed immediately adjacent." Elliot waited a brief moment and then, in the silence, crossed over and opened the louvers. "Thank you, Miss Sotomayor."

Hulan Harshmeyer put his heavy horn-rimmed glasses on the memorandum pad before him. "There was some question raised when I instituted Merchandising Research in the Bright Smile Organization four years ago. As I remember, the words 'Gestapo' and 'stool pigeon' were used"—he grinned broadly—"but I don't think anyone's toes have been stepped on in this Sunglow business—not at least to a damage cost of two and a half million dollars, which Mr. Bolen has apparently salvaged for the company." Harshmeyer looked up with all eyes questioning him blankly as a look of shocked affront froze upon his heavy face. "Have you, Mr. Mayhew, calmly fallen asleep in the middle of this demonstration?"

Everyone turned and stared at the slumped head of Sloan Mayhew. John Shultheiss put an involuntary hand to Sloan's arm—shook him. Miss Sotomayor screamed from the pit of her diaphragm as Sloan's head lolled back with the sightless eyes half open. When Miss Drenchard arrived from the infirmary there was no pulse. No heartbeat left.

Somehow, in the next four hours, Molly Bolen got them packed on telephonic instructions, arranged with Mrs. Messenger for the children and taxied out to R. A. Ten again, this time to the airstrip for a Bright Smile DC-3. "I'll give you all of it fast," Elliot said grimly. "It had gone through last night that I was to be appointed to be Assistant Regional Director of Merchandising Research—Sloan's old job. As the new director, he was packed to take this plane himself for the National Regional Directors Research Conference. Now I'm the only logical one to go. Acting for the poor devil. I've been briefing myself with Harshmeyer and the other directors ever since."

"Can you carry the freight, Elliot?"

He smiled. "That's probably why Harshmeyer was decent enough to include you on the trip—to give me a wifely hand. Moral support, M'Goo."

"No, it isn't," she said "because Irene Mayhew was packing to go with Sloan when they came and told her."

"Company policy then. They expect the conference to last more than a week, and wives always can go on a one-stop trip when the stay is to be longer than a week. Keeps husbands out of burlesque shows."

"No, it isn't," she shook her head firmly. "This is the deliberate distaff look-over, my boy. They want to see which fork I eat the fish with. Regional directors can become vice presidents if their wives don't have a too-thick, undesirable accent. It's never too early for the top brass to learn about those things."

"How's your accent, M'Goo?"

She stepped back from him slightly and looked up into his face. "But you might have fallen in love with a good, loyal, solid, decent woman raised in Cheyenne Falls. With no display value whatever and dishpan hands. Like Irene Mayhew—and died at forty-four of an occlusion, on an assistant director's salary. Elliot—I am never going to like organizations too darned much!"

The Bright Smile DC-3 came in from Omaha, and their bags went out to it while it was refueling. Molly said, "Do you want to read Lorenz Shatto's letter?"

"No," he said, "I don't. It's all hitting me pretty hard now—and I don't like the feel of dead men's shoes. I liked Sloan Mayhew."

He read the letter after they checked in at the Mark Hopkins, and just as he tossed it across the bed to Molly, the telephone rang and it was Lorenz Shatto. "Bolen," he said. "It's taken me longer than usual to find out who you are."

"Who am I, Mr. Shatto?"

"Let's stop the horsing around, shall we? Did you get my letter?"

"Yes, I did."

"Disregard it entirely. I'm not buying a photo-hobby gadget from some shot-with-luck farm boy now."

"What are you doing? Withdrawing the offer?"

"No," Shatto said coldly. "I'm buying you—to head up a Diversichrome subsidiary of Anspacher-Aulls. To produce, develop, and promote your own brain wave."

"You don't even know me."

"That's right. But I know your record and I know Alan Wingrove of Bright Smile, and he doesn't hire goons for his bat boys. You're a management man, Mr. Bolen. And a damned sight better for us than for groceries. I'm going to leave you alone while this conference is on, because of your contract and the difficult situation you are in, batting for a dead man. But I'll have my attorneys and my tax men working hard to fix a salary and a stock-purchase plan for you in the Diversichrome organization. Don't forget me for one moment, Mr. Bolen. . . ."

"I think I found your trouble."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

So they fought, and there were bared teeth in it and precious little "Poochie" and "M'Goo."

"Of course Shatto will give me stock-purchase concessions—but I've got them already with Bright Smile. I'm not trying to tell you I'm any boy wonder, but as I stand now, as Assistant Director I'm making sixteen thousand a year that I'm certain of—and I'm carrying Sloan Mayhew's thirty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year job at this conference!"

"Until they find an older, more experienced man to make Regional Director."

"Shut up! I don't say I'll get it. But I'm not a fool—and any fool can get a title for his door on a new proposition like Diversichrome that can blow up in a year. What the hell is Diversichrome anyway, Molly, except the simplest application of a primary law of physics?"

"That nobody thought of for a camera—before you did!"

"It was just an accident."

"So was the apple that konked Newton!"

"You talk just like a woman!"

"Possibly because I am a woman and, because I am, I know that you're not really mad. You're afraid."

"Don't use that word 'afraid' again!"

"You watch me use it!" she said. "It's the essence of organization. Sloan and Irene Mayhew have lived for a year in deathly fear he wouldn't get his directorship because of his age. Tom and Yvonne Grannis beat themselves to death in our artificial community life for fear that if they don't, it'll be a mark against them in Bright Smile. You invent a potential gold mine and you shudder for fear you have violated your Bright Smile contract by doing something on your own in private enterprise!"

"You listen to me!" Elliot shouted. "In the American economy today a young man has only three choices. He can go into the Government, where he can't be fired—and sleep, if he wants to, for the rest of his life. Or he can go into big business at the bottom and fight up through organization by playing the organization game. Or if he has the capital and the fortitude to buck strangulating taxes, he can start a hot-dog stand of his own and try to make his own pile."

"That's all I said, Poochie."

The third day of the San Francisco conference Alan Wingrove, who had opened it as president of Bright Smile, took over again in actual charge of the display seminar, and one of the things he said in the course of the morning was, "A Bright Smile Supermarket is nothing but a country store scientifically developed—so don't ever let the smart boys with the big motivational words euchre you out of common sense."

Wingrove was fifty-four years old, thirty years on from the first Bright Smile he had started in 1930 on five hundred dollars, a stiff mortgage, a depression idea and three years of commercial high school. He said, "I hire Chicago men and Wharton men and Harvard B.A. men and Stanford men who want to work for me, but it always does my heart good when one of them fills a cracker barrel with a product and outsells everybody else in spite of million-dollar-scientific-shelf displays cooked up on Madison Avenue. . . . Mr. Bolen, do you want to tell these gentlemen about Sunglow?"

When Elliot got up to their room late that afternoon, Molly was drawing on gossamer evening hose. Her black dinner gown was hanging from the shower rod, steaming.

"You're to wear Smoking, old boy," she said evenly, "which is French for dinner clothing, (*Continued on Page 56*)

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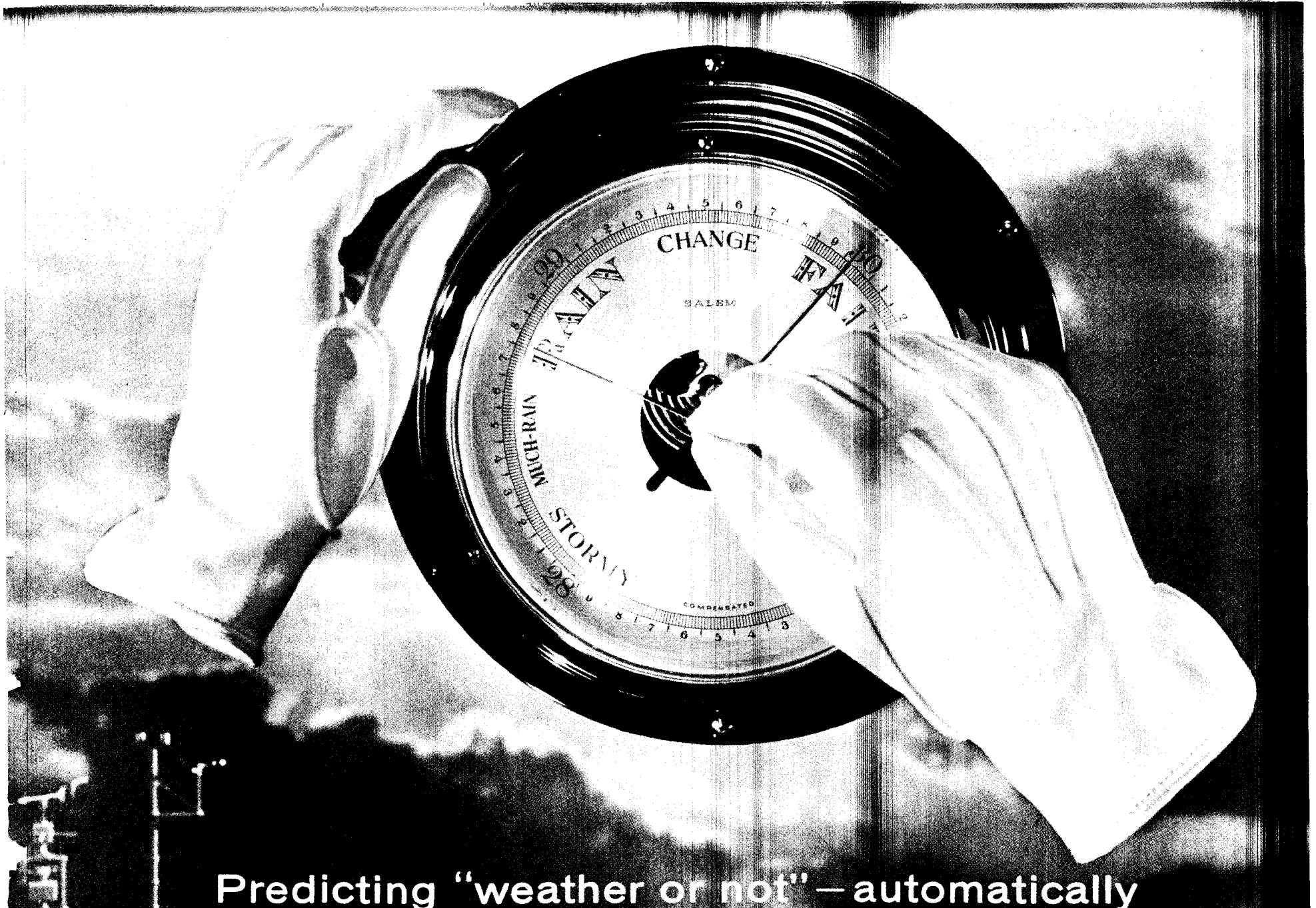

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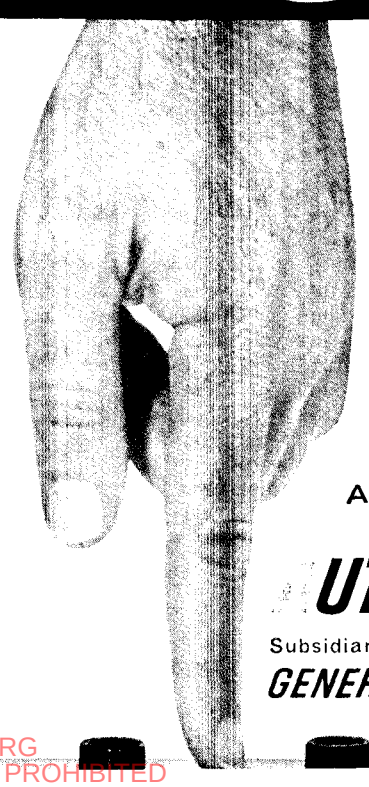

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(*Continued from Page 54*) which is English for tux, which is Bright Smile. She said so herself."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Alan Wingrove. Their chauffeur will be here at a quarter to six for us. We dine with them at eightish. She said 'eightish' herself. That's an exact quote. They have a place on the Monterey Peninsula, and we must excuse it, for they hadn't intended really to open it for another month so it is not yet completely staffed. And do we think we can struggle through?"

Elliot took her chin in hand and sniffed her breath. "Good lord, M'Goo—you're stoned!"

"I sure am," she said. "With Lorenz Shatto. He picked me up brazenly and plied me with drink on the Top, and I told him the story of my life. Tall, sixty-ish, gray at the temples, with the Legion of Honor at the buttonhole. I may marry him. Come to think of it"—she nodded solemnly—"I think I will—when you cast me out as a viper."

Elliot grabbed the telephone. "Bright Smile Seltzer," he said, "and a pot of very hot coffee. No cream or sugar."

"Elliot," she said, "I really only had two measly little Martinis—and I didn't eat the olives. The rest of it is excitement and a hot bath—and fear! You've got to get out of Bright Smile and go with Anspacher!"

"No faint chance of it now," he shook his head violently, his voice husked in quiet exultation. "Wingrove gave over the whole seminar to me this afternoon. I've got the regional directorship boxed. Harshmeyer called me from Dranesville at half past four. For a year I'm confirmed as Acting Director. But this dinner—means I'm thought of as material for Alan Wingrove's personal team! M'Goo—get dressed."

"Elliot—I said 'fear' again. Did you hear me?"

From the bathroom he called,"I heard you—but for Pete's sake, fear of what now?"

"I can't tell you. It's too innocently awful. Aren't you even going to see Lorenz Shatto or listen to his new offer?"

"No," his head poked out the bathroom, "I am not. I know which side my bread is buttered on. As soon as I can clear it with Harshmeyer, I'll sell the Diversichrome patent on a royalty basis—but I don't work for Anspacher. I work for Bright Smile! Vice President in ten years."

"Be sure, Elliot. Be awfully sure."

It is the old Pete Marcy place that the Alan Wingroves now have. Summerdown Stables, where Crack o' Dawn was bred and where he who was Edward of Wales and Will Rogers once played a few chukkers long memories past, but are still carefully mentioned as a conversational gambit. Cocktails were in full term when the Bolens arrived. Ten persons. Two rangy, sunburned couples with loud, crackling California Blue Book names and a spate of conversational pother about last month at Cap d'Antibes. Wingrove and his wife. Lorenz Shatto and Albertina Grassi (41-27-36), exactly as it says in the fan magazines. "My *dear* Mrs. Bolen!" Mary Wingrove crossed quickly. "How nice to have you with us on such *short* notice!"

Elliot knew it was Shatto the moment he saw him, before he saw the tiny crimson ribbon, because Shatto raised a delicate long-fingered hand with a cigarette in it and called softly, "Hi, Molly." The names that Alan Wingrove offered in heavy introduction were Hockbuster and Wedderstone. Breaking a shrill conversational arpeggio, Mrs. Hockbuster said, "You know the Fithians at Eden Roc, of course, Mr. Bolen?" and went right on with her run of words without his answer. Mary Wingrove said, "You must forgive us, Mrs. Bolen, but we actually are not settled in. This is a ghastly barn of a room for cocktails, but the painters are all over the east wing still." Albertina Grassi said, "Why don't we eat?"

Madeleine Hockbuster giggled, "Of course, I read the book, Gladys—and all I could think of was Alan and Mary Wingrove all through the house-party chapter." Wingrove said, "Bolen, that was a splendid two hours you gave the boys this afternoon. Inspirational."

Then for a moment Lorenz Shatto was alone beside Elliot. "No shop talk in the mess, Mr. Bolen," he smiled, "but whatever Wingrove holds out for you for the next ten years, Anspacher will meet now. And that's in addition to patent royalties. Sleep on it. Call me tomorrow. You have a charming wife."

They went in to vichyssoise and boned squab and Clos de Vougeot.

"Whoever wrote it—I never can remember who writes the things I read—has done the funniest book in ages. I howled all through it," Gladys Wedderstone kept on saying. "What book is that, Mrs. Wedderstone?" Lorenz Shatto

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held his spoon deftly steady just above his soup and looked sideways at the woman.

"Isn't that funny?" Gladys shrieked. "I can't remember the title now either," and her husband said, "You should be able to, Gladys—you only read a book every fourth year."

"The same fellow who wrote *Organization Man*, wasn't it?" Tony Hockbuster said, "and *The Hidden Persuaders* and *The Exurbanites*?" His wife, Madeleine, looked at him coolly. "Tony—do please stop trying to be lit'ry—those books were written by three different authors."

Mary Wingrove said, "Mrs. Bolen, we had this dining room done by Saint-Juvin—actually around the table silver. Because we had the silver, you see. Alan is strictly a Maxfield Parrish man, but he just happened to fall into the silver several years ago in Paris. Bought it for a song. It had been buried beneath the moat at Château Mézières ever since the Hundred Days. All eighteen hundred pieces."

Molly Bolen held the great weight of her spoon, slightly turned so that she could dutifully admire the design.

Then Lorenz Shatto said, "Mrs. Wedderstone—the book you are trying to think of isn't *Organization Wife* by any chance, is it? By Clarissa Ames?"

"But of course it is!" Gladys shrieked.

"Oh, that screed." Albertina Grassi shook her head. "My present husband, Otto, insists he buy it for my next picture. But for my figure, it's just too American."

"Anti-American I think you mean," Alan Wingrove said icily. "It lays a facetious, satirical ax at the very roots of the country's economy. Organized big business. I have stipulated that when the paperback edition comes out it will not be carried in the racks of Bright Smile."

"Oh, come on, Alan!" Lorenz Shatto said. "How big a ham can you be? It's clean—and a best seller in spite of that. What are you at Bright Smile now? Literary critics to the general public as well as ministers plenipotentiary to their alimentary canals?"

Mary Wingrove said, "Lorenz, I happen to have read the book too. I don't like to be made fun of by people I'm sure I don't know—and never intend to meet."

"I have news for you, Mary," Lorenz Shatto smiled pleasantly. "The book was conceived and written entirely imaginatively—before the author met you. Without even knowing that you and Alan existed. That must prove some universal truth, don't you think?"

"Such as what, Lorenz?" Mary Wingrove asked sharply.

"That you do exist," Shatto smiled.

"Mrs. Wingrove," Molly said, "I wrote *Organization Wife*. I am 'Clarissa Ames' and I just love your Louis Quatorze the Fourteenth silver . . . . "

"Yes, I had to say it, Elliot. For Irene Mayhew, who couldn't even pronounce 'Louis Quatorze' I had to say it. For Tom Grannis and Yvonne. For you and for me—and for Mike and Charley when they grow up—and for poor dead Sloan. I didn't write the book maliciously; I wrote it for fun. I wasn't trying to prove anything when I wrote it, or eke out anybody's salary. I wasn't going to tell you until it took on, if it did, because you kidded me about my first flop. And I didn't know a damn thing about your *Manual of Policy and Ethics* until after my book was all contracted for and sold—because I never read the manual any more than I've read Emily Post. I was taught at home what fork to use with the fish and not to boast about possessions or talk down to guests—and you were taught to stand on your hind legs and look men in the eye ——"

"Now look, M'Goo"—he raised an admonishing finger for emphasis—"Lorenz Shatto used you shamelessly to turn this trick on Diversichrome, so don't try to pass that off by calling me yellow-bellied."

"Don't kid yourself, Poochie, Bright Smile would have found out about the book, so this afternoon on the Top I told Lorenz about it. It's all over the stands and the bookstores here in San Francisco. I had to tell somebody, and I couldn't tell you because I've been frightened to death myself ever since you made that Tom Grannis crack and quoted the manual. And I can't stand being afraid!"

"Well," Elliot stripped off his tie and shirt, "I sure don't have to clear the Diversichrome deal with Hulan Harshmeyer now. Not after that dinner tonight! But I hope you're not kidding yourself, M'Goo. Anspacher-Aulls is an organization too. They all are."

"I know," she smiled, "but I'm not going to mind an organization—when you run it! In your *Manual of Policy and Ethics*, Elliot, for Diversichrome, Incorporated—and on your new salary as president, do you suppose we could begin to think about another small pink boy? We could get a larger bathtub."

"I thought you were in love with Lorenz Shatto?"

"Oh, I am," she nodded emphatically. "In addition to the Legion of Honor, he's had three wives, eight sons and twenty one grandchildren. Quite a man, Lorenz."

"Do you want me to paddle your bare Louis Quatorze the Fourteenth ——"

"That, Poochie—was not what I had in mind." THE END

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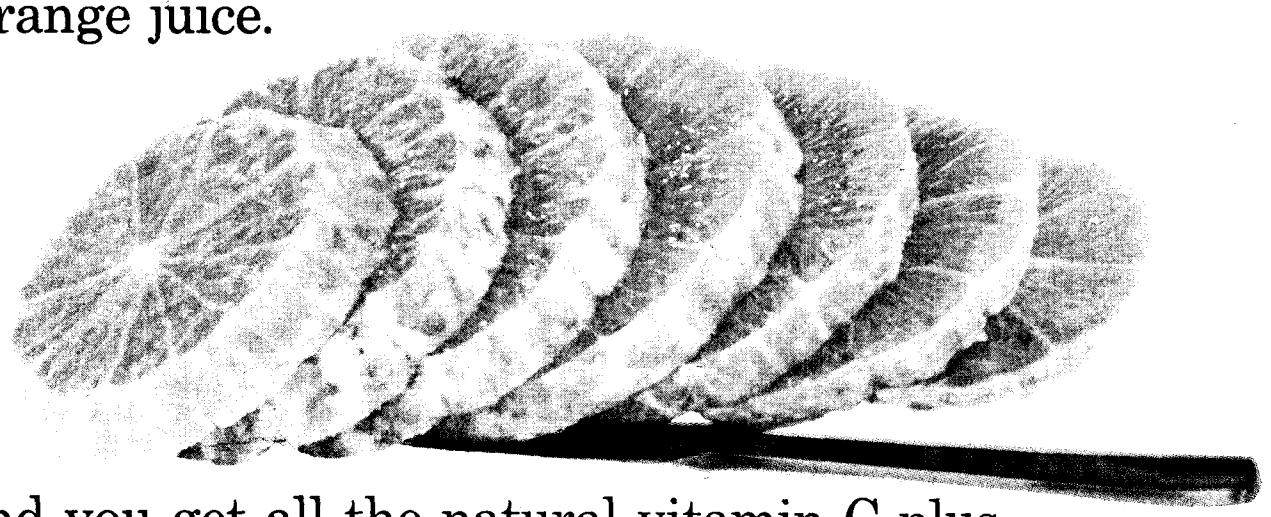

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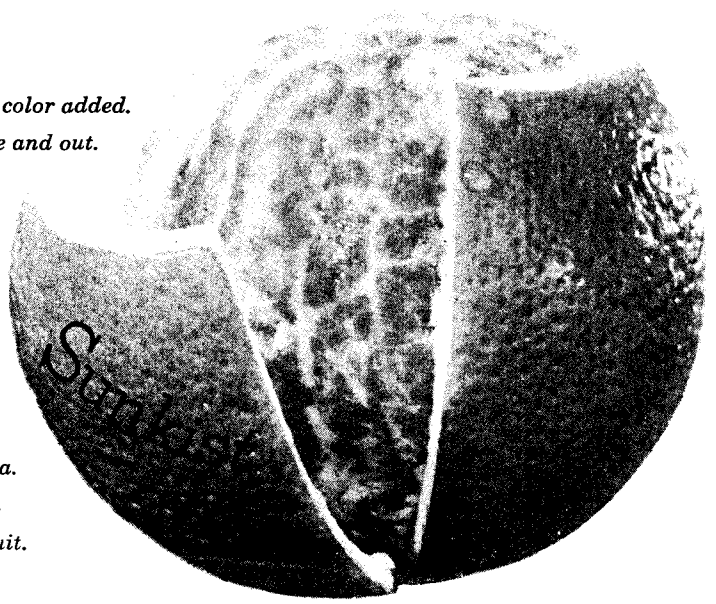

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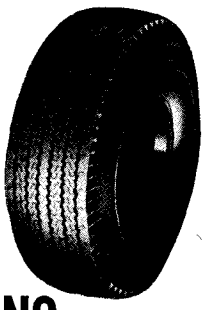

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Return to Terror

(Continued from Page 45)

but because it was his job to see that everything ran as it should, according to the law. And he knew that the reproach in Jed's voice was not meant personally or aimed at the Brussels police. He wished he could give the American some hope, yet he did not dare sound too optimistic.

"You must admit that we have very little to go on."

"And nearly a million strangers in town—I know, I know."

Jed threw himself into one of the two old leather armchairs opposite Niklaas's desk. Niklaas shrugged. "Every detective I could spare is out on the job. All borders have been notified. Every station, every airport in the country has been alerted. Radio cars are patrolling the roads."

It was senseless that he had come. Jed knew it, but he simply had not been able to wait in the hotel room for the telephone to ring.

"And your wife's photograph has been posted everywhere."

Jed stared at the picture of Sarolta which the inspector was holding up for him—a snapshot he had carried on him, blown up now to effective size. He wondered now if she was still in Belgium, if she was still alive.

And Farkas had had all this time to get her out of the country. According to the housekeeper of the Métropole, whom Jed had talked to personally, Sarolta had inquired about Charlotte Goud's address around noon. And it was logical to assume that Sari had left sometime before one o'clock, or she would still have been in the hotel when, after having heard the news of Pista's death, Miss Bettigole had looked into the bedroom.

Jed braced his elbows on his knees and, for a moment, put his face between his hands. They didn't even know much about Charlotte Goud. Both the name and address she had given were false. From Antwerp, where Charlotte had claimed she was born, the news had come that none of the Gouds living there had a daughter called Charlotte, working as a maid in Brussels. And nobody, of all those questioned, had seen a man who fitted the description Sarolta had given of Farkas.

"There's really nothing more anybody can do now," Niklaas said. "We are in touch with the French, the Dutch, the German and the Austrian police. We can only wait. Go home, Mr. Drake. Get some sleep. You need it. The moment anything comes in, I'll phone you."

"Yes, of course." Jed rose. "Thank you, inspector. I didn't mean to be a nuisance."

Inspector Niklaas shook his head. "That's not what I meant to imply. Don't think that. That's what we're here for. For all I care, you can sit here all night long or ride in one of the cars. I know that kind of restlessness. But it doesn't do any good. Believe me, Mr. Drake. Go home and try to sleep."

Sarolta awoke in complete darkness, a darkness that seemed impenetrable, almost like something solid. In spite of it, she lifted her hand automatically to look at her watch. It was no longer on her wrist. It had been taken away. They always took away your watch, if only to add to the prisoner's sense of insecurity.

For a moment Sarolta lay motionless, her heart beating painfully fast, then she realized suddenly what she had not been conscious of a few seconds ago. She could breathe through her mouth again. Sarolta inhaled deeply. They had removed the gag. And she was no longer tied up. She could move freely.

She sat up and felt down the length of her body. Nothing hurt. Everything was functioning; only her head ached. But a shiver ran down her spine as she began to remember the details of what had happened after Charlotte had knocked her unconscious.

Coming to, she had found herself bound and gagged, sitting on a chair in a very ordinary room in which the main piece of furniture had been a huge dressing table. In front of it, Charlotte had been sitting, watching her victim's face in the mirror while she talked incessantly to herself in a whisper Sarolta could not understand. Then she had got up abruptly and left, locking the door behind her. Sarolta had tried to struggle free, but to no avail. When Charlotte had come back, she had pushed a little pill into Sarolta's mouth and forced her to swallow it by cupping her nose. The smell of the clammy hand over her face had nauseated Sarolta, and the pill had made her dizzy. Still she had been able to watch Charlotte pack her bag, and it had frightened her.

Then a man had come in and told her to get up from her chair. She had hardly been able to stand. He had put a coat around her shoulders. It hid her arms, which were tied behind her back. He had led her along the corridor, down the stairs and out into the street. She had gone without offering resistance, planning to scream as soon as she was outside the house. But somehow her vocal cords had refused to function, and she had been helped into the car, parked at the curb, before she realized that it had been the pill that had made her unable to cry out for help.

Where had they taken her? Where was she?

Sarolta slipped from the cot—yes, it was a cot. She could feel the canvas, the folding legs; and with both hands outstretched, she moved along one wall after the other. In none was there a window, but in the wall opposite the cot there was a door. It was locked.

Cautiously she ventured toward the middle of the room which, she could tell by the length of its walls, was small. She bumped into a table, and a pitcher filled with water clattered to the floor. Almost at once she could hear a dog barking furiously somewhere inside the house—a high-pitched, shrill bark. A moment later steps sounded outside the door. Sarolta held her breath. A key was being turned, the door screeched in its hinges, and the beam of a powerful flashlight suddenly lighted up a part of the room.

"Good evening, Mrs. Drake," said Farkas. "So, we meet again."

He shone the beam full in her face, looking at her for a long, silent moment, then he directed it searchingly through the room until it illumined a thin metal chain. He pulled it, and the harsh light of a naked bulb, high in the ceiling, jumped on. Next to the fixture Sarolta could see a little skylight. The room, as she had guessed, was quite small, an attic room with slanting walls. The paper had faded so that only some light and dark spots were left of the original design of violets. There were two chairs near the small table and the cot—nothing else.

"And how are you feeling, Mrs. Drake?"

"I have quite a headache," said Sarolta. "What I would really appreciate right now is a cup of coffee."

She had been surprised earlier, standing opposite the housekeeper of the Métropole, to hear herself phrase a lie with the greatest ease, but she was even more astonished at her behavior now. *But it is true*, she told herself. *That's what I want—a cup of coffee. I certainly do not want to talk to him with my head swimming.*

Farkas's eyes narrowed. *It is always the high-strung ones*, he thought, *the sensitive ones, who tremble when one shakes a stick at them, who, in the end, have nerves of iron.* (*Continued on Page 62*)

"The customer is always right, Benson. Misinformed perhaps, inexact, bullheaded, fickle, ignorant, even abominably stupid, but never wrong."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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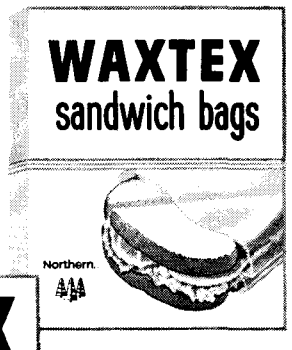

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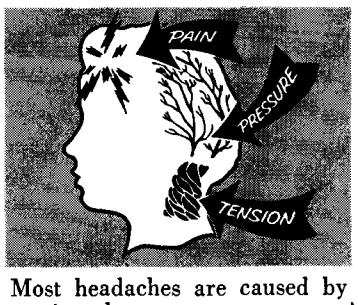

Most headaches are caused by tension that presses on nerves. Anacin contains *special* medication (*not* found in aspirin or any buffered aspirin) that relaxes tension, releases pressure and relieves pain fast. That's why Anacin gives more complete pain-relief.

FOR FAST, FAST, *FAST* RELIEF!

(*Continued from Page 60*)

"You shall have it. Coffee helps to make a conversation stimulating. You may also have something to eat."

Sarolta sat down on the cot, watched Farkas open the door and heard him shout orders in Hungarian to somebody outside.

"Unfortunately I am certain that nothing I could say or do will make the slightest difference," Sarolta said.

"Don't be so pessimistic." Farkas smiled. It was always more difficult to cope with somebody who was resigned to the worst than with those who still had hope. "After all, it may depend on you if I let you go or not."

In this he was being perfectly frank. He had come to no decision yet as to what to do with Sarolta, who had been so unexpectedly thrown into his lap. So far, he had taken only the most imperative step—he had removed her from the neighborhood in which she might be found and brought her to a house which was at his disposal at all times. It stood about twenty miles northeast of Brussels, almost hidden in a dense pine wood. Officially it belonged to a businessman from the city. There were many like him who had summer or weekend houses in this vicinity, which was known for its quietness and was near a small village with good restaurants. Nobody would be surprised to see smoke rising from the chimney. If he could use her, so much the better, if not. . . . He shrugged.

"*It may depend on you if I let you go or not.*" His words made Sarolta tremble. What did he want of her? *Thank heaven*, she thought, *I know nothing that could be of importance to him.*

A man came in whom she recognized as the one who had led her from Charlotte's room to the car. He put a tray with a pot of steaming coffee and some bread and sausage on the table, then went out. It was hard to drink and eat under Farkas's watching eyes, but she made herself do it.

She is too self-possessed to know anything about Kendeffy, thought Farkas. Her composure is not just self-control. It is based on innocence. He recalled that in all the reports made to him, she had never been mentioned as having had any contact with Kendeffy, not here in Brussels. The blond girl, Drake's girl friend, she was the one who had been seen with Kendeffy. If anyone had had to be abducted, why couldn't it have been she? *Girl friend*, he reflected, *girl friend.*

He looked at Sarolta and suddenly felt sure that she would never answer any personal questions, and that the answers he wanted could not be extracted by force. And then he thought that if Pista and Sarolta had really been such close friends, Pista might have told her about all the small things that went on in his life. Farkas rose, went to the door, called "Nini," and came back, followed by the Chihuahua.

"Nini?"

With satisfaction he saw Sarolta stare in perplexity at the tiny dog, her face losing its reserve. So Pista had mentioned the dog he had used as a model.

"Yes," said Farkas, finishing the sentence for her. "This is Nini." He picked up the dog and said softly, "Pista gave her to me as a present a few days ago."

Nini? Pista had written to her about the Chihuahua—how he had found her in early spring, wandering around Bruges, lost; how he had notified the police department's lost-and-found bureau and taken care of the dog for weeks, growing fonder and fonder of the little animal, more afraid with every passing day that he would have to part with her; about his joy when he had finally been told he could keep her, since nobody had put in a claim. He had made drawings of the dog, using them as a letterhead.

Farkas watched her bewildered eyes and nodded. "Yes, a charming present. When did he give Nini to me, now? Early this week. Yes. Just before he called you at the Métropole, Mrs. Drake."

Sarolta could not believe what Farkas was insinuating. She forced herself to look at the hated face that had haunted her for so many nights, the bland, neutral face of a man who seemed to be void of any emotion, which had not even shown satisfaction when he had trapped her father, Pali and herself, in their hide-out. It told her nothing.

"You're lying."

"That's something I very rarely do." Farkas poured a second cup of coffee for her. "Why should I?"

He paused. It had just occurred to him that Sarolta might not yet have heard of Pista's death. And if she thought he was still alive, it might be useful.

It can't be true, Sarolta told herself. *He's trying to trick me. But how does he know that Pista called me at the Métropole?* Sarolta grew very pale as she remembered picking up a rubber bone from the couch in Pista's studio and asking him where Nini was. Pista had started to laugh hysterically and had lied. He had said the dog had run away. And later on, and now his voice was echoing in her ears, he had told her, "I must get away. . . . You wouldn't understand. . . . Let me have the ring. . . ." Had he wanted to get away from Farkas?

Not So Fast

Reaching decisions
Is faster, I find,
Than dismissing leftover
Doubts from my mind!

May Richstone

How could she have understood then? She didn't now. "He was—you mean he has anything to do with you?" she asked.

"Yes. He preferred working for me to prison."

Had Farkas arranged it all? Pista's coming to Belgium, the grant on which he was living and studying? Then another realization exploded in her mind—what had Farkas said? That Pista had given him the dog as a present on the very day he had joined them for dinner?

As if he were reading her mind, Farkas said, "Now I remember. It was Tuesday. Last Tuesday. He met you at the Lamb that evening, didn't he?"

To spy on Jed, to find out about Kendeffy, to report everything he saw or heard to Farkas. Sarolta closed her eyes. And she had disagreed with Jed because Jed had said he disliked people with no set of values. And Jed had accepted Pista on her word.

How could Jed be warned? If Jed were not warned, Pista might discover where Kendeffy was hiding, might lure Jed and Kendeffy straight into Farkas's hands. Was that why Farkas could sit there so calmly, why he had not tried to question her, why he had said he might let her go?

And the panic she had fought so successfully before could no longer be shaken off. Farkas saw the agony in her face. "You mustn't be too disappointed, Mrs. Drake," he said gently. "Not many people have strong characters. People are weak or selfish or emotional, and he loved his mother and wanted to save her from deportation. But drink your coffee before it gets cold."

(*Continued on Page 65*)

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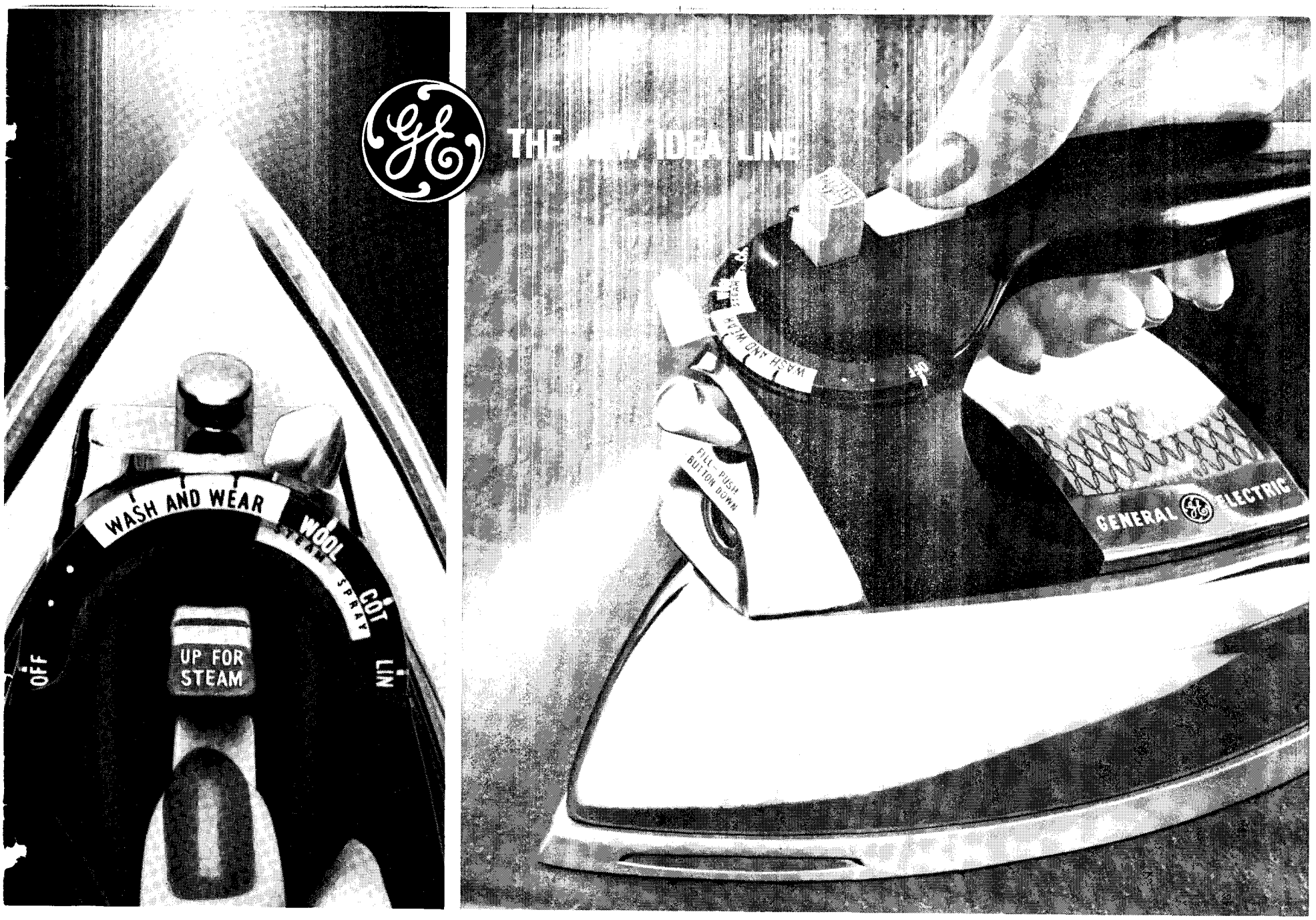

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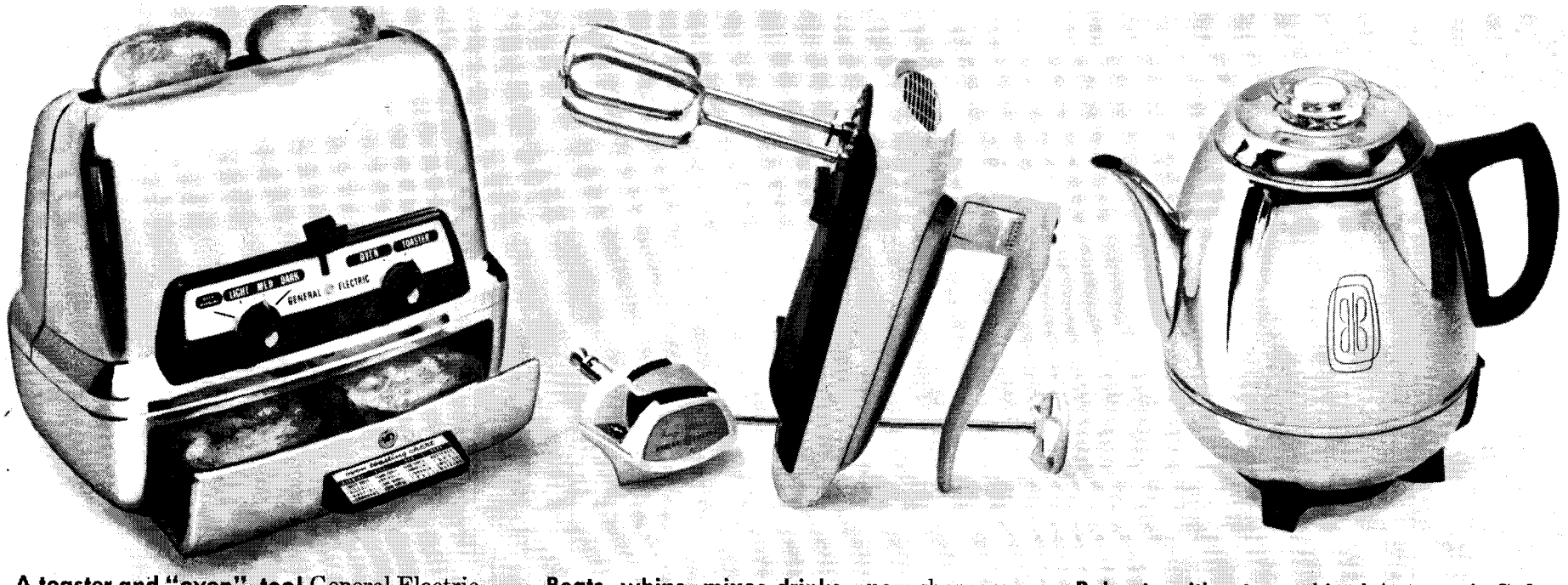

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PEPSI-COLA

Be Sociable, Have a Pepsi

Refresh without filling

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(*Continued from Page 62*) *That's how he worked it*, thought Sarolta. *He threatened Pista that something would happen to his mother unless—and he threatened me that Jed would be killed unless I kept silent about his presence in Brussels. That's his method, only I had forgotten it when I met him that rainy afternoon near the American pavilion.*

"I always thought love a highly unnecessary liability," said Farkas, offering the plate of bread and sausage again, as if he were not aware of her terror. "Does your husband love you?"

Why was he asking it? Was it possible that she had been abducted so that she could be used as a weapon? The way Farkas had used Pista's mother to force Pista to obey his commands? The way he had sealed her lips by threatening Jed would die if she mentioned Farkas's presence in Brussels? Was Farkas trying to find out about Jed's and her emotional ties so that if she said yes, he could blackmail Jed?

Sarolta did not know what to answer. *I must think clearly*, she told herself. Would Farkas believe her if she told him the truth—that Jed did not love her? And if she lied and said that Jed loved her—what consequences would that have? Pista, she decided, would not have reported her explanation for refusing to give him the ring, for he would have betrayed to Farkas his hopes to escape.

But what could Farkas want from Jed? Then in a flash she realized that it had to have something to do with Kendeffy. And she knew that she had to lie. If she lied, she might have a chance to find out, might be able, somehow, to warn Jed. In any case, she would gain a little time—a little precious time.

"Why does a man marry a girl he has seen only three or four times?" she whispered, and the tears welling up in her eyes were true. "A girl who has nothing to offer. Yes, he loves me."

Farkas tried to imagine a man of good background, a successful lawyer, seeing a girl for the first time and falling in love with her on the spot—and couldn't. But why else should Drake have married?

He leaned back in his chair. There were two things he was not competent to judge, he knew that. One was love; the other friendship. If Jethro Drake had to decide between love and friendship, between an elderly man who had very little chance of staying alive much longer, and a young wife, with whom he could spend many happy years, whom would he choose? He could not tell. But it was worth a try.

He rose. "I think I will leave you now," he said. "For your sake I hope you are right."

Once he was gone, locking the door after him, Sarolta began to cry. She cried for many things—the bitter disappointment of Pista, the peril that threatened Kendeffy, whom she loved and admired, for Jed, whom she had never told of her love, and for her own hopeless situation—because Jed would never abandon his principles and give in to blackmail.

She switched off the harsh light and lay back on the cot.

And now it was noon, the next day, twenty-four hours since Sarolta had vanished. "Here," whispered Miss Bettigole, handing June a small, blue pill. "Put that in his drink." She motioned with her head to the living room.

Jed had just come back from police headquarters, where he had seen Inspector Niklaas again. June stared at Miss Bettigole as if she had not heard right. "A sleeping pill," said Miss Bettigole. "Tell him that a drink would do all of us good, and when you fix his Martini drop it in. It will dissolve at once. I'll ring for some ice."

"I don't dare," said June.

"Nonsense. I know what's good for him. And what he needs right now is some sleep. He hasn't closed an eye for almost two days."

In spite of her words she felt lost and insecure. For once there was nothing she could do. All her efficiency would not help to bring back Sarolta, could never make up for all the things she had omitted to do to make the girl's life as Jed's wife easier. *I have never really seen her objectively*, Miss Bettigole thought. *I've been biased and jealous—well, a little jealous. I've always regarded her and treated her as an intruder.* All she could do now was not show how guilty she felt or how desperate.

"He'll never forgive us if there should be some news."

"News?" said Miss Bettigole. "I think she is dead."

"Oh, don't let me down, Madge," said June. "That's no way for you to speak. I was depending on you to come up with one of your horrible clichés—like, 'One must never give up hope.'" And she began to cry.

"Now, crying won't help," said Miss Bettigole, reverting to form. She pulled out her handkerchief to give to June, but her own eyes were filled with tears. Neither of them, though, could go through with it when they went back into the living room and saw Jed standing at one of the French windows, staring down at the Place de Brouckère as if he expected Sarolta to cross it any minute.

June mixed the drinks and carried a glass over to Jed, who had not even turned around—who, as a matter of fact, did not seem to notice them. June held out the pill on the palm of her hand.

"Will you take something to make you sleep, Jed?"

"Please, Mr. Drake," said Miss Bettigole.

Jed did not answer, and they thought he had not heard them; but then he turned abruptly. "Why not?" He took the pill from June and tossed down the drink. "I might as well." His voice was flat.

"I'm going upstairs to keep Kendeffy company," June told him.

"And I'll be here to take any messages," said Miss Bettigole.

Jed looked at her. His mouth twitched. "Thanks," he said. "But I'm afraid it will be a waste of your time." He shrugged. "Both Kendeffy and Sari have described Farkas as a man who won't accept defeat. And this time nothing he set out to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Can a pitcher be credited with winning a game without even taking the mound? Here is an actual situation, transferred from a minor-league to a major-league setting, which sent the rules committee into a tizzy.

Say the Milwaukee Braves and the San Francisco Giants are in a scoreless tie as Milwaukee bats in the top of the ninth. With two out, the Giant pitcher yields singles to Johnny Logan and Ed Mathews, and walks Joe Adcock.

With the bases loaded Al Spangler smacks a home run into the right-field seats. As four Brave runners traipse over the plate, the Giant manager sadly signals the bullpen for right-hander Jack Sanford. The umpire picks up the summons and waves to the press box to announce a substitution. But a Giant coach hurriedly informs his manager that Spangler had batted out of turn. The plate umpire consults his card, upholds the Giant claim, and declares the proper batter out, making the third out. This nullifies the four Brave runs.

The Giants then come to bat and quickly score to win the game, 1–0. Now it remains to name the winning pitcher. What would you say?

(See page 67 for answer)

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do has worked—not the attempt to kill Kendeffy in his hotel, not the bomb in the car. Heaven only knows when we'll find her body." *Somewhere*, he thought, *washed up on the shore or buried in a shallow grave.*

"Don't talk that way," said June.

"I'm trying to face facts," said Jed. "Inspector Niklaas warned me that I'd better." He patted June lightly. "Good girl," he said. "Both of you should get some sleep too. See you later."

He slept for more than ten hours. It was eleven o'clock at night when he woke and, for the second it took him to come to, he had the illusion that everything was all right. Then abruptly he knew that nothing had changed. *And I didn't even kiss her once*, he thought.

He picked up the phone and asked for Inspector Niklaas's office. "Sorry, Mr. Drake," said the inspector without waiting for Jed to ask anything.

Jed let the receiver drop back into the cradle and walked into the living room. June was sitting in a corner of the yellow damask couch on which Jed had slept so as not to intrude on Sari. She was reading. A platter with ham and hard-boiled eggs and cheese stood on the table. "I don't want to eat," he said as she gestured toward it. "Go away, June. I want to be alone."

"I couldn't sleep." June spoke as if she were not aware that Jed was trying to get rid of her. "So, I kept Kendeffy company for a while. He still knows nothing about Sari, just as you wanted it." She spoke slowly. "No news from Father Ambrosius yet. And I talked to the pilot you engaged this morning. He said he'd stand by. He can take off at any time."

Yes, sometime during the morning—or was it yesterday? Jed, on Kendeffy's urging, had chartered a plane to fly him out as soon as they heard from Laszlo.

"Please eat something, Jed." June offered him the platter again. He realized suddenly how tired she looked. *How worn she must be*, he thought. Yet she had waited up for him.

"Have I ever told you how truly grateful I have often felt toward you?" he said. "When Elizabeth died, and now—like a sister."

And that's what I'll always be to him, June knew. *Even if Sari is dead, and he is alone again. He'll never see me in a different light—his sister.*

She watched him uncork a new bottle of Scotch. She wanted to say, "Don't drink," when the telephone rang. Jed walked over to take the call. A voice he had never heard before said, "If you want to see your wife alive again, meet me tonight. I will turn her over to you if you turn over Kendeffy to me. Life is trading, Mr. Drake. You will tell your friend that you have finally secured a seat on a plane for him and that you are driving him out. He will suspect nothing, if that aspect worries you. And do not notify the police, if you care for Mrs. Drake. I have the means to watch every move you make. Therefore, if you behave suspiciously, you will never see her alive again. Nor will you find me. Meet me in exactly one hour and fifteen minutes fourteen miles from the Métropole, on the route that leads to Melsbroek. One mile before the airport, turn right into a lane. I will be on the other side of the road. Follow me until I stop. The moment Kendeffy leaves your car, Mrs. Drake will leave mine. I repeat—do not notify the police, or you will never see your wife alive again. And be on time. I will wait five minutes, no longer." Then there was a click.

"Hello," said Jed. "Hello, hello." But the line was dead. "Operator, operator, where did the call come from?" He turned to June. "Sari is alive. They are here. They are still in Belgium. . . . You can't trace the call, operator? Then give me police headquarters."

It seemed an eternity until he heard Niklaas's voice. "Farkas just called," Jed told him. "At least, I think it was Farkas." And he repeated what he had just been told, word for word. "How do I know my wife is still alive? . . . I don't. . . . Yes. Come over. At once. But not in a police car."

He hung up and turned to June. "You heard what I said, didn't you? Exchange Sari for Kendeffy. That's what he proposed in all seriousness."

Jed began to laugh desperately, then abruptly became calm. The idea of exchanging hostages was as old as time. Only it had never occurred to him that Farkas might propose it. What contempt he must have for human beings.

"What are you going to do?" June was staring at him. "What can you do? He's right, Jed. He's got the advantage. He can have every move you make watched, but ——"

Jed didn't seem to hear her. He was thinking aloud. "But of course. That's his way. A device that has always worked for him. Kendeffy told me. So why shouldn't he try it now?" His eyes narrowed, and he ran into the bedroom suddenly. When he didn't come back, June followed him. The door to the bathroom stood open. She could see Jed, standing in front of the mirror, shaving his head.

"What in the world are you doing?"

"We have the same build. We're the same height," said Jed. "We both have long narrow faces. If I can fool him for just a minute. And it will be dark. Go up to Kendeffy's room, June."

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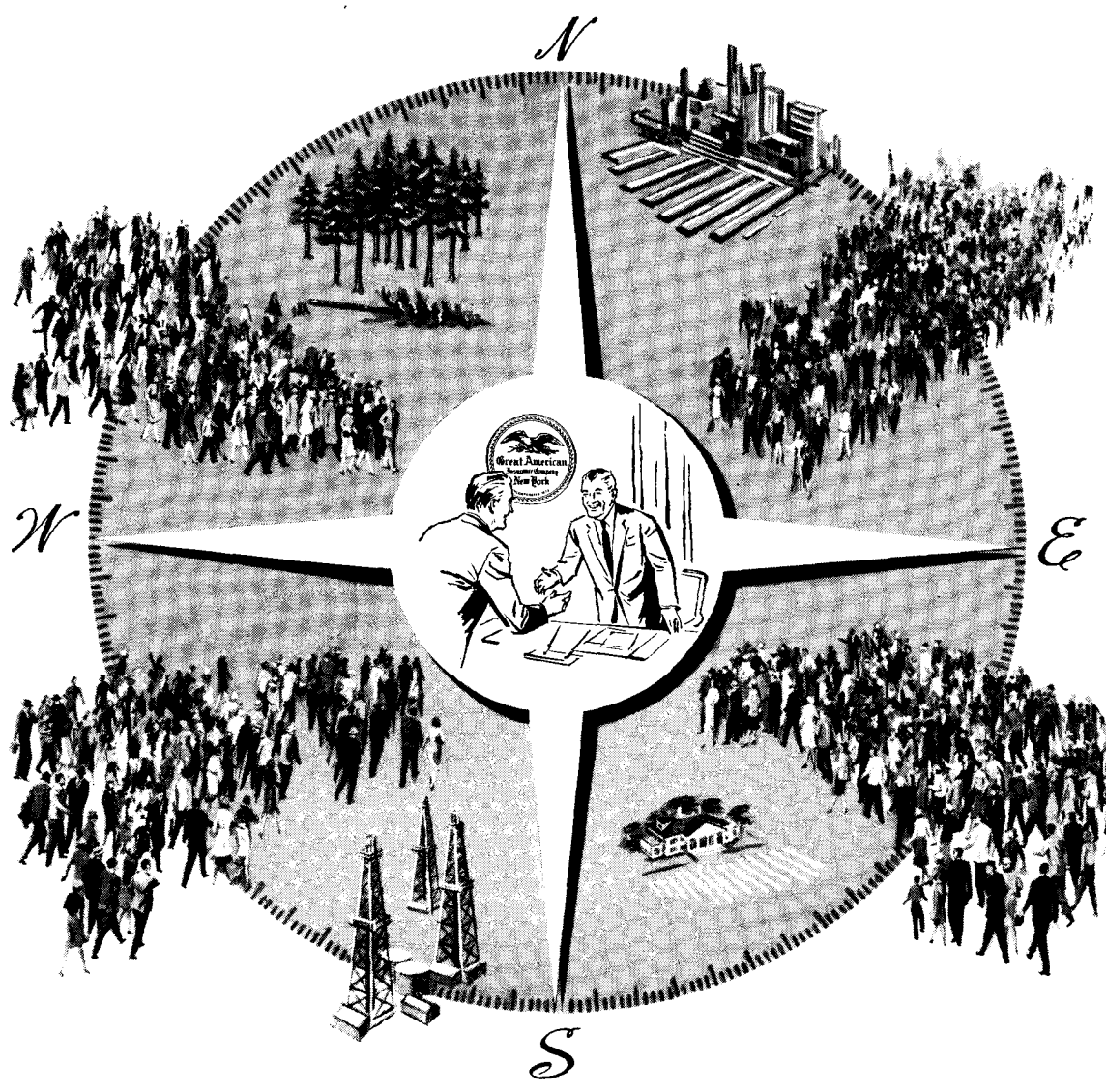

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June was white as a sheet. "Why?"

"I need his glasses, his second wig, the clothes he wore when he arrived in Brussels. Get them under any pretext. Don't let him notice anything. And please call the garage and order my car. Yes, and call Niklaas. Tell him to bring along a young man, nobody in uniform, preferably blond, somebody my type. He should come straight up to my room here. Wait! Don't call anybody. I'll do it myself."

"But this is insanity," said Inspector Niklaas, crouching on the floor in the back of Jed's car. He still didn't know why he had not objected more strongly to Jed's plan and had done exactly as he had been told—sent a blond young plain-clothes man up to Jed's room while he himself had gone to the garage and hidden in the back of Jed's rented car, which a man from the garage had then driven around to the Métropole. He had let himself be swept away by this crazy American who, five minutes ago, together with the plain-clothes man, had left the Métropole, looking so changed that Niklaas had been startled. Then he had got into the rented car. The plain-clothes man, with Jed's hat deep on his forehead, very little of his face showing, had taken the wheel.

The young man was silent. He was driving slowly and carefully.

"Farkas will shoot the instant you get out of the car," Niklaas said.

"We'll see," said Jed, straightening his wig. He swung around. "But you must hold your fire until she is in the car."

"Turn around, Mr. Drake," said Niklaas, "and let the police handle this. You haven't a chance."

The young officer took his foot off the gas pedal, not sure whose orders he should obey—the American's or those of his superior. "Step on it," Jed told him. "Farkas will wait only five minutes. We must be on time. . . . All I need are the few seconds it takes to cross halfway over to him," he told the inspector for the third time now. "A few seconds—and they are all that matter to me."

"I wish I hadn't let you talk me out of posting some plain-clothes men in the neighborhood," said Niklaas.

Jed said nothing. They were almost there. There had been hardly any traffic. But all of a sudden the road lighted up. A car was behind them. If only it was not a police car, which might arouse Farkas's suspicion. "Let it pass," Jed told the driver. But the car hung back.

"It may be one of their people," said Niklaas.

They drove as slowly as possible. Finally the car overtook them, going very fast, and was gone before any of them had a chance to see who its occupants were or to read the license plate.

A moment later Jed saw the road forking off from the highway to the right. It was a small road, completely deserted. But after one mile they saw a black sedan halted on the shoulder. They had almost reached it when it started to move; and by the lowered beam of their headlights Jed could see a hand reach out of the rolled-down window and wave them on to follow. The sedan turned into a lane, drove for about five hundred yards, turned around suddenly and came to an abrupt stop alongside a meadow.

"They've got a plane there—see?" said the driver as he turned the car.

"Yes," said Jed. "I thought I heard an engine warming up." *And that*, he thought, *is why Farkas dared propose such a preposterous deal. He made sure he would be able to get away under all circumstances.* Did he intend, now that everything was going his way, to take Kendeffy alive, so that he could be questioned before they murdered him? Very likely. And that might mean that no shot would be fired if Farkas thought Kendeffy was making straight for the plane.

Now the cars were standing opposite each other, head on, twenty yards apart. Jed could see two men sitting in the sedan. The same voice spoke that had telephoned. "Everything is ready. All you have to do is board the plane."

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 65

The winner is Sanford, although he never got to the mound. He became the pitcher of record when the umpire waved to the press box to announce his entry into the game.

See Section 10.19 (a) (4): ". . . the winning relief pitcher shall be the one who is the pitcher of record when his team assumes the lead and maintains it to the finish of the game."

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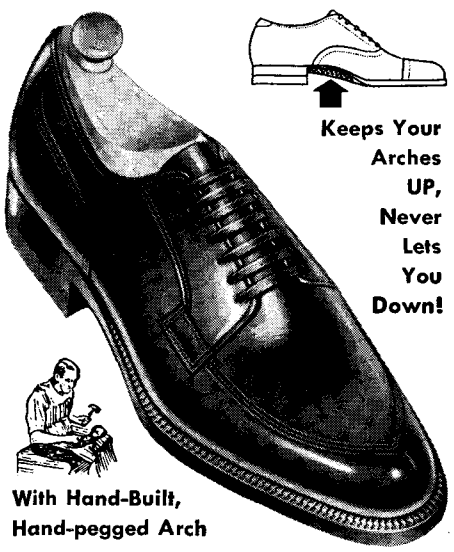

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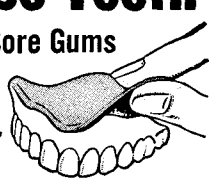

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Farkas was speaking Hungarian. But through the many years of his friendship with Kendeffy, Jed had picked up enough of the language to understand easily the simple directions Farkas was giving. He opened the car door.

A second later he saw the door of the sedan opposite open, saw a slim nylon-stockinged leg appear. "And here is someone to say good-by to you," Farkas called out.

Jed saw Sarolta emerge from the sedan, still held back by a hand on her arm. He reached for the small suitcase he had brought with him. "As soon as she is close enough to pull into the car," he whispered to Niklaas, "shoot out their headlights . . . and turn ours off at the same time," he added to the driver.

Holding the suitcase in front of him, he got out of the car. The hand withdrew from Sarolta's arm and pushed her into the open. *She has been doped*, thought Jed, watching her faltering movements. *She can hardly walk.*

Forcing himself not to look at her, he moved quickly toward the plane. But as he did so, he stumbled over a stone and fell, and the wig slipped from his head.

Sarolta, who had managed to cover half of the small distance between the two cars, gave a startled cry. Since she had been put into the black sedan, she had not been much aware of anything that was going on around her. Now, deceived—as was Farkas—by Jed's disguise, she realized, horrified, what had been in Farkas's mind when he had tried to find out if Jed loved her. She was being exchanged for Kendeffy.

"Kendeffy," she cried. "Turn back. It is Farkas."

To Jed's horror, he could see her standing motionless, making no move toward his car and her own safety. He swung around, lunging toward her, trying to reach her, telling himself that under no circumstances must he speak until she was safely in Niklaas's hands—lest his voice betray the truth of the situation to Farkas. Then, unexpectedly, two quick shots rang out, and the whole scene was plunged into complete darkness. Thank heaven, Niklaas realized the danger of any further delay, thought Jed, and had not waited until Sarolta was closer to the car to shoot out the lights.

"Sari, Sari," he shouted. "Throw yourself on the ground. Try to get to my car." A bullet whizzed by his ear. Then there was silence, as if both sides were waiting.

This was the moment Jed had to use to reach his car. He swung around; then, instinctively, instead of making straight for it, ran to the spot where he had last seen Sarolta. His outstretched hand touched an arm. "Sari!" But it was a man who seized him.

Anticipating Jed's move, Farkas, like Jed, had made for Sarolta. Before Jed could draw back, Farkas was upon him, throwing Jed to the ground. "You think I would let you get away, Drake? You think Farkas would allow you to make a fool of him?"

Farkas fought with the uncanny strength of a man gone berserk with fury. It had looked as if his plan were going to work smoothly—until the last moment. All he could think of was, *I have mishandled the whole thing from the start. I misjudged the weakness of the people I used and the strength of my opponents.* But if he were finished, the others were not going to live either.

To Jed it seemed as if Farkas possessed the power of a giant. There was a moment when life threatened to escape him, when the powerful hands around his throat would not loosen, hard as he tried to break Farkas's grip; another when he felt the sharp edge of a stone being brought down on his fingers. And then, through the violent scuffling of the others, he heard a high, thin scream, and couldn't tell if it had been Niklaas who had cried out, or the young officer or the man Farkas had brought with him—or Sari.

The thought that it might be Sari, that Sari could have been hurt, lent him unexpected strength. He managed to free his right hand, to strike with all the force he could muster against the windpipe of the man kneeling on his chest. Farkas fell back—only for a second, but the second sufficed to give Jed the advantage. Between Jed's choking hands Farkas went limp, moaned, lay still. And then there was light again, and across a small distance Jed could see, in the headlights of his car, a silhouette—Sari, standing, and then she was running toward him.

Two hours later a police car, driven by Inspector Niklaas, sped up the same road Jed had taken on his way to meet Farkas. Jed and Kendeffy were sitting in the back. A little while ago Father Ambrosius had called to say that Laszlo was expecting his old friend for a hunting trip, and they had started off immediately. The time of parting had come at last and, as always in moments of profound emotion, there was nothing to say. Rather than be dramatic or trite, they were silent. But the inspector kept on talking. He had come by to report to Jed and, when he had seen that the two men were about to leave, he had insisted on driving them to the airport.

"So he killed himself—Farkas; I don't know how you pronounce his name—in his cell. Well, it certainly saves us a lot of trouble; what country wants to get involved in a case like this?" He shook his head. "But the other fellow made it. Before we could stop him, he was in the plane. My men are combing the country for the woman, Charlotte Goud. We'll find her. Don't worry. How's your leg holding up, Mr. Drake?"

Kendeffy looked down at Jed's bandaged left leg and at his hand in a splint. "I hope this will teach you not to get mixed up with a man who is determined to make his dream come true," Kendeffy forced a smile. "On the other hand, if one is too rational, one doesn't get anywhere. Reason is a wonderful thing, but it is a two-edged sword. It works against you as much as for you. If man didn't follow his dream, what could he achieve?"

The car came to a stop, and Kendeffy looked at his watch. "I'll be late," he said, "but not too late—thanks to you, Jed." He got out of the car. For a moment he stood still, scratching his head.

"Your wig is askew again," said Jed, staring at the gray hair that covered Kendeffy's head like a thatch. *He'll never learn to put it on right*, he thought.

"I've become rather fond of it," said Kendeffy, straightening it. "The idea of a wig would never have occurred to me if you hadn't suggested it. I've always hated to wear hats and have consequently quite often felt cold." He broke off abruptly, then went on, speaking very low. "Jed," he said, "I may not exactly have been a good father to you, but you have been the best son a man could have. Forgive me when at times I've taken advantage of it. Good-by, my boy."

He walked away quickly. Jed made no attempt to follow him. He watched Kendeffy shake hands with the plain-clothes man Niklaas had stationed at the airport. *And*, thought Jed, *I couldn't have felt closer to you if you had been my father.*

A little while later Jed carefully opened the door to the bedroom of his suite at the Métropole. He had expected it to be dark and Sarolta to be asleep, but the light was on, and she was sitting up in bed, her hands clasped behind her neck, her gaze fixed on the door as if she had been waiting for it to open ever since he had gone.

"Did everything go all right?"

"Yes," he said and smiled as he repeated Kendeffy's words. "He'll be late, but not too late."

"If only I had told you the day Farkas spoke to me that he ——"

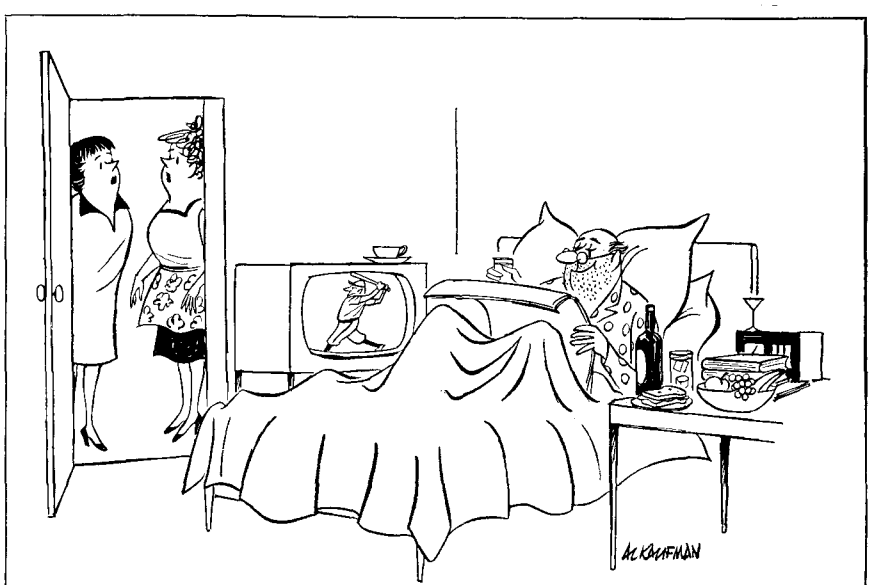
"Let's forget Farkas," he said. "He is dead."

"You risked your life to save me," whispered Sarolta. "He nearly killed you. How can I ever forget it? I've been thinking about you. Why didn't you tell me before that you loved me?"

Jed sat down next to her on the bed. "There were a thousand times when I wanted to, from the first moment I saw you. But you wouldn't have listened to me then. You were lost in everything that had happened. And later—how could I take advantage of the situation?"

Slowly Sarolta's eyes filled with tears, but she did not turn away. "Of course," said Jed, "if you want it that way, I'll give you a divorce. But for one reason only—so that I can court you properly, take you out, kiss you, tell you that I love you and ask you to marry me, the way it should have been from the start. But do you really think it will be necessary?" Sarolta did not answer, but continued looking at him. "Sari, I asked you a question."

"I think it would be a dreadful waste of time," said Sarolta. THE END



"Milton's earned all he can this year without getting into a higher tax bracket."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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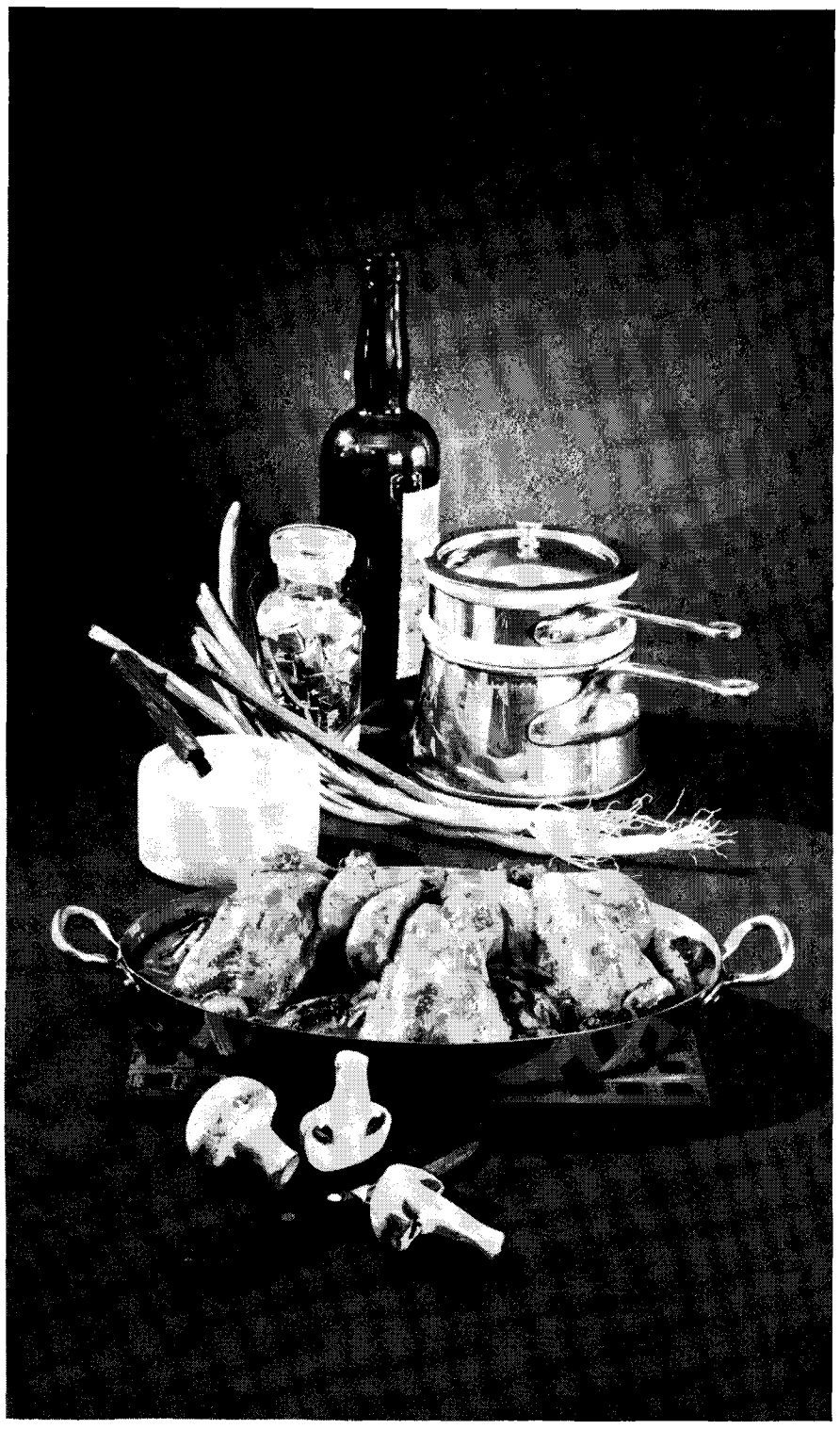

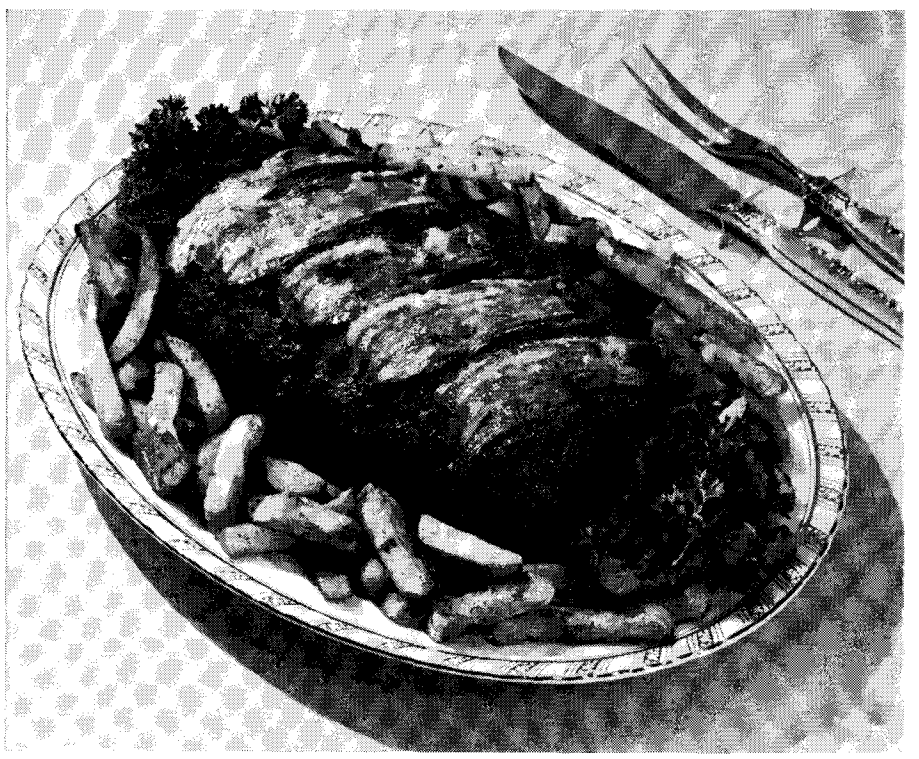

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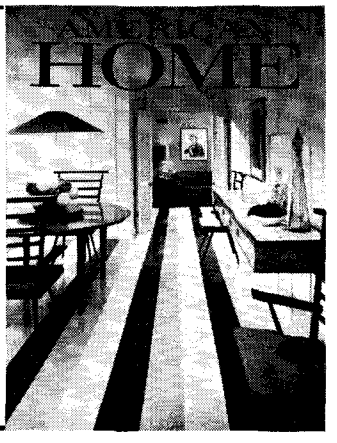

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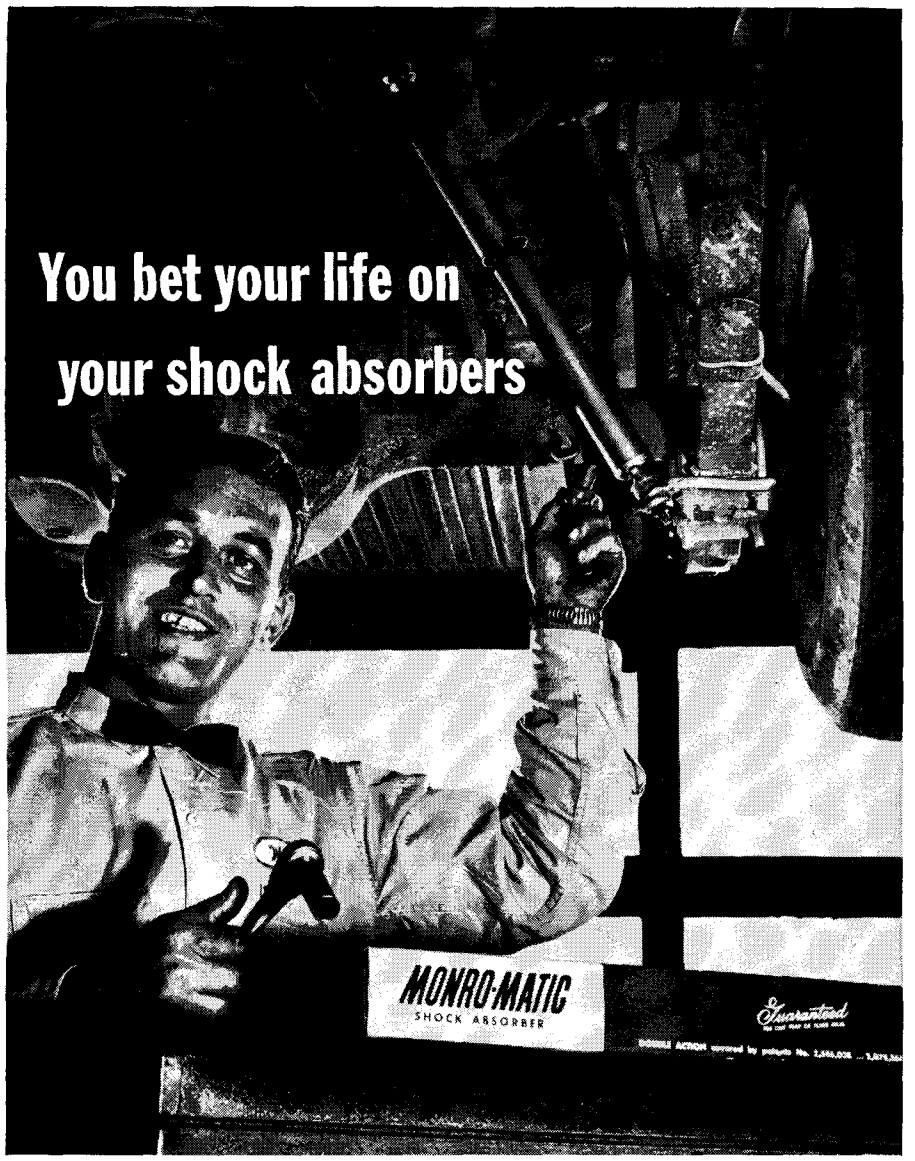

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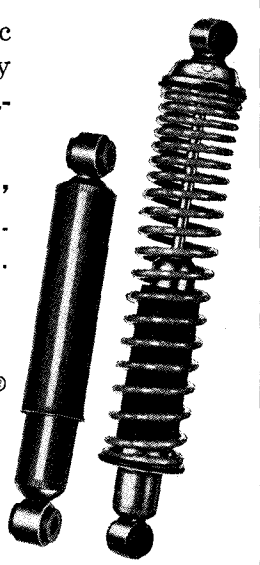

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Guantánamo: Ours or Castro's?

(Continued from Page 21)

of sovereign rights—over almost 29,000 acres of land and water. "Ultimate sovereignty," not defined in the treaty, is Cuban; but our "complete jurisdiction and control" continues indefinitely unless the United States "abandons" the base, or agrees with Cuba to revision of the treaty terms. The treaty cannot be revised or abrogated by Cuba alone.

A parsimonious Congress let Gitmo languish for a while. During World War I, fuel-oil and water-storage facilities, quarters and other buildings were constructed. But the base's principal contribution to victory was a huge pile of coal on Hospital Cay and in the shoal waters nearby, where the fleet's old coal burners filled their bunkers.

In those days, and in the '20's and early '30's, Guantánamo Bay became a Navy tradition. Ships were based on Guantánamo Bay for training in the winter; young ensigns shaved their heads against the heat; crews swam over the side, with riflemen in the tops of the old battleship cage masts to protect them against sharks. (Swimming in the bay is forbidden today because of pollution, sharks and barracuda.)

The Red Barn, a notorious honky-tonk, which is still standing on a Cuban sugar wharf in the Upper Bay, was as familiar in the lexicon of sailor men as Sands Street in Brooklyn. So was Caimanera, a dirty little Cuban town near the reservation, where rum flowed freely and meals, of a sort, were served at Pepe's Place.

The Navy of the '20's was perhaps less conventional, less staid than today's fleet, and at Guantánamo formalities were sometimes forgotten. This writer, a young ensign then, recalls one early-morning watch when the executive officer of a ship best unnamed, returning from Caimanera, decided to swim the last lap of the distance to his ship. He climbed up the gangway and solemnly saluted the quarter-deck stark naked.

The old Guantánamo Bay yielded to the new during World War II, when much of the present station was completed. It is now valued at some $76,000,000 and includes about 1400 buildings. During the war Gitmo continued to be the principal training base for the Atlantic Fleet. Favored by its strategic location near the Windward Passage, it also served as an important antisubmarine-warfare base and a convoy assembly port. Sinkings by German submarines in the Caribbean and off the Florida coast were finally checked in large part by the convoy system, and by patrols from our string of sea and air bases stretching from Key West to Trinidad. Guantánamo was the most important link in the chain.

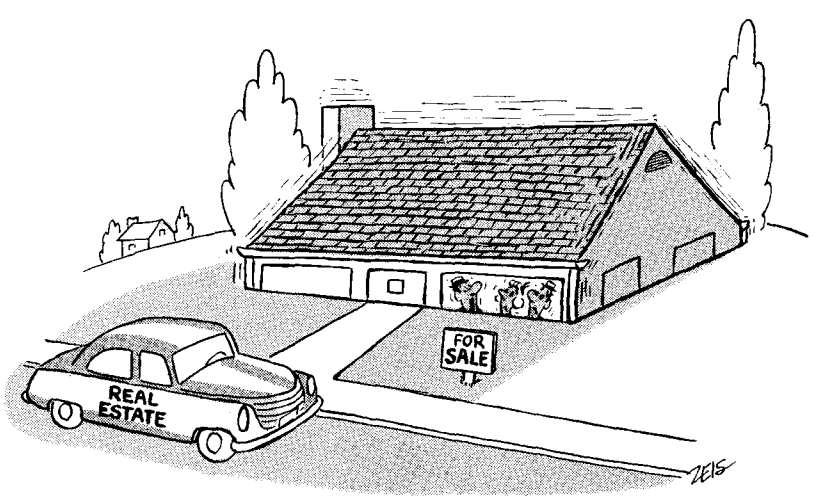
During the late '30's or early '40's Gitmo acquired some of the "squatters" who give it a flavor reminiscent of the old China station. There is a colony of resident Chinese who live and work on the base. One of them, wrinkled Sun Lee from Hong Kong, sixty-four years old, has been providing the marine enlisted club these past eighteen years with fresh vegetables from his own garden. An enterprising Cuban runs a bum boat, which never goes to sea, but remains tied up to a pier and renews its cargo of fresh fruits and produce by truck. There are two Cuban ranches on the reservation, one a vestigial carry-over from the days before '98, the other what's left of an experiment that failed—an attempt to supply beef cattle and fresh milk to the base.

Since World War II the base has continued its traditional role as handmaiden to the fleet. A Fleet Training Group has headquarters at Gitmo and assists the ships that report there for shakedown or refresher training. All sorts of facilities ashore serve the fleet—machine shops, warehouses, fuel-oil tanks, rifle ranges and extensive recreational facilities. There are two airstrips, the 5000-foot runway of McCalla Field for propeller-driven planes, and an 8000-foot strip for jets across the bay on Leeward Point.

Guantánamo Bay today has a fourfold importance to the United States. As a training base it might be replaced by Roosevelt Roads, Puerto Rico, partly developed in World War II, but only at a cost of many millions for additional installations. As a logistical base it is unrivaled in the Caribbean; and it provides staging for aircraft en route to Central or South America. Its strategic location, guarding the most important entrance to the Caribbean and on the outer line of defense of the Panama Canal, makes it highly important in antisubmarine warfare.

But Guantánamo Bay's greatest importance, in the era of Castro and Communism, is political and psychological. What happens to Guantánamo will affect the Canal Zone, our base at Chaguaramas in Trinidad, and indeed our position throughout Latin America. United States power and prestige are involved in Gitmo. If we allow ranting "Fidelistas" to run us out, the repercussions will be felt throughout the world.

There is a negative importance to Guantánamo too; as long as we hold it, no potential enemy can use it. The base is too big for Cuba's present military forces, which lack the training to use it, and



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's still settling."

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even the need for it. But imagine the Hammer and Sickle waving over Gitmo: Such a Russian foothold in the Western Hemisphere would be a bald military challenge to the Monroe Doctrine and a threat to our security. It could not be tolerated.

In a Cuba raddled by revolution, oppressed by fear and troubled by its government's continued swing to the left, Guantánamo Bay provides comparative values for at least a few Cubans. The more Communist Cuba becomes, the more important it will be to preserve this showcase, this link between the United States and the Cuban people.

This area of Cuba was once an arid waste of mud flats and mangrove swamps, with steep hills and rocky outcroppings on the eastern side of the bay. Banyan trees and lianas struggled for life in the valleys with cactus and *maarabu*. There is no natural source of fresh water on the base and very little rainfall. There was little topsoil when we took over. Through the years the place has been transformed into something of a tropical paradise, freed of endemic disease, hunger and hardship. The neat frame and cinder-block houses are framed in brilliant settings of royal palms, banana trees, mangoes, bougainvillaea, hibiscus, flamboyants and multicolored tropical plants. Topsoil and water, both imported, have provided green grass and shade in a land where the tropic sun comes up like flaming thunder in a cloudless sky; where the monotony of unending hot, sunny days provokes the sour remark: "Well, just another damned beautiful day."

Water is supplied under contract from a pumping point on the Yateras River more than four miles from the reservation, and piped to storage tanks on the reservation.

Spraying has made the malarial mosquito a rarity; a modern hospital, seldom full, cares for the sick. For outdoor living the year round there are swimming pools, golf course, a 100-horse corral, baseball diamonds, seventeen softball fields, outdoor movies and beaches blasted out of rugged coral.

Though American residents are now never allowed beyond the fence line, life is good on the base. The place stands in sharp contrast to much of the surrounding Cuban land, to the stark squalor of Caimanera and Boquerón, to the frowziness of much of Guantánamo City, a town of 50,000 some twenty-eight miles away.

A small daily mimeographed newspaper, *The Papoose*, carries abbreviated highlights of world news, supplementing the mainland dailies, which arrive late by ship and plane. The base's own radio station, WGBY, broadcasts in English and Spanish, giving honest news to Cuban workers on the base, and to Cubans living nearby, instead of the distortions of the controlled Cuban press.

One Cuban expressed his delight that improved reception in Guantánamo City now enabled him to tune in WGBY's news broadcasts. "Now," he said, "we can judge for ourselves."

Economically Guantánamo Bay is the main prop of the surrounding community, even more important now than in the past. The Freeport Sulphur Company's Moa Bay enterprise is closed; many estates and sugar mills have been expropriated; thousands of Cubans in Oriente Province, where Castro's revolution began, are out of work or are paid a pittance by the government. Even Santiago, once a thriving commercial city, has felt the blight. Most of the Cubans who work at the base live in Boquerón, Caimanera, Guantánamo City and other nearby points; to this whole area of Cuba, the American dollars provided by the Navy are well-nigh essential.

The base's resident military population is now about 250 officers and almost 2700 enlisted men, plus 200 United States civil-service employees. Dependents number about 2500. In addition there are normally 4000 to 5000 men aboard ships of the fleet based at Gitmo.

Some 3600 Cubans, including almost 2200 civil-service employees, run the base's power plants, laundries, machine shops, recreational areas and other facilities, and help in the hospital and mess halls. Usually about 800 of these live on the base—many of the cooks and maids in the homes of employers, the others in specially provided barracks.

These workers are the economic mainstay of the Guantánamo area of Oriente Province. Their wages are higher than the average paid in the eastern section of Cuba in normal times—far higher than most wages now being paid—and the civil-service employees have pension rights. The total Cuban payroll is now about $6,790,000, and the base spends another $656,000 locally for foodstuffs and supplies.

Until two years ago Guantánamo City, Caimanera, Santiago and other nearby points reaped a further harvest of dollars from free-spending sailors on liberty. Now, with Cuba off-bounds, the saloons are dark and dreary. The Red Barn is closed, and Pepe sells soft drinks and beer to the base instead of presiding behind his Caimanera bar.

Despite Castro's incessant anti-American propaganda over the radio, in the press, in pamphlets and schoolbooks, the relationship between the Americans and Cuban workers at the base is generally good. There is no anxiety among the Americans at Guantánamo; indeed, they are amused or indignant at the fears expressed for their safety in letters from home.

The Cuban maids and cooks and baby sitters who work on the base have shown little change in attitude, except that most of them won't discuss Cuban politics with their employers if another Cuban is around. No one knows who is an informer or government spy. And at times of tension, like the Cuban revolutionary holiday of the twenty-sixth of July, the domestics will ask to stay on the base overnight, or will be absent from work.

The base workers fall into two groups—the civil-service employees and the "peons" or laborers. The Cuban civil-service employees have a considerable stake in Gitmo; 1700 of them average ten years' service. Some of them, like sixty-nine-year-old Cuban John Richardson, a machinist in the Ship Repair Department, veteran of forty-four years' service, have spent their lives at the base. Richardson, who lives in Guantánamo City, is also an expert carpenter, known and sought after throughout the fleet. He has three sons who work on the base, and all of them have civil-service pension rights. Such men have everything to lose and nothing to gain by United States abandonment of the base. Most of them, it appears, want to be let alone to do their work and earn their money and live in peace.

The noncivil-service workers, with fewer skills and a larger turnover, have less stake in their jobs, and some of them have cast covetous eyes at the neat American homes at Gitmo.

The proportion of Castro supporters among the base workers appears to have declined sharply in the past year; probably less than 30 per cent are still pro-Castro. But the Cuban worker at Guantánamo is caught in the middle. He is

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Cuban, but he owes his livelihood to the United States, and he is influenced by the American way of life as he sees it at Gitmo. Inside the base he is Cuban; if worse comes to worst, an "enemy alien"; outside the base he is "too friendly to Americans."

One of them expressed his dilemma this way: "My wife said to me when I went home one day, 'I hear you had a bad day at the base.'

"I say, 'What do you mean?'

"'They beat some of the workers with sticks—and hold guns in the back.'

"I say, 'This is not true.' She say she hear it from radio and paper and friends.

"Later when I was speaking of the base before my twelve-year-old daughter, she suddenly say, 'You are speaking against the government.' I say, 'No, I am only telling the truth.' But she bring home from school comic books full of hate."

This effort to warp young minds, to set children against parents, and the intensive anti-American propaganda to which Cuban workers at Gitmo are constantly exposed are perhaps the most serious of the pressures used against the base. Yet it has not resulted, so far, in any important incidents.

Probably 120 to 150 of the base employees are members of Castro's militia, sometimes distinguished by their berets, sometimes by the unusual interest they take in other workers' pay checks. But only about 950 of the base employees belong to the *Sindicato de Obreros y Empledos*, a union of base workers.

Federico Figueras Larrazabal, a machinist and secretary general of the union since Castro took over, was fired last spring. In July three Cuban employees of the naval hospital were dismissed after making slanderous statements against the United States Government and the base. Figueras used catch phrases of Communism in his diatribe; he accused "the North American imperialists" of preparing to "perpetrate a sabotage" at the base, "similar to the one that they themselves performed when they blew up the *Maine*."

The dismissal of Figueras and the three other workers caused scarcely a ripple. Indeed, a union meeting later virtually repudiated its chief, apparently because many of the workers thought Figueras had misused his union position. But all the workers have felt the pressure of the "Hate-America" campaign. Inflammatory handbills are distributed to workers as they leave the gates. Cuban militia have established roadblocks sporadically outside the base and have arrested workers in attempts to force them all to change their dollars into pesos at legal rates of exchange. Cuban girls from the neighborhood who have attended base dances on Saturday nights—carefully chaperoned—have been arrested when they left the reservation, maltreated and subjected to indignities.

A Cuban speedboat, called "The Candy Stripe" by the harbor police, because of its red-and-white markings, teases our patrol boats by darting through the Water Gate from the Upper Bay into United States-held waters, and then retreating before our boats can catch it.

Under the terms of the treaty "vessels engaged in the Cuban trade," presumably any commercial ship of any nationality—even a Russian vessel—and all Cuban ships, including men-of-war, have the right of transit in peacetime from the Caribbean through the Lower Bay, which the United States holds. They may go past the Water Gate, where our authority ends, to the sugar piers at Boquerón and the small wharves at Caimanera in the Upper Bay. But a Navy ban against fishing in the Lower Bay, necessary to the security of the base and the ships at anchor there, has been rigidly enforced. Cuba's rulers have tested this regulation once since Castro rose to power. Some months ago about sixty boats, many times the number of fishing vessels that are based in Caimanera and Boquerón, invaded the Lower Bay. They were "protected" by an armed escort of Cuban soldiers, who proclaimed that these were Cuban waters inhabited by Cuban fish, and that the boats intended to stay.

Their bluff was called by Rear Adm. F. W. (Mike) Fenno, three times awarded the Navy Cross for his submarine exploits in World War II, and a tough commander who means to keep the United States flag flying over Gitmo. He sent out a patrol boat with a marine emissary aboard and warned the Cubans to get out—or face the consequences. They left.

Thus, the United States hold on Gitmo has not been challenged, so far, except by pinpricks and needlings. There has been no sabotage or attempted sabotage, perhaps because Castro has warned against it, lest it provide the Yankees with "an excuse for aggression." Nor have there been work slowdowns; absenteeism has been normal except on some revolutionary holidays.

What then, is Gitmo's future?

There are three types of threat to the base. The most extreme—all-out attack by the Cuban armed forces and militia—is unlikely, since it might precipitate our armed intervention in Cuba against Castro. Besides, the 180 to 240 Marines normally stationed at Guantánamo, reinforced by a tough Seabee battalion and hundreds of trained sailors, all supported by attack aircraft and the guns of the fleet, would be too much for the Cubans. Guantánamo Bay, moreover, can be rapidly reinforced from Roosevelt Roads in Puerto Rico or from the States.

The second threat is the possibility of harassing demonstrations and provocations by the Cubans to induce us to take armed action against them. This threat presents its dangers, but they are not major. What the Cubans do outside the base is Cuba's business. Inside the base, provocations will not be tolerated.

The third threat, sabotage, is by far the most serious. Given an army of Cuban workers all over the base, and a Fifth Column of fanatic Fidelistas among them, sabotage would be easy despite the manning of antisabotage posts in times of tension. Workers leaving the base are searched regularly, but are only spot-checked entering it. Sabotage, perhaps accompanied by some terrorism, could occur in varied forms. If it does, the ultimate answer would be the exclusion of all Cubans from the base. Specialists of the Navy's Construction Battalion could provide essential services, and eventually the Cubans could be replaced by workers from the States.

There still remains a weakness. No fresh water has been found on the base, despite intensive drilling, and distillation equipment of the required capacity has been considered too expensive. The Yateras River pumping point, from which water is now drawn, is more than four miles beyond the reservation fence. The Cuban Government could cut off the flow of fresh water to Gitmo at any time, or a Cuban fanatic could sabotage the pipeline.

The Navy has plans to meet such an emergency. Gitmo normally uses 2,500,000 gallons of fresh water a day for all purposes, including car washing and lawn watering. With strict rationing it could get along with 500,000 gallons daily. Recently completed tanks have brought the water-storage capacity up to 9,500,000 gallons. If worse comes to worst, Gitmo will be supplied with fresh water by tanker ships. A new pumping line to the old battleship moorings in the bay will enable tankers to discharge water faster than the base can use it.

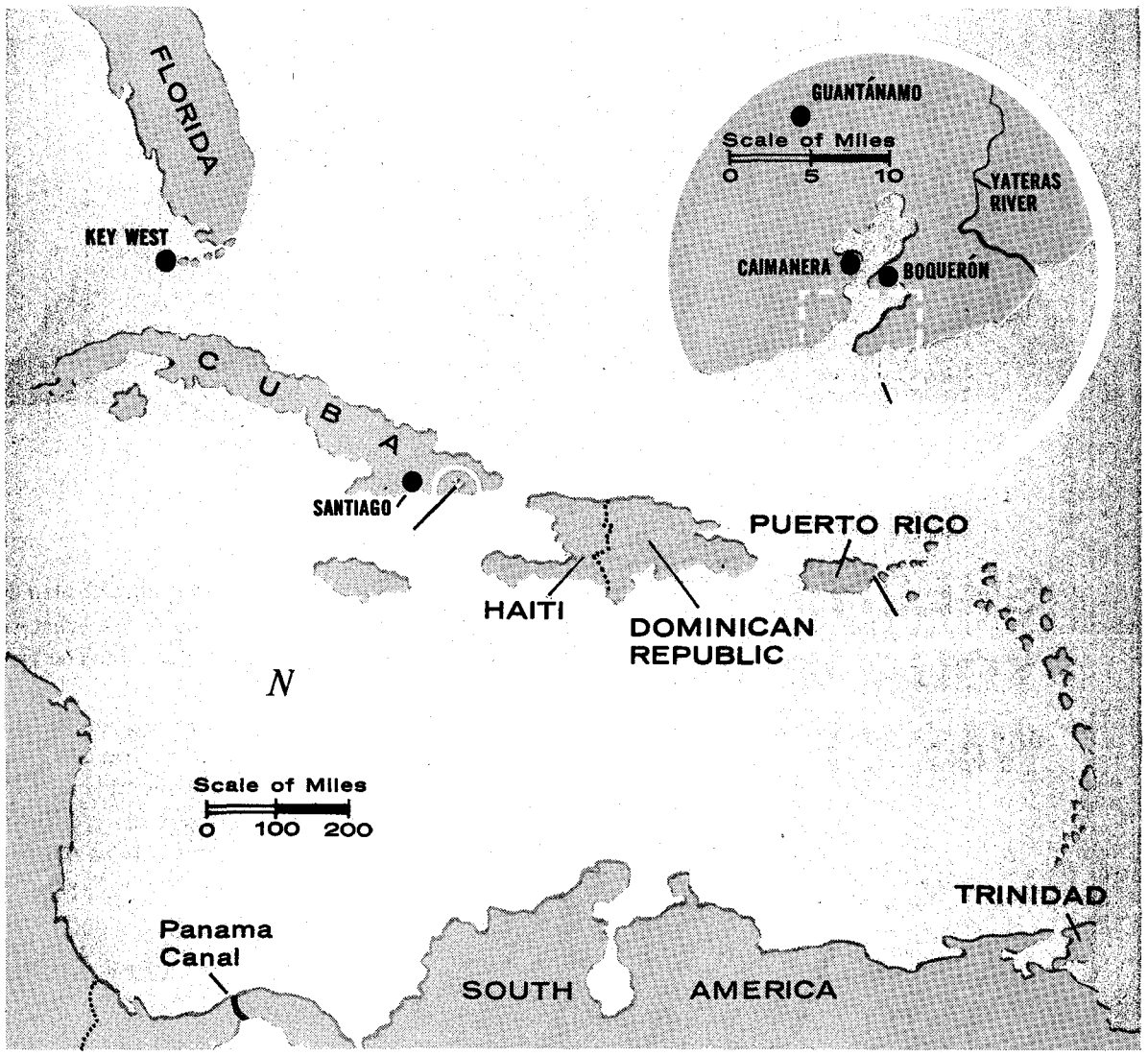
In short, Guantánamo Bay is fairly secure against physical threat. More dangerous to its future—indeed, to the future of other bases overseas—is the inclination of some Americans to appease, compromise or retreat in the face of threats, or the danger of physical violence.

Admiral Fenno, supported firmly by the Pentagon, will have none of this. "If we left Guantánamo," he said recently, "we would lose so much face here in the Caribbean, it would be reflected all over the world. How long are we going to be pushed around? We have no intention of giving up this base. We are not interfering with the internal affairs of Cuba. We are meticulous in living up to our end of the agreement."

So long as the nation supports a policy of firmness, it seems likely that the Cubans will limit their attacks against Gitmo to harassment, pressure against the workers, propaganda and threats.

Things are bound to get worse in Cuba before they become better, and Gitmo may be affected. But we are there legally. We have converted an arid wilderness into a first-class naval base with American dollars, and our continued presence is in the best interest of the United States, and the Cuban people too.

Gitmo, important militarily, is even more important as a symbol of the United States' position in the world today, and as a sanctuary of freedom in a land where freedom is dying. We retreat at our peril. THE END



The strategic location of the U.S. naval base at Guantánamo Bay makes it valuable in a limited war. The 45-square-mile base guards the main entrance to the Caribbean and is part of the outer defense perimeter of the Panama Canal.

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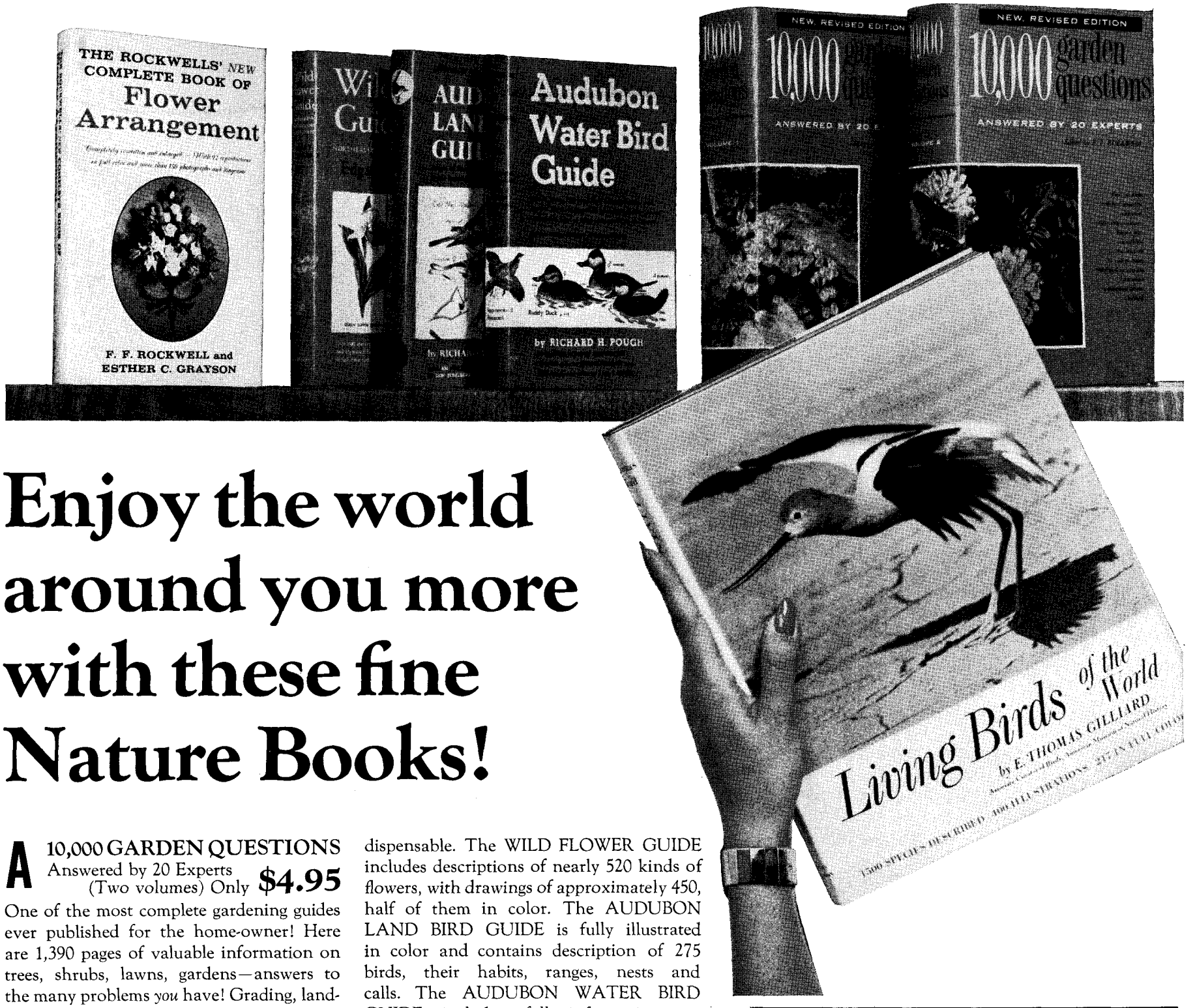
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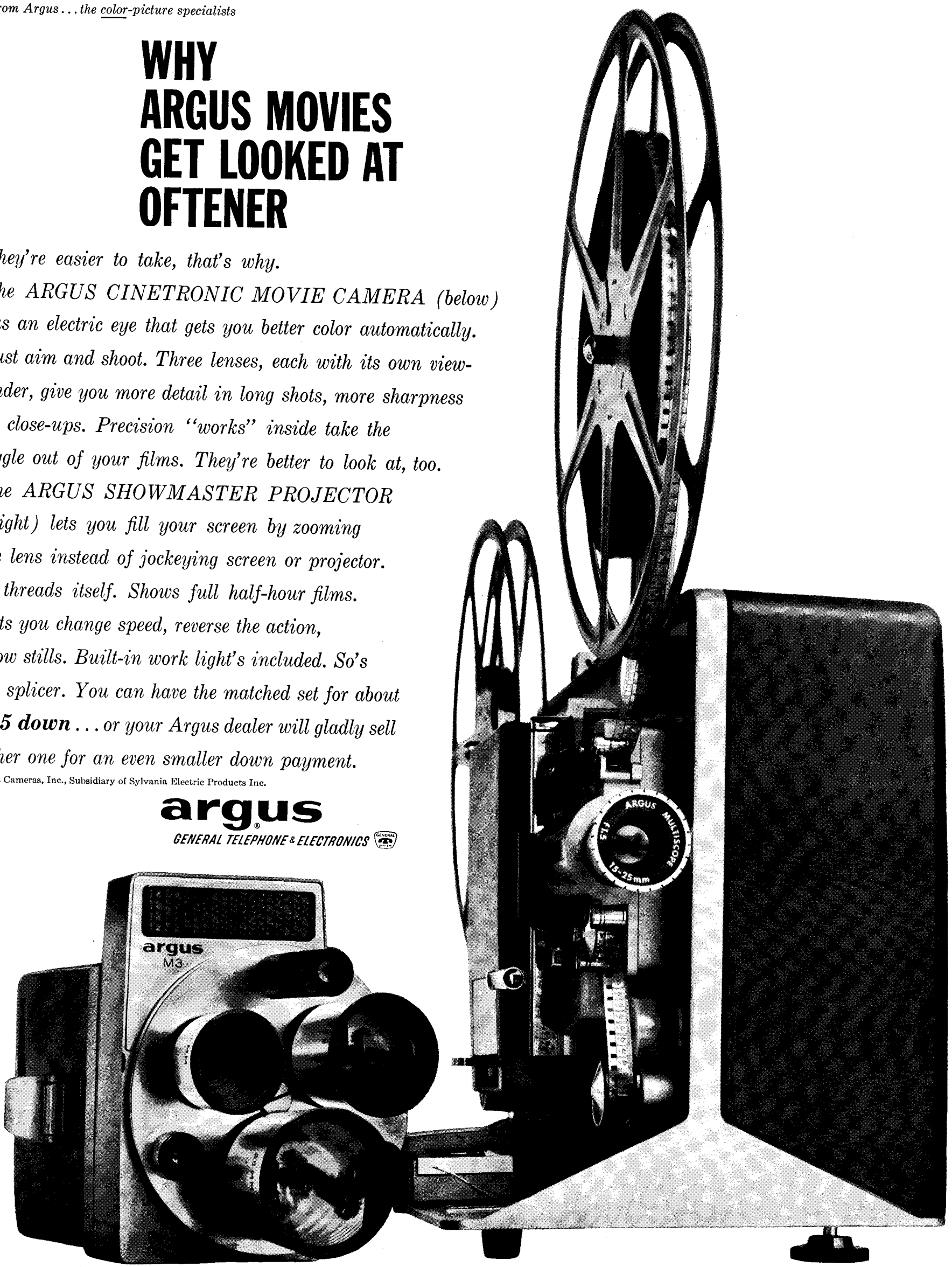

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The Girl on the Tower

(Continued from Page 26)

hotel lobby turning pages and hating all Sundays because there was too much time and too much thinking. Later he walked aimlessly through town. There was no sun, but it was hot and very humid, with clouds hanging heavy over the surrounding plains. Hansen removed his jacket and felt his shirt clinging moistly. He was a tall, sandy-haired man and walked with an easy, rambling stride. Reaching the edge of town, he saw the dust rising from the fairgrounds half a mile away. High above it was the steel webbing of the tower. He had arrived late the night before and had not known it would be there. But somehow he was not surprised.

The girl was just starting to climb as he edged into the crowd. She was very tall and big-boned, but beautifully formed in a white swimsuit. Hansen had seen her before in other places, but always from a distance. He had thought her to be smaller. She smiled once to the crowd as she moved upward, then did not look down again. Hansen felt the dizziness start. Just looking at great height could do it to him. He lowered his head and it passed. But the tightness inside remained.

Rain was falling when she reached the top, but the crowd held tense and still. There was only the sound of muffled drums. Then the drums, too, were silent as the girl raised her arms slowly and dramatically upward. *The high priestess of courage,* Hansen thought dimly, *offering benediction to the less fortunate.* She launched herself outward, and Hansen closed his eyes. He stood this way, chewing on his lower lip until he heard the splash of water and cheering shouts. Then he breathed deeply as he opened his eyes and watched her climb from the tank.

It was raining heavily by the time he got back to the hotel. He felt hungry and went into the coffee shop for a sandwich. He was lingering over dessert when he saw the girl come in. She sat down at a table facing him. They were the only two guests in the room, and Hansen looked at the fine way her short, blond hair curled against her face. He found it hard to believe she did not know him as he knew her. She shifted uncomfortably, and Hansen realized he had been staring. He finished his coffee, then abruptly stood up and went over to her table.

"If I was staring," he began, "it's just that I saw you before at the fair and thought ——" He stopped, suddenly hearing it come out as a cheap and not very original pickup attempt.

She looked at him coldly. "And so you thought I was still on display?"

Hansen shook his head. "No," he said. "I just thought how unfair it was for all that courage to be squandered on any one person. I wondered why."

"Oh." She frowned at her water glass. "I'm sorry if I was rude," she said. "But sometimes after a show I just want to find a closet and hide in it."

Hansen felt a slight advantage. "May I have coffee with you?"

The girl hesitated, seeming to regret her apology. Then she nodded. Hansen sat down and signaled the waitress for coffee. The girl went on eating. He introduced himself, and she told him her name was Lonnie Allen.

"I know," he said, then carefully quoted the fair posters he had seen. "The world's greatest and most spectacular high diver."

She looked at him closely, trying to decide if he was laughing at her.

"I've seen you before," he explained. "I guess I've seen you nearly a dozen times around the country." *Not counting the dreams,* Hansen thought. *And how many more with the dreams?*

"Yes?" she said curiously. "Where have you seen me?"

Hansen recited the names of the places where his itinerary had crossed hers. When he had finished, she said, "You move around as much as a carny. What do you do?"

"I sell machine tools and parts to factories."

"That sounds interesting," Lonnie Allen said politely.

"Interesting?" Hansen sipped his coffee and did not even taste it. "It's absolutely fascinating. It makes life so beautifully simple. Everything is reduced to a single line on a sales chart. Send it up, and there's sunshine and hope. Let it fall, and there's black despair."

Lonnie put down her fork. "If you put it that way," she said, "then my life, too, is beautifully simple."

"Of course." *One bad try,* he thought, *would be all she'd get.* "But not for me. Ladders make me dizzy."

She smiled. "Sometimes I wish they made me dizzy too. At least then I wouldn't be climbing them twice a day and three times on Sunday."

"You don't really mean that."

"Why not? Do you think risking my neck is such great fun?"

"No. But I thought after a while it became pretty much like everything else—

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almost routine." He knew it was wrong the moment he said it.

She leaned across the small table, her eyes very cold and blue. "Let me tell you something," she said evenly. "If I went up that tower every day for two hundred years, it still wouldn't be like anything else. And I'd still be scared half to death every time."

He did not say anything.

Her eyes were off somewhere. "And it doesn't get better. Today was worse than yesterday, and tomorrow will be worst of all."

Hansen looked at her face, then turned toward the window. The rain had stopped but the clouds still threatened. After a while he said, "That was a stupid thing for me to say—thoughtless and stupid."

"No. I'm just edgy. I told you I needed a closet between shows. Besides, how could you have known the way I felt about it?"

"Anyone with sense should have known," he said. "And especially someone feeling as I do about height." He hesitated. "Without even knowing you, I cringed every time I saw you go up there. Yet whenever it was possible, I was there watching—afraid to see, yet almost more afraid not to."

She looked at him wonderingly and a little skeptically. "You gave it that much thought? And without knowing me?"

"Without knowing you. Without seeing you closer than a hundred feet away. Without hearing your voice, or the way you laughed. Without any one of the thousand little things it would ordinarily take to make a man care anything at all about a woman."

"But I don't understand," she said uncertainly. "Why me?"

Hansen's eyes showed his admiration for Lonnie Allen, graceful, sunburned, beautifully molded and haunting fragment of his dreams. "I don't know," he lied. "Unless it's the way you can go for broke twice a day and not even push for odds. I've always respected and envied a good gambler. Maybe it's because I could never quite lay it on the line myself. I've always been too afraid of losing."

"Losing what?" she asked.

"Anything," Hansen said, "and everything. It never mattered much. If there was a risk, I avoided it. If there was a safe way, I found it."

"There's nothing wrong with that. At least you can't lose much."

He looked at her large, brown and very beautiful hands. "No. But you can't win much either. And that, madam, is the story of my life."

She saw him looking at her hands and flushed. "Big, aren't they?" She laughed self-consciously. "They don't even make gloves my size. I have to order them."

It bothers her, Hansen realized with surprise. *With all she has, her size still bothers her. And just the curve of her cheek could absolutely break a man's heart.*

Later he walked back to the fairgrounds with her. On the midway the crowds were beginning to return from wherever they had found shelter during the rain. The two big Ferris wheels were back in action, their gaunt frames turning slowly. The girl kept glancing anxiously at the sky. A strong breeze sent the clouds scudding low and fast, but others were building up over the encircling mountains. "Afraid it might rain again?" Hansen asked.

"No." She smiled. "Afraid it might not. If it doesn't, I go up twice more today. At six and eleven. Rain is my only reprieve."

Hansen's eyes automatically went to the tower. Somehow it seemed even taller than before. They were passing the striped tent of a minstrel show. A clown was on the outside platform trying to attract a crowd. The clown lifted his hand to Lonnie, and she waved back.

"I feel like a traitor," she said, "every time I wish for rain. It's a fair's worst enemy. And I'm supposed to be a born carny. I'm supposed to have sawdust in my veins instead of blood."

"Have you been part of it for so long?" Hansen asked.

"All my life. I'm the original born-in-the-trunk kid. My folks had an aerial act—The Flying Allens. Maybe you heard of them."

Hansen nodded, vaguely recalling the name from long-faded-and-gone billboards. He carefully avoided asking the obvious question.

"They died in a plane about five years ago," she volunteered. "But I kept on with what they'd taught me. I didn't know anything else."

"You never thought of quitting?"

"Sure. But I also thought where would I go and what would I do." She smiled bleakly. "Anyway, they say a real carny only quits feet first."

Hansen and the girl walked past a noisy assortment of rides and concessions. A woman in a faded gypsy costume called out from the palmistry booth, "Who's your tall friend, Lonnie?"

Lonnie laughed. "You're the fortune-teller. You tell me."

"Bring him in," the gypsy said, "and maybe I will."

A small town is where people read the local newspaper to see whether the editor is getting the news.

PEP MEALIFFE

The girl smiled at Hansen. "Sara just enjoys holding men's hands."

"Let's give her the chance," Hansen offered. "It might be fun."

They went inside the booth and settled around a small, cloth-covered table. The gypsy studied Hansen's palm, then his face. "All of living," she purred, "all its hopes and fears are clearly marked on your hand and face in an ever-changing pattern. Even at this instant I can see something in your life which is bringing you great anxiety and worry. . . ."

Hansen sat listening to her drone through her obviously standard opening, touching lightly on the main topics of human interest—love, money, health, dangers and dreams. She watched his face carefully, seeking some slight reaction as a clue to which of her random remarks should be pressed further. When she finally returned to the subject of dreams, Hansen grudgingly admired her skill, while mourning his own inability to keep his face decently inscrutable.

"It is all clear," she breathed, closing her eyes with a kind of harsh rapture. "I can see now that even in sleep you are not free from fear. For it comes to you then in a swirling vapor of dreams."

Almost compulsively Hansen glanced at Lonnie, who sat smiling as she enjoyed the performance. "But your fear is for another," the woman said triumphantly, her darting, searching eyes missing nothing. "Just as your dreams, too, are tied to another." She leaned forward, sure of herself now. "And is not this person with us at this very moment?"

He should hire himself out to mind readers, Hansen thought dryly, as a confidence builder. He nodded, seeing the quick surprise on Lonnie's face, then the puzzled frown.

"Ah," the gypsy crooned, her voice far away and echoing, "I see a tower in your dreams and a figure whirling through space." She stared through half-closed eyes at the canvas ceiling, with the fixed expression she reserved for such occasions. "I see it falling—falling through the mists. It disappears. Now I see it again. Now I see it clearly. Now I ——"

She stopped, her body swaying, and covered her eyes with a brown, clawlike hand. *Oh, brother*, Hansen thought, *she really gives it the full treatment*. She lowered her hand, and her eyes clouded with a final, deep, vague mist. "I can see no more. The reading is ended."

Lonnie laughed. "Don't stop now. It was just getting interesting."

"I can see no more!" Sara's voice filled the tent, high and tragic.

"But what happens to me?" Lonnie smiled. "Do I miss the tank?"

The gypsy turned on her. "Knock on wood when you say that."

"Oh, come on, Sara."

"Knock on wood," she repeated angrily, pointing to her chair.

Lonnie leaned forward and rapped her knuckles three times against the chair. She looked at the gypsy strangely. Hansen stood up and dropped a few crumpled bills on the table. Sara picked up the money and pressed it back into his hand. "From you," she said, "I take no money."

Hansen started to insist, but the woman was not even listening.

Out on the midway Lonnie glanced back at the booth. "The middle of the twentieth century," she said flatly, "and superstition is still all around us."

Hansen looked at her walking beside him, six feet tall and graceful as a duchess. A distant church bell chimed five times. *One more hour*, he thought, *and she goes up again*. Then he glanced at the sky and silently wished for rain.

"Do you really have such dreams?" she suddenly asked.

Hansen nodded, somewhat embarrassed by the whole thing. "Crazy, isn't it?" He grinned. "So you see? You're not a stranger to me at all."

"I see." They walked past the click of turning prize wheels. "In the dreams," she said, "I miss the tank, don't I?"

"How did you know?"

"From Sara's act." Lonnie smiled. "She specializes in gloom and doom. That's why she doesn't do too well. People only like to hear pleasant things."

Hansen looked up suddenly. "Hey! I think I felt rain."

They stood waiting, faces lifted. A few drops were beginning to fall. Lonnie looked at him. "Now I've even infected you with my secret vice. Once you start wishing for rain, you're an outcast."

"All my life," he said happily, feeling the cool wetness on his face, "I've wanted to be different from other people."

Hansen's car was parked near the hotel, and they reached it just as the skies seemed to open wide. They sat laughing breathlessly, because they had been running at the end, and there was suddenly a holiday feeling to it. The rain pounded the roof and flooded the windows.

"Beautiful," Hansen said. "It looks as though it'll never stop."

"It will stop. It always does."

"But not tonight. Never tonight."

Lonnie smiled as lightning flashed blue. "Well, at least not before six o'clock. I like to get past them one at a time. I'll think about eleven o'clock later."

They sat enjoying the storm. All of life, Hansen thought, was suddenly wrapped up in a few hours and some rain.

"I read in the paper this morning," he said, "about a place that bragged about the best dance music west of the Rockies."

Lonnie hesitated. "I'm afraid I'm a very bad dancer."

(*Continued on Page 78*)

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(*Continued from Page 76*) "Even if I believed you," he said, "who cares?"

They found the place a short distance outside of town. It was a low, rustic building set in a stand of pines. Inside it was pleasantly dark and cool. A five-piece combo was playing noisily for a few couples dancing and many more at the tables. A sad-faced man led them to an empty booth, and Hansen was agreeably aware of heads turning to admire the tall girl. It was nice, he decided, to be able to be proud of someone.

He spoke of it when they were seated and the waiter had taken their orders and left. "You're proud of me?" Lonnie said. "But why?"

He let his eyes enjoy her face. "For a lot of reasons that seem obvious to everyone but you. But maybe also because you can ask a question like that and not just be fishing for compliments. You honestly don't know all that you are."

"Oh, I know all that I am." She laughed briefly. "All six feet and one hundred and forty-five pounds of me."

The waiter brought their drinks. Hansen drank moodily and stared at the girl. "You honestly don't know," he repeated softly, wonderingly.

"And you?" she said uncomfortably. "Do you know so well what you are?"

"Sure. With me it's easy. I'm just a guy who travels around selling things to factories—perpetual motion on a sales chart." He grinned without meaning it. "A rolling stone gathering moss."

Lonnie toyed with her glass. "Is it really that bad?"

"Who said it was bad?"

She did not say anything.

Hansen shrugged. "It always seems worse on Sundays. I keep adding things up. I'd be better off if I never stopped working." He stood up suddenly. "I wish you'd dance with me."

"Even if I'm a bad dancer?"

"Even if you're the worst dancer west of the Rockies."

They moved onto the floor as the band pounded sternly, relentlessly at a popular ballad. Hansen felt her stiffen against him, and they started off badly. He stumbled twice over her feet. She mumbled an apology. Her hand was moist and trembling in his. He tightened his arm across her back, trying to lead more strongly. But she seemed to be fighting him all the way. It was true, he thought in amazement. She *was* a bad dancer. This vision of grace was perhaps as bad a dancer as he had ever seen. When the music stopped, they walked silently back to the table.

She smiled and tried to carry it off lightly. "I'm sorry, but I warned you, didn't I?"

"You just have to relax a bit. You're too tense."

"I know."

He finished his drink and ordered another. "I don't understand," he said. "Whatever you do—the way you walk—every movement. It's something to see. I don't understand."

Lonnie stared at the tablecloth. "When I was twelve years old," she said, "I was nearly six feet tall. I felt like a giraffe next to the other kids. Boys rarely asked me to dance. When they did, I felt it was out of pity. So I usually refused. I'm still tied up in knots when I try."

Hansen reached awkwardly for her hand. "Did you know," he said, "that I'm exactly three and one half inches taller than you? And without shoes."

She laughed. "You make me feel positively petite."

Later they tried again. With Hansen whispering encouragingly, this time it was better. And the times after that, better still. "When I think," she breathed warmly, "of what I've been missing all these years."

All through dinner Lonnie was up and reaching for his hand at the first sound of music. She did not seem able to get enough of it. "Am I doing better?" she asked anxiously. "Am I more relaxed?"

Hansen felt her lightly, yielding in his arms. "Very relaxed."

"That's just how I feel," she said softly. "Very relaxed. Why is it that I can relax this way with you? I've never been able to with anyone before."

He did not say anything, but turned his head so that his lips touched her cheek. She looked at him quickly, searchingly. Then she smiled and did not speak again for the remainder of the dance. When they returned to the table, Hansen twice saw her glance at her watch.

"What time is your next date?" he teased.

"In half an hour. Unless it's still raining."

He wondered how he could possibly have forgotten. "I'd better find out." He got up and walked toward the door, past diners with no deadlines and dancers whose lives were totally unaffected by so vague a thing as the fickleness of weather. He was smiling when he returned.

"Is it still coming down?" she asked eagerly.

"Harder than ever."

They sat grinning at each other. Then Hansen decided they must certainly order champagne. Because, he told her, this was as much reason to celebrate as he could want.

But by the time the bottle was empty, the moment's brightness was gone for him. He could think only of tomorrow, when there would perhaps be no rain; and the next day, when the sun would surely shine; and all the other days when there would be nothing at all to keep her from going up. Each time he looked at her it became that much worse for him. And each time they danced he held her more tightly. Until finally the darkness of his thoughts seemed to touch her too. But they remained, stubbornly going through the motions of a celebration that had quietly died somewhere along the way. When the band started to put away their instruments for the night, they left.

The rain had settled into a soft drizzle as Hansen drove slowly, reluctantly toward town. Lonnie sat watching him from the far end of the seat. "What went wrong?" she said quietly.

Hansen listened to the click of the wipers—steady, dependable, wondrously controlled by the touch of a button. "All of a sudden," he said, "I remembered it wasn't going to rain forever."

She moved closer and touched his arm. "You shouldn't have let that spoil it. I told you how it's done. I just think about getting past them one at a time."

"I'm afraid I can't do it that way."

"Of course you can," she said. "You probably do it and don't even know it. How else could you go on working at something you obviously dislike? If you thought of a lifetime stretching ahead of you, if you didn't just take the days one at a time, how could you possibly last?"

"Maybe you're right. I do live in a daily vacuum." He stared dully at the glistening road ahead. "I should have quit selling years ago and taken root somewhere—started my own plant."

She looked at him. "Why didn't you?"

Hansen shrugged. "At first I didn't mind the moving around. I was young and there was a certain excitement to it. By the time it turned sour, I had settled into something. I was making too much money to just quit. I was afraid to try something new. I was hooked."

"It looks as though we're both hooked." Her voice was cold and dry.

"Don't put yourself in my class," he said harshly. "At least it takes courage to do what you do. I don't know what the word means. If I did, I'd have gambled on my own place years ago. But here I am, still playing it safe." He sighed. "They'll bury me with a sample case in each hand."

The girl did not say anything, but sat with her shoulder touching his. They drove through the black, silent drizzle.

In the distance a string of colored lights kept their falsely gay vigil over the deserted fairgrounds. A red floodlight bloomed at the entrance, turning the drizzle falling around it into blood. Hansen felt his flesh crawl as he drove through it onto the rain-soaked midway. When they reached the base of the tower, he stopped.

Lonnie frowned. "Why did you come here?"

Hansen shook his head. "I don't truly know. The thing is like a magnet. It scares me stiff, yet keeps pulling me."

The girl seemed to shiver, although the night was warm. "Please," she said. "Let's go. I don't even like being near it unless I have to."

Hansen did not appear to hear her. He was staring upward into the darkness. The tower loomed overhead.

"Please," she said again. "I'd rather not stay here."

He turned then and looked at her, seeing the long and suddenly tense face, the wide, firm mouth, the deep-set eyes, all of it a mirror of sad, stubborn beauty and of everything he had ever longed for, but never been able to find. His voice charged at his throat, leaping to make her understand, to say all that he felt. "I wish," he said, "that you didn't have to go up again—not once more—not ever."

"Of course. That would be lovely."

"I mean it," he insisted, the idea growing and taking firm hold. "Just thinking of you up there again twists me inside."

Lonnie sat stiffly, silently.

Hansen's lips felt dry. "Listen," he said fiercely, hoping to convince her by the urgency of his voice alone. "There's no reason why you have to go up there again. Not if you don't want to. Can't you see that? You're not some kind of machine that can't stop once it's started. You're warm and alive and ——"

"Stop it!" She cut him off angrily. "What are you trying to do to me? Can't you see you're only making it worse?"

"I didn't mean ——"

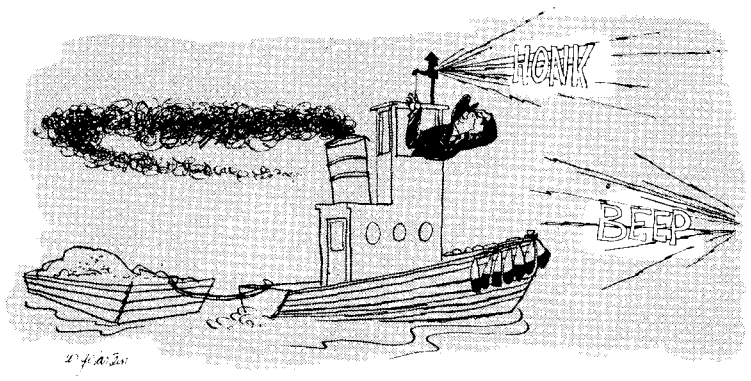
"Do you think you can just speak a few magic words and change everything? Do you think it's as easy as that?"

He looked at her helplessly. "I didn't say it would be easy, but at least you could try."

"Try?" she said contemptuously. "Is that another of your magic words? Is that the one that's given you such fine results?" Then she saw his face and bit hard at her lip. "I'm sorry. I had no right to say that."

Hansen shook his head. "You had a right. If someone like me has the nerve to preach to you, then you had a right."

"You've got to understand how it is," she pleaded. "For as long as I can remember, this has been part of my life. I may dread it, (*Continued on Page 80*)



You be the Judge

By GERALD I. RALYA

Morton, operator of a lake barge line, arranged to "blow" one of his tugboats into port with a foghorn if fog shut down. Sure enough, the coastline soon blurred out. The tugboat captain headed landward and began sounding three blasts on his horn. Archibald, a lakeside resident, on hearing the tugboat wailing, helpfully responded with his car horn. The captain, eventually realizing he was being misled by a motorist, swung about. But the barge behind the tug rasped on the rocks, ripped its bottom and sank. Morton later sued Archibald for the loss of the barge.

"Archibald lived on the lake and must have known that the tugboat was signaling in an effort to find the harbor entrance," Morton's lawyer argued. "Therefore he had no business to sit in his car, where there was no harbor, and respond with a welcome like a lighthouse operator."

"I was only trying to warn the tugboat that it was coming too close to a rocky shore," Archibald replied. "How was I to know what Morton and the captain had arranged in the way of signals? And anyhow, I wasn't navigating."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Morton?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Morton lost. The court said Archibald was blameless, since his well-intended action was not the immediate cause of the loss and he did not know of the signal arrangement. *Based upon a 1933 Federal case.*

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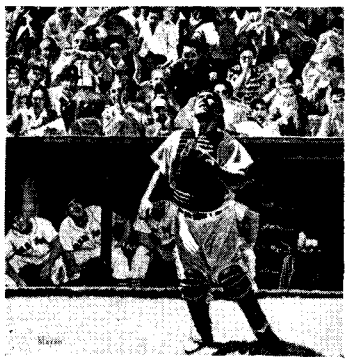

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(*Continued from Page 78*) but that doesn't mean I can just let go. Maybe I even take a crazy kind of pride in it. Maybe it's the one thing I can do that others—smaller, daintier, prettier girls—can't do. At least it lets me feel special in some way—like I'm a little more than just an overgrown clown. Can't you see that?"

"All I can see," he said softly, "is that I've never wanted anything in my life as much as I want you off that tower—as much as I want you safe."

She studied his face carefully and a trifle disbelievingly. "But you only met me this afternoon. How could it possibly matter that much to you?"

Hansen leaned forward and kissed her lips, first gently, then hard. "Please," he said when he had let her go. "Don't ask me questions I can't answer. Just tell me you won't go up there again."

Lonnie watched the rain roll like tears across the windshield. "How can I make you understand," she said tiredly, "that it's not that simple, that there are just some things you can't do." She suddenly pointed to the tower. "Could you climb up there?"

"I told you height makes me dizzy," he said flatly.

"That's what I mean," she said. "I know you couldn't climb it. It's beyond your control. And, in a way, it's the same with me—except in reverse." She laughed briefly. "I can't stop climbing it."

"That's very funny." But he did not sound amused. He sat staring silently upward, his eyes abruptly narrowed in thought. "Suppose," he said slowly, "I did climb it. Where would your theory be then?"

"What's the point in supposing? You couldn't. You'd black out and break your neck. I've seen what vertigo can do."

"But just suppose I did get up there."

"Then I'd say anything was possible," she said, as though placating a stubborn and unreasonable child. She smiled at his solemn expression. "Is that the end of the game, or are there more questions?"

Hansen looked at the way her mouth curved and thought that in all his life he had never seen such a lower lip. "No more questions." He kissed her again, this time holding her long and tightly. "Oh, you're going to have a terrible time," he said softly, "getting rid of me."

Then, before she could speak, he was out of the car and running swiftly and easily through the rain. He heard her call his name twice before he reached the tower, but did not look back. The steel rungs felt cold and slippery as he climbed, carefully keeping his eyes on his hands, knowing what would happen if he glanced down even once. The wind increased as he went higher, flapping the ends of his jacket wildly about him. *One rung at a time*, he told himself, *and don't look down.* He repeated the magical litany over and over as the rain swept across his face.

Halfway up he was sure he had it made and wanted to shout his joy to the girl below. His chest was filled with it, making him realize suddenly how fresh and whole and solid his body felt. Thirty-four years old, he thought, and for the first time a feeling deep inside him that he could do anything, risk whatever had to be risked. All you needed was a reason. That was the secret—and they couldn't build a tower tall enough. He laughed aloud, and the wind blew the sound back in his teeth. *One rung at a time and don't look down. One rung at a* —— Then his foot slipped, and he was hanging by his hands.

He kicked frantically for footing, but met only air. His grip started to slide. He glanced down, seeking support for his feet, and saw the lights far below. Everything spun wildly. He closed his eyes and hung on in a whirl of blackness and lights, his hands frozen to the steel. All he could do was breathe.

He clung without knowledge of time until the girl's voice sounded close below him. "It's all right," he heard her say. "Just keep your eyes closed and let me place your feet. It's all right." She went on talking softly, soothingly as she helped him down rung by rung, carefully keeping her body close for support. He slipped and froze twice more before they reached the ground. And each time she braced him until the spell had passed. His legs felt like rubber as they walked back to the car.

He swayed drunkenly and kept blinking his eyes to free them from the twisting lights. Lonnie stayed close to his elbow, never taking her eyes from his pale and dripping face. They slid into the car and sat without speaking, wet, limp, exhausted.

"Are you all right?" she asked after a while.

Hansen nodded, still dizzy and needing to work at not being sick.

"Of all the crazy ——" suddenly she began to cry, the tears mixing with the rain on her rigid cheeks. "You nearly killed yourself," she wept. "Do you know how close you came to killing yourself?"

Hansen turned and reached for her, his arms still weak and trembling. A supreme hero, he thought, a nerveless gambler, a climber of towers, a slayer of dragons. So all you needed was a reason.

Her cheek was tightly, wetly against his. "Crazy," she sobbed, unable to stop. "Crazy—crazy—crazy."

She did not see him suddenly start to smile. "Don't worry," he said firmly, "Next time I'll do better. You'll see."

She stiffened, then pulled back and stared wide-eyed at him. "I don't believe it! You wouldn't! Not again!"

"Why not?" he said, his voice eloquently indifferent. "I was going great until my foot slipped. Didn't you see? Next time I'll just be more careful."

"No!" she said desperately. "There won't be any next time. I won't let you. You don't know how I felt seeing you up there. You just don't know."

He held Lonnie Allen's head in his two hands and looked at her drawn, tear-stained face. "Don't I?" he said, his eyes darkly soft.

She peered longingly and sadly back at him through half-closed lids. "Yes," she said gently, "I suppose you do."

The drizzle was a thick wall of silence around them. A gray mist started to rise from the base of the tower.

"Before this," Lonnie said slowly, "no one ever worried much about me. No one ever cared much about what I did." Her eyes drifted to the tower, then returned to Hansen. "And you said you always played it safe—that you were afraid to gamble."

"Maybe," he said, watching the tower disappear in the fast-rising mist, feeling her shoulder strong and sure against his, "I just never had enough of a reason."

Alibi for Murder (Continued from Page 39)

Bartholomew enjoyed Old Garth's funeral thoroughly. He had insisted on its being scheduled as quickly as possible. There was no air of sadness, no one that could properly be called a mourner. The bank was closed for the service, and Old Garth's employees—Bartholomew's employees now—were all here. Bartholomew saw the mayor and the members of the city council. He also saw young Johnny Farrer and others with whom he would now have dealings. *They're not here on account of Old Garth*, he thought with satisfaction. *They're here on account of me. I'm the important one now.*

Today for the first time in his entire life Bartholomew was someone. He found the sensation a heady one. Intoxicating. He held his head high, proudly. He was glad he had not worn the red tie he had promised himself; it would have been a great satisfaction, but a mistake. At the proper time he bowed his head, careful not to overdo the grief, but taking his role well and seriously. A bereaved son showing his famous father proper respect.

Heather was beside him, as he had asked her to be. He noted her new blouse with approval, and her shorter hair and the new lipstick. He thought, incredulously, she had been here all the time and he had never noticed her. But she had not been like this. There was a new glow about her now. Before, she had seemed drab and plain, but now she was different.

He thought complacently, *Why wouldn't she have a glow about her?* He had asked her to sit next to him. She knew he would not do that casually. He was a bit older than she was, but he was not bad-looking and he had just come into a fortune. A few days ago Heather had had no future at all, dreary classes, waiting on a mean old man. Today—who knew? Bartholomew could do worse. A good deal worse.

Heather touched his arm gently. He put his fingers over her small hand and pressed down warmly. She said, "The service is over, Bartholomew. People are waiting for you to leave."

"Of course." He tucked her hand under his arm tenderly. They moved slowly up the aisle of the church. Bartholomew's pleasure was only slightly marred by seeing big red-haired Saul Milstein standing outside the doorway, watching intently. *They say the police watch a funeral for the murderer*, Bartholomew thought uneasily. *What is he doing here anyway? Why isn't he out looking for Rick Donelli?*

On the way home Bartholomew told Heather to stop at the grocery store and buy some steaks, thick steaks, and a good roast of beef. Anything else that looked good. He was hungry. He would be home for lunch as soon as he had attended to one errand. He went directly to the office of the chief of police. He swept aside the objections of a sergeant.

"You can't go in there!"

"I'm Bartholomew Garth!"

He saw the sergeant waver. It was the first time Bartholomew's name had had such an effect, and he gloried in it. He went in. He said to the man at the desk, "Chief Ahern? I'm Bartholomew Garth!"

The stocky man at the desk merely raised his eyebrows. "Young Garth? Any reason you can't be announced like anybody else?"

Bartholomew wondered how long he would allow this man to hold this position. He said, "I thought that since I have been asked to take my father's place on the council ——"

Chief Ahern stood up. "And the police budget comes up for a vote next week? O.K. I get the message. What do you want?"

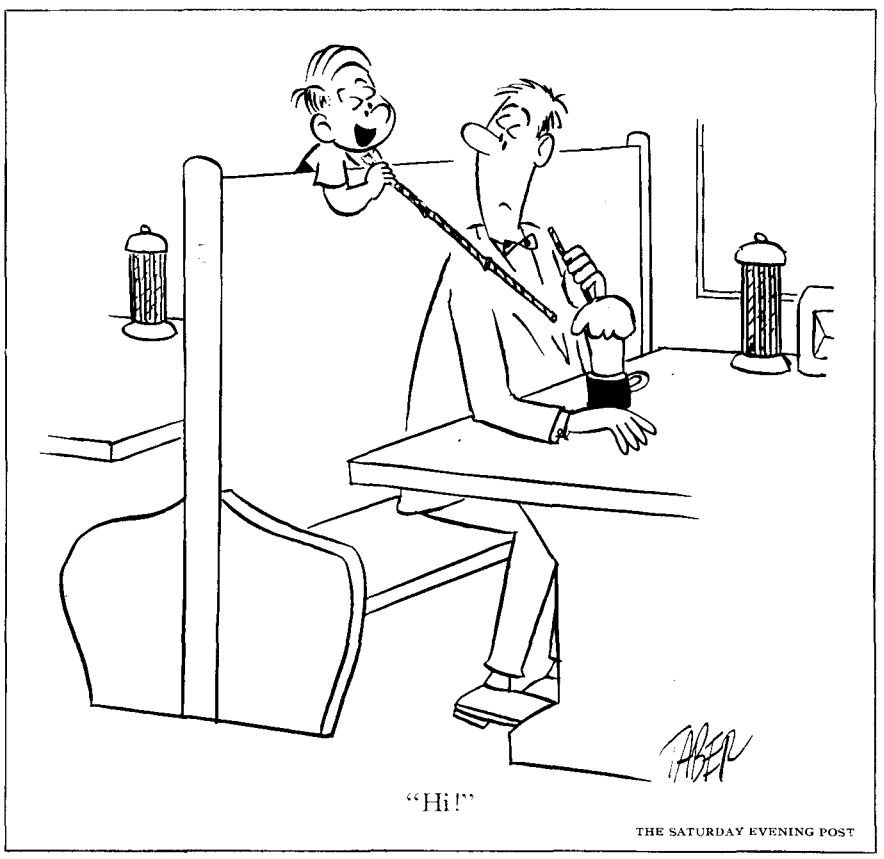
"I'm a citizen of this town. A good citizen. My father was cruelly murdered, a helpless old man, and your department let the murderer escape and hasn't been able to recapture him. Yet when I come out of my poor father's funeral, I find one of your men—Saul Milstein—standing on the very steps of the church, watching me and my father's friends as if we were criminals. I have come to demand an explanation of this outrage. If indeed there can be an explanation."

Chief Ahern lighted his pipe. "It's very simple. Saul isn't entirely satisfied about the explanation of your father's death."

"Why isn't he?"

The chief said smoothly, "You can hardly expect me to tell you that."

Bartholomew roared in a voice that would have (*Continued on Page 82*)



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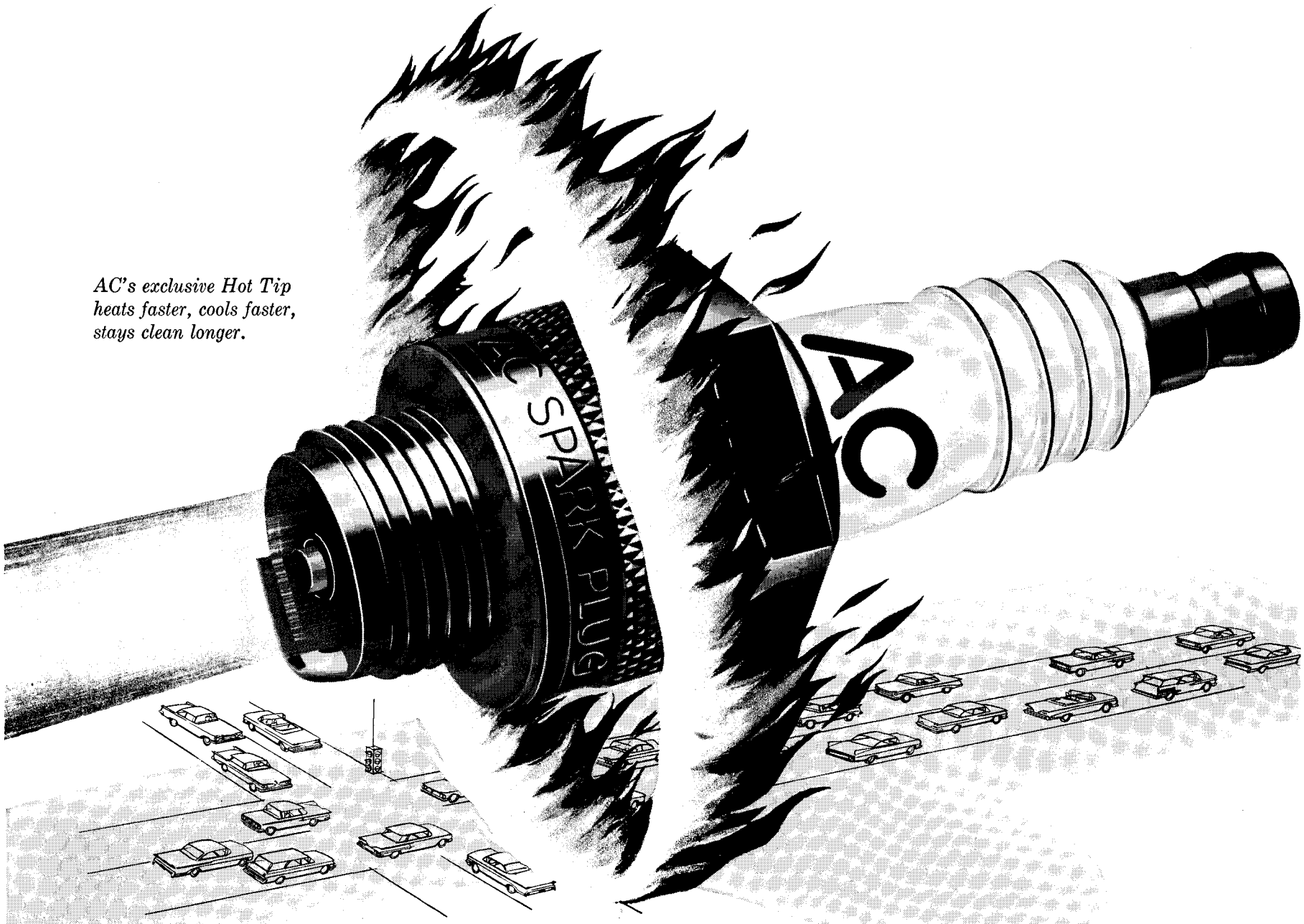

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(*Continued from Page 80*) done credit to Old Garth. "I demand that you tell me! Is there one iota of evidence pointing to anyone but Rick Donelli, especially after finding his fingerprints at the scene of Felice Harris' murder too?"

Chief Ahern puffed vigorously. "I wouldn't think a grief-stricken son like yourself would have had time to read the details of a crime in the paper on the morning of his father's funeral."

"Miss Harris was a friend of mine."

"Really? I didn't know that. How good a friend? You weren't by any chance having dinner with her last night?"

"I was not. How dare you!"

"Just for the record, where were you last night?"

"I was home asleep. My housekeeper can testify to that."

"She can testify to your sleeping?"

"I don't have to listen to this sort of thing! I'll give you two hours to call Saul Milstein off my trail or produce evidence he has a right to be there!"

Chief Ahern did not remove his pipe. "Nobody issues ultimatums to my department, Mr. Garth. Saul is one of my best men. Oh, he may be a bit impulsive."

"A bit impulsive!"

Chief Ahern grinned fleetingly. "Just so you understand that nobody tells me what to do. Still, we don't make a business of persecuting honest citizens either. I'll call Saul in for a talk, and if he doesn't have something concrete to go on ——"

"Two hours," said Bartholomew between his teeth. He walked out of the chief's office, quite surprised at himself.

Bartholomew went up his front steps whistling. The luncheon steak was absolutely delicious. Just right. And this time there was no Felice Harris down the table, eating hard and fast, saying she had always considered him quite a catch, and Peggy needed a real home. Heather was quiet and soothing. He leaned back, smoking an expensive cigar. He noted with pleasure that Heather did not flinch.

He said, "A delicious dinner, Heather. From now on we will eat on this scale. Nothing but the best. I never want to see another piece of stew or hamburger!"

Heather smiled, and he thought her smile enchanting. "Whatever you say, Bartholomew. Shall I just charge things?"

"Certainly. I don't believe you'll have any trouble with my credit."

Heather laughed. Then she said, "You know, of course, that I can't stay much longer, Bartholomew. I'll get you someone else, of course, but when Saul says I can leave——"

He put out a hand to touch her soft blue-black hair. He looked at her shining eyes, her slim body. He said softly, "Surely we don't have to decide today."

"No."

He moved closer to her. The doorbell rang annoyingly.

"Two special deliveries," Heather called breathlessly. "Two! One for you and one for me."

He saw her take hers and turn away. He heard her tear the envelope, saw her hold the sheet to read. But when she turned around it was not in her hand; it was in her apron pocket. He signed for both letters and took his without thinking much about it. Inside he found a sheet of cheap paper with writing on it.

What were you doing at Felice Harris' last night? I can prove you were there. If you do not want me to go to the police, meet me today in the woods in the park by the lake. Just keep walking. I'll find you. Three o'clock.

Bartholomew stared at the words incredulously. It was impossible. No one could know.

But someone did know. He had got rid of one blackmailer only to get another. Bartholomew's happiness was gone. He felt only tired. Very tired. And yet he knew he would go to the park because he had no choice. Would this thing go on and on? Did murder never end—and bring the peace and freedom he had earned?

He turned to Heather. "What was your note?"

"Nothing. Just—something personal. What was yours?"

"Personal too," he said coolly and turned away. *Three o'clock. Just keep walking. Until what?*

Chief Ahern said uncomfortably, "I know, Saul. Sure, it's political pressure. But I've got the whole department to think of. We can't operate without money, and it's a cold fact that the police budget comes up next week and Bartholomew Garth will vote on it. If you've got any concrete evidence at all that Rick is innocent and Bartholomew is guilty, I'll back you all the way and never mind

• •

September Sail

By Herbert Merrill

I sailed these waters long ago,
When I was seventeen or so,
On such another autumn night
As this, the ghosting wind as light,
The same old frosty moon afloat,
And everywhere around the boat,
Above my masthead and below,
A drift of stars like fallen snow.
It's all the same as once before
From sky to lake and shore to shore,
And yet inexplicably changed:
The pattern slightly rearranged,
The wind a little cold somehow,
The stars a little older now.

• •

the budget. But if you haven't got anything at all in three days —— Did you check Bartholomew's alibi?"

"Yes. As far as I could."

"That means as far as anybody could. And it checked?"

"It seems to," Saul admitted reluctantly.

"I'm afraid," the chief was grim, "that Bartholomew could make a pretty good newspaper case of being persecuted by the police department at this point. And he's just the boy to do it too."

"Yeah," Saul was glum. "But Rick never strangled Felice."

"Maybe he was trying to make her tell something."

"She was eating a fancy dinner in her best clothes. With Rick? Besides she wasn't strangled slowly, as if pressure was being applied gradually. Nobody was trying to find out anything. One quick jerk of her scarf—never loosened. The same fierce force that went into the knifing of Old Garth."

"Rick is hotheaded."

"He's young, chief. For the first time in his life he had found something to live for. Music. He had the chance at a wonderful life, doing the one thing he wants to do. Anyone with Ranger training can keep his head in an emergency. If Felice knew anything, Rick wouldn't kill the one person who might have cleared him. But someone else who didn't want Rick cleared might have killed her."

The chief shook his head. "I'm sorry, Saul. But we have to deal with facts, not theory. We have nothing much against Bartholomew Garth. Unless some real concrete proof comes up, leave him alone. That's orders."

"How is any concrete proof going to come up if I can't investigate him? You want to see Rick Donelli railroaded?"

"Nobody gets railroaded in Gadsden. He'll get a trial," said Chief Ahern. "A fair trial."

"Fair? His word against Bartholomew Garth's?"

"Just to keep you out of trouble, I'm removing you from the case."

"Removing me from the case!"

"Those are orders, Saul."

Saul stamped out of the office. Wearily Chief Ahern phoned Bartholomew, told him coldly that he was investigating the matter, and since no further evidence had turned up as yet, he had put another officer in charge of the investigation and directed the officer not to bother Bartholomew unnecessarily in the future.

Saul let himself into his small entrance hall. He hung his coat and shoulder holster in the hall closet as usual. He went into the living room. "Do you know what?" Saul said to Jemima. "The chief took me off the Garth case!"

He stopped dead still, staring at Rick, in blue-checked shorts, sitting on the sofa and pointing a gun at Jemima. "Why you ——"

"Now, Saul," Jemima was placid. "Do you want him to shoot me?"

Saul started toward him. "If he dares lay a finger on you!"

"He didn't lay a finger on me. He helped me shell the peas for lunch. I told you he was a nice boy. Sit down, Saul. Lunch is almost ready."

"Are you crazy? That's a gun. A stolen police gun."

Jemima said, "He had to have a gun. Otherwise you would have had to turn him in. He only came to talk to you."

Saul said, "You mean to say you walked along the street in broad daylight, with the police force looking for you?"

"So he was a tourist," said Jemima. "Dark glasses, shorts, camera. Who ever looks at tourists?"

Rick snarled, "Sit down, Saul. Don't try anything. I mean it. I'm desperate."

Saul hesitated, measuring the distance. Finally he sat down warily on the edge of a chair, ready to spring. "You don't think I'm going to let you get away with this, do you? This time I'm taking you in!"

Jemima said quietly, "Don't you at least want to hear what he came to tell you?"

Saul watched Rick thoughtfully. The gun was perfectly steady in his hand. It was pointed at Jemima, not Saul. Rick could certainly not miss at this range, if he wanted to kill her. Saul sighed. "What do you want to tell me?"

"It's about Felice Harris. I was there last night."

"We know."

"I thought she might know something she hadn't told. I left when the doorbell rang. And she said she was expecting Bartholomew Garth."

Saul growled, "Even if that's true, who do you expect to take your word for it against his?"

Rick said, "I never liked cops much. I admit it. You and I fought every time we met. But I trusted you. I knew you were honest. So I thought if nobody else believed me, you might, and knowing who it was, you could find the evidence to prove it."

"I thought you were the fresh kid who never asked favors of anybody—who could take care of himself."

Rick moved uncomfortably on the sofa, though the gun remained steady. He said defensively. "It's for Antek. He has his heart set on my winning that music contest. He's the only person who's ever really loved me."

Saul thought wonderingly, *He means it. Something has finally got through to this tough kid. He loves Antek, actually loves him. He wants to be a great musician as much for Antek as for himself.*

Jemima said cheerfully, "Lunch is ready. Sit down, you two. You can fight afterward. During lunch we'll have a truce?"

Saul looked at Jemima's best biscuits, hot on the table, the salad with the garlic dressing he loved, the savory stew. He said, "Nothing doing. No truce."

Rick sounded embarrassed. "You've been swell to me, Mrs. Milstein, but I certainly don't expect you to feed me."

"So good food is getting cold," said Jemima. "There's plenty for a hungry boy too. You're just about the age one of ours might have been. I'll bring a plate over to you. Are your hands clean?"

Rick and Saul both laughed involuntarily. Saul watched Rick put the plate beside him and manage to eat with his left hand, keeping the gun steady in his right. The distance was still too great. He had no chance of jumping Rick from here. But maybe from the table later, if Rick took his eyes off the gun for even a second. Saul sat at the table, warily watching Rick on the sofa. He toyed with the food. But Rick's aim remained steady. Finally the good food and Jemima's meaningless chatter had Saul eating hungrily, though still watching for a chance that did not come—that second when Rick's attention wavered.

Dessert was ice cream and Jemima's best three-layer chocolate-fudge cake. Rick finished first and now gave the gun his undivided attention. Saul glared and pushed his plate back. "Even if I believed you," he said, "and I were still on the case, I don't see how I could prove it. Orders from the chief himself to lay off Bartholomew. Political pressure."

"So you are going to let this nice boy be executed for a few crumby politicians?" asked Jemima.

"I imagine, knowing the chief, that I'm going to be kept pretty busy doing other things. Anything else you want to tell me, Rick?"

Rick leaned forward, his dark young face very earnest. Saul measured the distance and was almost tempted. But it was still too far. If Rick shot at this range, Jemima would surely die.

"Saul," Rick said, "I didn't kill Felice and I didn't kill Old Garth. But if I had killed him, I wouldn't have been caught in that police net, you can bet."

"How would you have avoided it? We had the woods surrounded."

"Simple," said Rick. "I would have swum around the cove to the bathing beach. They didn't surround the water, did they?"

Saul stared into space for several seconds. *It could have happened. But Bartholomew can't swim. How do I know? I'll know before I get through.*

Jemima beamed at him. "I told you he would help you, Rick, and he will. Now don't you worry. Have you got a nice safe place to hide?"

"Jemima!" Saul was stern.

Rick held the gun evenly. "Don't try anything, Saul. Don't move."

"Are you planning to shoot me? I'll never let you get away otherwise!"

But Saul had reckoned only on Rick, not on Jemima. She came up behind Saul suddenly and pinioned his hands with a curtain tie. Saul struggled furiously. "Jemima, you're helping this fugitive!"

"I'm helping a nice boy in trouble. Stop growling. You know you've been trying to help him yourself all week."

Saul broke free. Rick moved forward quickly. He said, "Sorry, Saul." But sorry

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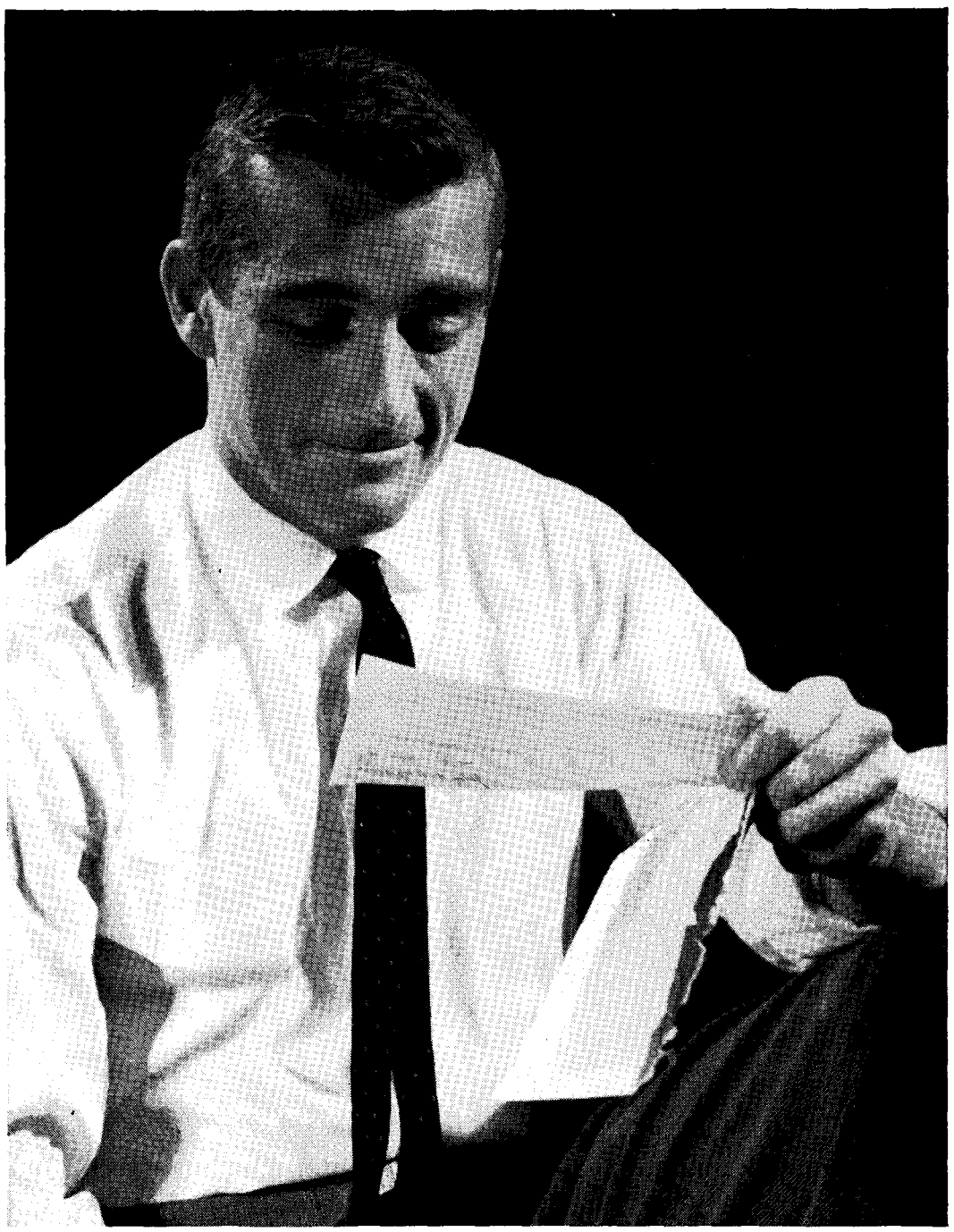

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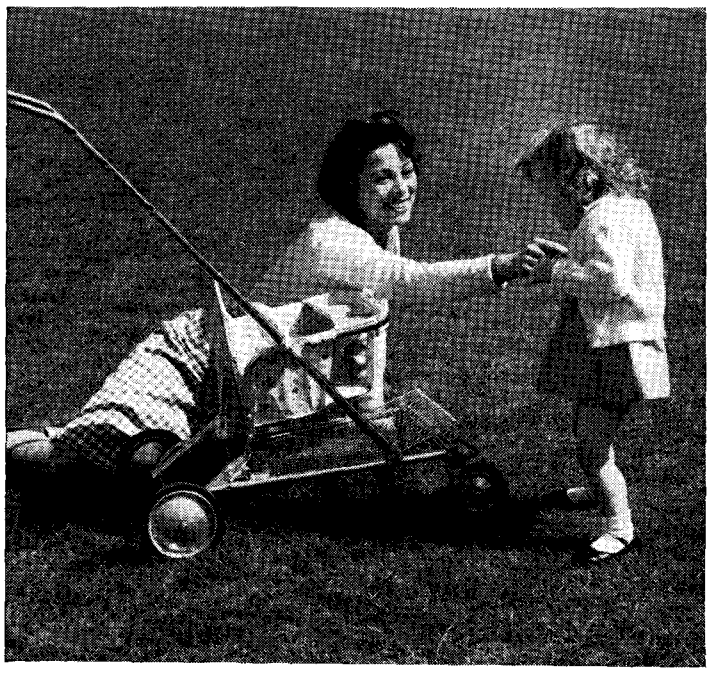

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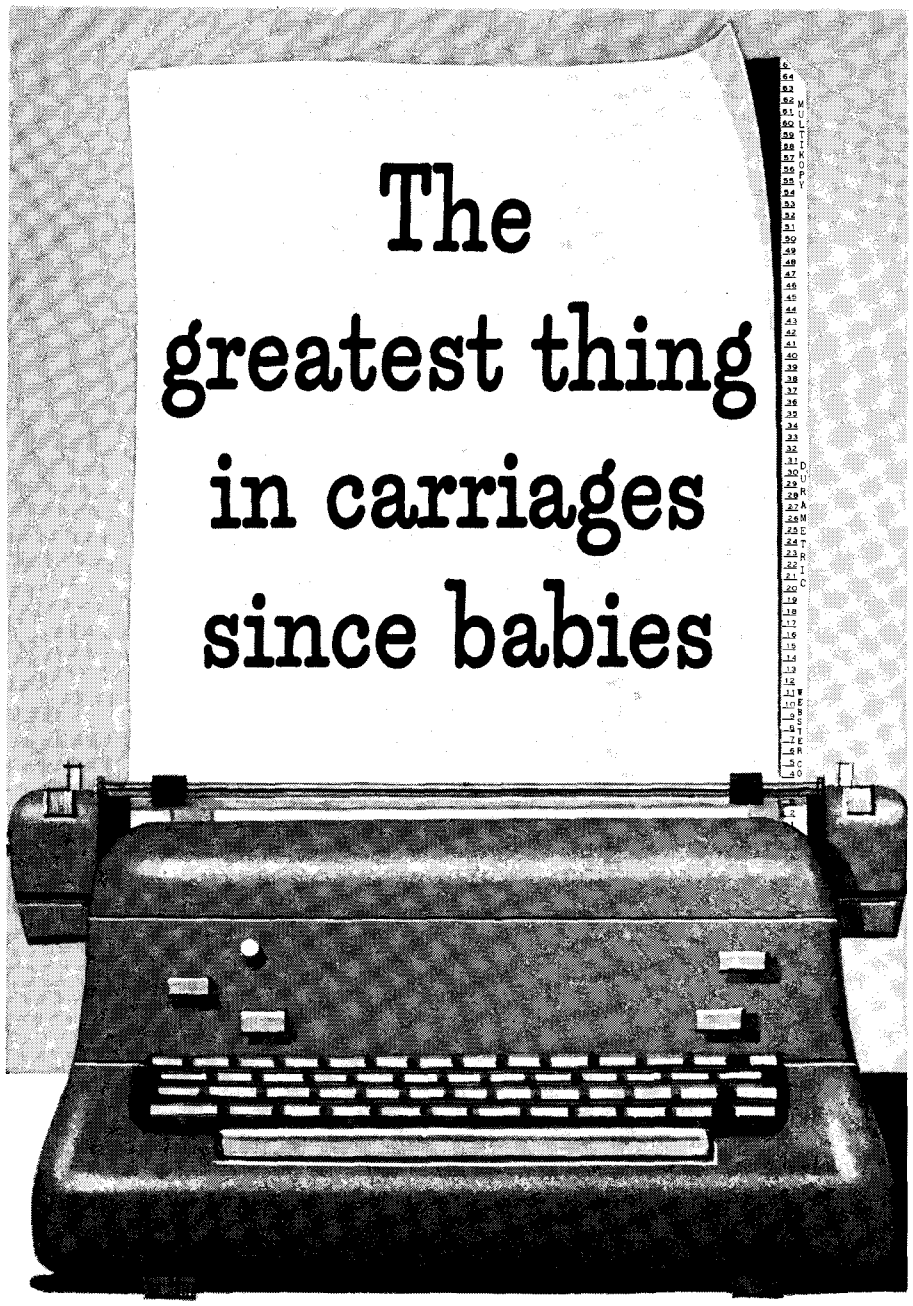

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or not, he hit Saul on the head with the gun and then tied him expertly to the chair and put a loose gag in his mouth.

"You hit him!" said Jemima.

"I'm sorry. Really, Jemima. But I had to hit him or shoot him. He isn't hurt. Honest." Rick leaned forward suddenly, awkwardly, and kissed Jemima's plump cheek. "You're swell."

Sir Galahad came out from behind the sofa and licked Rick's hand. He growled threateningly at Saul. After Rick had gone Jemima washed Saul's face tenderly with cold water. Then, as she did every day, she sat down to knit and talk to Saul, who came back to consciousness very rapidly. Being Jemima, she placidly ignored the fact that Saul could not answer. "So mamma called up today," she said. "We're going to have to take her out of that new nursing home ——"

Saul muttered behind his gag and worked furiously to free himself.

"So you might as well relax. There isn't even a bump on your head. He promised me he wouldn't hurt you, and he didn't," said Jemima. "Rick thought half an hour would be enough for him to get—wherever he's going to change his clothes. Besides, by that time you will have cooled off a little."

Saul tried a few minutes more and then decided the knots were certainly not to be broken in less than half an hour anyhow. He slumped down comfortably and thought. Rick had a hiding place where he could change clothes half an hour from there. He wasn't staying in the woods or park. He was shaved and bathed and his clothes were clean.

Jemima freed him promptly on the half hour. "So what do you think?"

"I think wife beating ought to be made legal. I ought to run you in with him. I'm going to catch that smart-aleck kid if it's the last thing I ever do!"

"I mean what do you think about mamma?"

"Damn mamma!"

"Saul Milstein!" Jemima began to cry. After thirty years of marriage, Saul knew Jemima cried easily and strategically and that her tears dried as quickly as she achieved her aim. He still squirmed uncomfortably, though. He put his arm around her plump shoulders. "All right, Jemima. We'll go see the old lady. Now I've got to call in the alarm about Rick."

"Why? Didn't the chief take you off the case? Orders, he called it. You were to have nothing further to do with it."

"I'm a cop. Whether I'm on the case or not, he's a fugitive from justice."

"Justice?" said Jemima. "What justice?"

"It's not my job to judge 'em. If they're wanted, I can't let them run around loose because my wife thinks they're nice boys."

Saul called police headquarters. In a few crisp words he said he had information that Rick might be disguised as a tourist. Blue-checked swimming shorts. Also he had a hiding place in town. Saul would suggest search warrants again for Antek's and Rick's mother's home.

He was not surprised to find Lieutenant Jeffries in charge of the Garth case now. Jeffries was what was known as a political cop. Nothing crooked—the chief would never stand for that. But—well, diplomatic. The man the chief sent to represent the department before the city council, for instance.

Caution was Jeffries' byword. He said only, "Thanks, Saul. I'll have to clear it with the chief first, and he isn't in right now, so it may take a little time."

"Now," said Saul.

"I just got on the case, you know. I understood from the chief that it has ramifications."

"You needn't worry, Jeffries," said Saul bitterly. "Antek and Mamma Donelli haven't any political connections."

"I'll take it up with the chief when he gets back. I understand you're on the Zedder case now."

The Zedder case was a five-year-unsolved murder. Saul hung up. He drove back to his office and attacked the Zedder file with a ferocity that made his subordinates exchange knowing glances, raise their eyebrows and tiptoe out of his way.

Rick waited in the park, watching the path in the woods. He was thoroughly concealed behind a bush, sitting comfortably cross-legged. Now and then he glanced at his cheap wrist watch.

He thought, *Bartholomew will have to show up. He won't dare not to. But he might warn the police and have them close in again the way they did the day his father was killed.* Only this time Rick was not playing the violin. This time he was watching, every sense alert.

He saw nothing unusual. Young lovers strolling hand in hand down the path's blessed privacy. Children racing after

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I love you, Barbara. Your hair is gorgeous, your eyes are beautiful, and your teeth are perfect, except for a tiny cavity in a central incisor."

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balls, parents racing after children. Older people seeking a shady walk.

Rick waited with a growing impatience. It was an hour now. If Bartholomew had had any intention of coming, he would have been here by now. So would the police if he had sent them. Something had gone wrong. Either Bartholomew was innocent, or he had not received the special delivery in time. Rick would try again tonight.

Rick made his way carefully through the brush until he was absolutely sure he was not being followed. The park was a vast area of many acres, some of them wild and hilly. There was only one tourist, binoculars and camera in hand, sitting openly on a hill overlooking the path. Rick grinned; none of Saul Milstein's men would ever do that. Besides he was obviously watching the birds on the lake.

Rick went out the main entrance of the park, quite openly, and took a bus. No one else got on with him; one sure way of shaking a follower. When Rick got off the bus several blocks from Antek's, there was no one else on the street. He was sure no one was following him. He made his usual survey of the vicinity of Antek's cottage. He walked by it once. Finally he went in, as always, by the back door.

He did not see the tourist on the hill behind him rise and pull on some pants and a shirt and a cap, discard the cheap binoculars and camera. He did not see him take a cab behind Rick's bus, or see the cab turn off and park around the corner from Antek's, once Bartholomew was reasonably sure where Rick was heading.

Bartholomew paid the cab driver, keeping his face carefully shielded by his hat and dark glasses. He walked slowly down the street and around to the back entrance of Antek's shabby little cottage. He pulled on his gloves. The back door was unlocked. He went in quietly. He stood listening for a while, hearing no sound but his own breathing, his own heart pounding.

The shades on the little cottage were drawn, making it very dim in spite of the sunshine outside. Bartholomew moved quietly down the small hall, glancing into one tiny bedroom, then the next. He stopped by the second bedroom. It seemed incredible, but the jacket Rick had worn was on the chair, and Rick himself was already curled on the bed, apparently sleeping peacefully. Bartholomew could not see his face, for he was inexplicably rolled in an old quilt, but he was sure Rick was asleep. That even breathing could not have been faked.

Bartholomew drew a deep and relieved breath. Rick was young and strong. There was far less risk this way. Bartholomew moved softly across the room. He took the knife from his pocket. Afterward he would put Rick's hand around it and leave his fingerprints. He plunged it through the thin quilt into what must be the chest of the sleeping figure.

There was no sound. No sound at all. No gasp, no murmur. Only a very slow-spreading stain of red—scarcely visible in the darkened room—and the cessation of the even breathing.

He rolled the cover back carefully. He reached for a pulse. He stared at the hand he uncovered. A gnarled, crippled hand, broken fingers nearly useless!

In a blind panic Bartholomew realized he had not killed Rick Donelli at all! Rick was alive, perhaps only a few feet away. Rick had a gun, and Bartholomew had only a bloody knife that would convict him of murder. Bartholomew had killed a man he had never seen before.

Bartholomew stared in complete panic at the stranger whom he had killed. He supposed this was the music teacher, Antek. It did not really matter much who he was. What mattered was that he was not Rick Donelli, and he was dead. Bartholomew stood for a moment, frozen with shock. Then he threw the knife onto the bed and turned and ran out the door he had come in. He ran down the street, not looking back. He ran and ran and ran. When he finally had to stop from exhaustion, he was in another section of the city, a shabby apartment district he had seldom seen and could only locate vaguely.

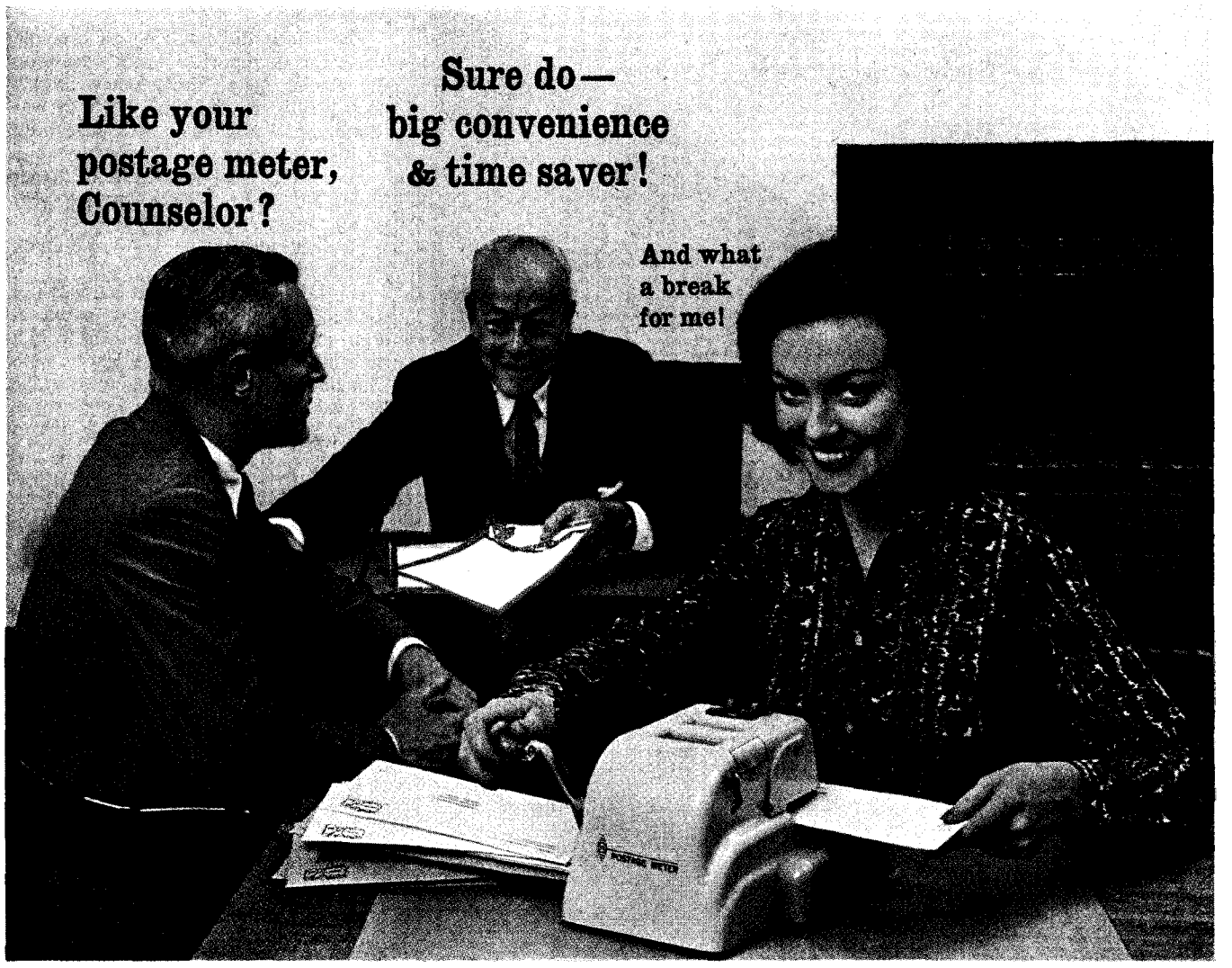
He leaned against a fence, gasping for breath. He did not know how long he was there, how long it was before his breathing became normal and his brain at last began to function again.

He looked around. So far as he could see, no one was paying the slightest attention to him. The people seemed simply too tired and hot to care. Women sat on their front steps and fanned themselves; children played under sprinklers on the small patches of lawn.

Bartholomew wondered if anyone had seen him coming out of Antek's back door or running down the street. Certainly Rick had not; for if he had, he would have followed and, being considerably younger, would doubtless have caught him.

Bartholomew could almost hear Old Garth roar. *You fool, you've bungled this as you bungled everything else all your life. Killing the wrong man, running away blindly like a frightened child. The quilt alone on a hot day should have told you it wasn't Rick Donelli on the bed.*

And he answered, grimly if silently, *I didn't bungle killing you, Garth, did I?*



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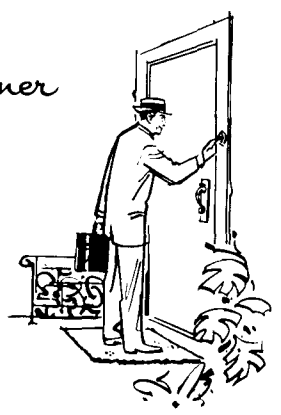

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You're dead and I'm alive. He walked on slowly, fighting to control his emotions. Finally he was calm again. Calm and cool.

The thing for him to do was to get rid of these clothes as fast as possible and go home. He disposed of the gloves first in a nearby trash can. He walked on a few blocks before entering a man's clothing store and purchasing an inconspicuous pair of slacks and a shirt. Presently he found a high board fence, behind which he changed his clothes. There was not much blood on them, but there was some. He threw the stained slacks into a trash container and his shirt into another some blocks farther on. He took a cab home.

The phone did not ring all evening. There was no report of Antek's death on the evening news. Bartholomew drew a deep breath. By the time the body was found, he would have been here with Heather for hours.

He smiled at Heather across the dinner table. He said, "You're looking very pretty tonight, my dear."

Heather looked startled. "Why—thank you, Bartholomew."

He thought tenderly that she was not used to compliments. She did not expect a girl in her position to get them from a man in his position. It was just as well. This time he would not make the mistake he made with Felice, mistaking artifice for charm. He could teach this girl to dress well, mold her character as he wanted his wife's character to be. For the first time in his life he would live with someone who would do what he wanted, live to please him.

He said, "I want you to get some new clothes, Heather—as a present from me. I'll help you pick them out. Something to match those incredible eyes of yours."

Heather looked even more startled. "I couldn't possibly let you buy me clothes!"

"It's just a little present, my dear. A reward for your faithful services."

Heather said firmly, "It's very generous of you, Bartholomew. But I can't possibly take anything from you except my wages until you get someone else. I have a chance to tutor at the university next fall, so you see I'll be fine. I was wondering if Mrs. Thomas would do for you."

"Mrs. Thomas! I'm going to open up this house, Heather. I'm going to entertain. I'll need a couple, and a gardener and a cleaning woman by the day. Caterers for the parties. After I've done the house over, naturally. Perhaps we should talk about that. You might have some ideas you would like to incorporate."

"If you think I could help. But, of course, I won't be here."

He smiled at her again. Heather modestly did not seem to notice. She said, "I always thought brighter colors, bigger wallpaper patterns. Old-fashioned, to go with the house, but gayer ——"

That's it, he thought. *Gayer*. He lifted his brandy glass to Heather in a silent toast. Here at last he had found a woman who understood him.

Rick came back to Antek's cottage with his arms full of groceries. Perhaps it had been too big a risk, going to buy them, but he had gone to a place where he was not known. There were many young men his age and height and build. There was no reason why the grocer should have associated him with the wanted Rick Donelli, and he had not seemed to. Rick had spent most of his remaining money, but he felt better, nonetheless, to be contributing a little and to be sparing Antek the burden of carrying packages with his crippled hands.

Rick put the lettuce in the crisper. He sorted the canned things carefully. He made a meat loaf, using oatmeal for filler, and catchup and brown sugar. He scrubbed two baking potatoes and put them in the oven too. He set the table, put the vegetables on to cook, made the green salad. He went to call Antek.

He stood in the door of Antek's room, not believing what he saw. He rushed across the room, threw himself on the floor beside the body on the bed, feeling frantically for a pulse, a heartbeat. There was none. Just the small smear of already drying blood, the ugly bloodied knife.

Rick cried then; he who had always prided himself on being a tough guy, on taking whatever came without whining or whimpering. But he sat beside Antek's body, holding his friend's broken fingers, and cried like a child.

Presently he was quiet, staring straight ahead of him. He was shocked beyond belief that this gentle kind man, who had survived the tortures of a concentration camp, should have died like this, an anonymous thrust of a knife through a bed cover. Who could possibly have wanted to kill Antek? He had not an enemy in the world. Only friends, everywhere—people who had been helped by his generously given gift of music and of teaching, his love of people and innate belief in their goodness. People whom he had helped as he had Rick, without question, even at the risk of his own life.

Even at the risk of his own life. Rick shuddered, but the fact was inescapable. No one could have wanted to kill Antek. But someone could have wanted to kill Rick, very much. That someone was the murderer of Old Garth and Felice, who knew those two murder cases would be closed with Rick's death.

Rick stood up. His dark young face was very grim. He was angry, but not as he had always been angry before. Those had been hot outbursts of temper, flaring suddenly, dying as suddenly, soon forgotten. This anger was cold, waiting, deadly.

They think I've committed two murders, but I haven't. Yet. I'm going to commit one now. If it's the last thing I ever do, I'm going to kill the man who killed Antek.

Rick did not now feel the despair he had previously felt about finding the killer or proving his own innocence. His own innocence had become a comparatively minor matter. He was obsessed with only one idea, that of avenging Antek. In his veins ran the inheritance of generations of ancient vendettas. Antek had been his only friend. Rick was no longer fighting without a cause. He had a cause now.

Soberly he examined the room, his eyes missing nothing. Antek had been asleep, rolled tightly in the quilt, still cold from the concentration camp, even after all these years. Nothing had been taken, nothing left, except the knife. Perhaps the killer had been seen in the neighborhood, but Rick could not go around asking questions. Besides, he thought grimly, he did not need to ask questions of the neighbors. He would ask them of Bartholomew Garth, with his gun in his stomach or his fingers at his throat.

Rick put on the old jacket Antek had given him. He dialed the number of the police department. He asked for Saul Milstein. He heard Saul's gruff "Hello?"

Rick had thought he was calm now. But his voice broke as he said, "Saul, he just killed Antek. And I'm going to kill him!"

He hung up without waiting for Saul's answer. He stood for a moment looking down at Antek. He bent and touched his lips softly to the older man's forehead. He went out without looking back.

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Nixon or Kennedy?

(Continued from Page 29)

are based on a lot of legwork. After Truman's surprise victory in 1948 had made every political reporter in the country—including this one—look like an idiot, James Reston, of *The New York Times*, wrote that reporters spent too much time talking to one another and not enough "wandering around talking to the people." Reston was right in principle. But as a lot of reporters have discovered, it is entertaining to wander around in a planless way talking to people, but it is not really very instructive. To make sense of all the talk, you have to wander in the right places, talk to the right people and ask the right questions.

That is what I have tried to do, with the generous help of friends and fellow journalists whom I badgered into accompanying me on my wanderings. The idea was to try to construct a miniature of the United States and then to try to find out what this microcosm of America thought about the candidates and the election. Unfortunately there is no one area which includes, in their proper proportions, all the geographical, racial, religious and other human categories which make up the infinite variety which is America. But with a bit of effort, a reasonably accurate facsimile of a miniature America can be constructed.

The first thing you want to be sure of is that your microcosm of the United States voted in the recent past just about the way the whole United States voted. With the help of experts like Richard Scammon, of the Governmental Affairs Institute, seven "barometric districts" were accordingly chosen—California's 42nd Assembly District, Chicago's 7th and 39th Wards, the townships of Suffield and Windsor Locks in Connecticut, Louisa County in Virginia, Jackson County in Indiana and the northeastern part of the 8th Ward in Baltimore.

These places are wildly different in many ways, but they have one thing in common—they all gave President Eisenhower in 1956 close to his national majority of 57.8 per cent (the Virginia vote was complicated by Coleman Andrews, a third candidate; but with Andrews eliminated, Louisa County gave Eisenhower about 59 per cent). In other ways, the 500 people interviewed represented a "good mix," with the major categories of voters—farmers, businessmen, workers, racial minorities and so on—reasonably represented. Especially important in this election, the proportion of Catholics to non-Catholics was within a couple of percentage points of the national average.

In all these places this reporter and his volunteer helpers walked the streets, climbed stairs and pressed doorbells or risked fierce dogs on farmsteads, to subject 500 surprised citizens to the "depth interview" reproduced on this page. The idea was to find out not only which candidate the voter favored but why. The answers often gave a vivid insight into the way many voters are being tugged in different directions by their views, prejudices and instincts.

Feeling the pulse of the people is hard work, as any reader who wants to interview 50 or 100 of his neighbors can discover for himself. (He will also have a fascinating experience.) With more than 800 housewives to help him, the inquiring Doctor Gallup often bases his nationwide polls on 1500 ballots, and he then "screens out" several hundred of these. So a sample of 500 votes in the seven barometric districts chosen is a rather respectable sample of those districts. "But what good," as Robert Southey's little Peterkin asked, "came of it at last?" What were the results of all this walking and talking?

We found out, I think, two things. First, we found out not who is going to win in November, but where both Kennedy and Nixon must look for the votes they need to gain a majority. Putting together a majority, for reasons I shall discuss later, is a decidedly harder job for Nixon than for Kennedy, which is why I believe that Nixon is still the underdog. Second, we found out why no public-opinion poll, no matter how honestly and well conducted, can really predict the outcome of an election within a few percentage points.

This was something worth finding out because since the war, the public-opinion polls have become a vital factor in the whole American political process. To cite only two examples, it is quite likely that Robert A. Taft would have been nominated for President—and just as likely that John F. Kennedy would not have been nominated—if the polls had never existed. Therefore it is important to understand that, besides being a very useful reportorial technique, the polls have certain inherent weaknesses which make it flatly impossible to measure public opinion to the last percentage point, or near it.

All public-opinion testing is based on the law of mathematical probability, according to which a small sample will accurately reflect a much greater whole. For example, suppose you had 35,000,000 black beans and 25,000,000 white beans thoroughly mixed up together in a vast container. If you scooped out 600 beans at random, you would have almost exactly 350 black beans and 250 white beans. The trouble is that human beings are not beans. Public-opinion testing involves human relationships; and wherever that is true, an unpredictable element—and sometimes an element of just plain cussedness—enters the equation.

For example, the person doing the polling can affect the outcome without meaning to. A charming lady who helped me poll in California is an enthusiastic Kennedy supporter; and of the first eighteen people she interviewed, sixteen decided that they were for Kennedy too. Another charming lady, who helped me in Chicago, is a high-ranking Young Republican, and although I persuaded her to remove a bejeweled elephant and other symbols of her allegiance, her results were just as lopsided for Nixon. Both charming ladies swore with wide-eyed sincerity that they had concealed their true sympathies. But as the parapsychologists have discovered, one person can influence the thoughts of another without speaking.

Fortunately the two charming ladies canceled each other out. But there are other ways in which the poll taker unwittingly influences his own poll. I have gone polling with some husky characters with good war records, but I have yet to find one who did not soon learn to avoid farms guarded by angry-looking or angry-sounding dogs. I don't know whether farmers with angry dogs tend to vote Republican or Democratic, but in any case, the dogs prevent the polls from being statistically pure.

But the main troubles lie not with the poll taker, but with the pollee. Quite often you can't be at all sure what he or she is really going to do come November, partly because he or she isn't at all sure either. Here is what polling is like a good deal of the time. You ring a doorbell. If it is before about 4:30 in the afternoon, the door is apt to be opened by a woman, and she is likely to have a dishcloth or some other evidence of busy-ness in one hand and perhaps a child tugging at her skirts. When you begin to question her, she remarks in a distracted fashion that she "really hasn't given all this politics too much thought," which is clearly the truth.

Finally you persuade her to say how she would vote if she had to vote that day. "I guess maybe Nixon," she says. "We're Democrats mostly, but he seems more experienced sort of." Or, "Kennedy's a Catholic like us, but I guess maybe we'll stick with the Republicans." Or, "Well, some say Kennedy would listen to the pope, but I guess we'll vote Democratic like we usually do." Or, "Nixon's got more experience, sure, but I kind of like that young Kennedy, so I'll say Kennedy." You mark your poll Nixon, Nixon, Kennedy, Kennedy. Most of the time, you will probably be right. But will you be right within two percentage points?

Then, of course, there are the people who don't tell you the truth. Less than two thirds of the potential voters turn up at the polls, but at least 85 per cent of the people you poll say they are going to vote—except in Virginia, where it is apparently considered unladylike to vote; the ladies say, "Oh, I never vote," with evident pride. I suspect that a lot of the 1956 nonvoters in the Alsop Poll will be nonvoters again in 1960. But how can you tell who they are?

More people always claim to have voted for President Eisenhower than actually did, perhaps because people hate to admit backing a loser—this explains why the Eisenhower vote is 4 per cent high in the Alsop Poll. And some people give you a bum steer just for the hell of it, like the mountaineer slyly giving the city slicker in the limousine wrong directions. There are also people who don't tell you the truth because they believe, perhaps rightly, that the truth is none of your business.

My wife first tried her hand at polling in Louisa County, Virginia. Her first victim was a pleasant-faced lady in the town of Louisa, who quickly volunteered, "Oh, we're voting for Nixon, of course. My husband's a Mason and he says the Catholics are all against the Masons." My wife—who (*Continued on Page 90*)

ALSOP POLL

1. Did you vote in '56?_____
2. In '58?_____
3. Do you normally consider yourself a Republican or a Democrat?
   _____
4. How did you vote in '56? _____
5. How in '58?_____
6. Do you intend to vote this year?_____ _____
7. If election today, Kennedy or Nixon?_____ _____
8. What are the main reasons you feel that way?_____
   _____
9. Is there anything you especially like about Nixon as a man? What's that?_____
   _____
10. Is there anything you don't especially like about Nixon? What's that?_____
    _____
11. Is there anything you especially like about Kennedy as a man? What's that?_____
12. Is there anything you don't especially like about Kennedy? What's that?_____
13. Is Senator Kennedy's religion of any concern to you or doesn't it concern you at all?_____
    a. Why do you feel that way?_____
    b. Well, does it make a great deal of difference to you having a Catholic like Senator Kennedy in the White House, some difference, little difference, or none at all?_____
    c. Why do you feel that way?_____
14. Do you think Senator Lyndon Johnson helps or hurts Senator Kennedy on the ticket, as Vice President?_____
    _____
15. Do you think Ambassador Lodge helps or hurts Nixon on the ticket, as Vice President?_____
16. Let me check again—if the election were today, would you vote for Nixon or Kennedy?_____
17. Occupation?_____
18. Religion?_____ Age?_____ Sex? _____
19. Name, address_____
    _____

The Alsop Poll asked these questions of 500 persons in seven "barometric districts."

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A GOLD MEDALLION HOME can be any size or style of architecture. The Nelson's is a modest one-story ranch-type house located in Swanson Highlands just outside South Bend, Indiana.

"We're happy with flameless electric house heating because it's so clean and no trouble."

The Alan Nelsons of South Bend, Indiana, are one of over 850,000 American families now enjoying the incomparable comforts of electric heat in their total electric Gold Medallion Home.

Imagine *you and your family* living in a total electric home like the Nelson's.

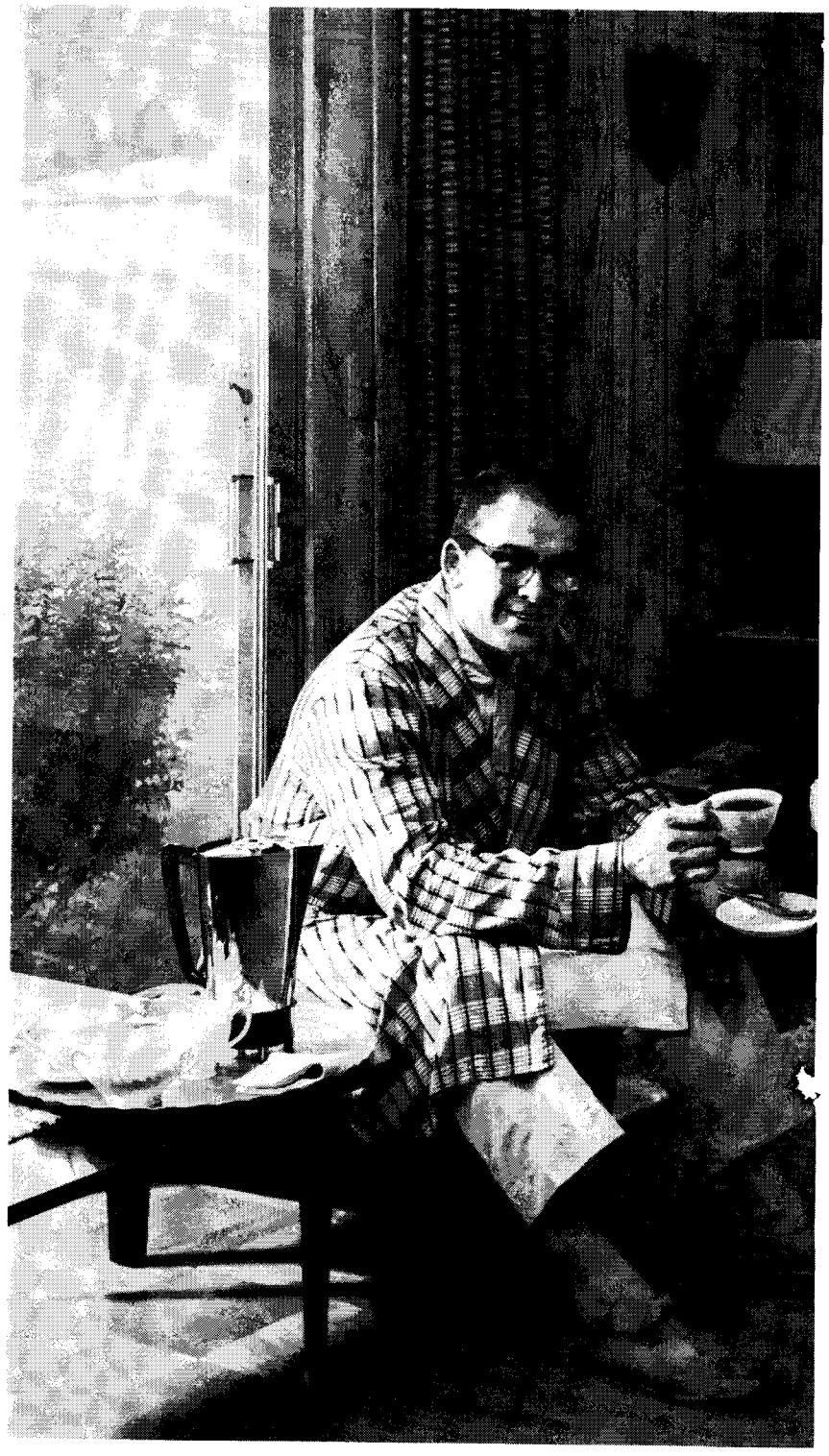
Clean, flameless electric house heating surrounds you with gentle, even warmth. Separate thermostats enable you to set the temperature you want in each room. The Nelsons have never had to call for service. And of course electric house heating is so safe.

Full Housepower wiring adds a new measure of convenience to your home life. With enough electric circuits, you can run all your appliances and accessories at peak efficiency, now and in the future. And with a Gold Medallion Home's full Housepower wiring you have the wonderful convenience of all the switches and outlets you want where you want them.

You get the full advantages of modern decorative lighting. The careful selection and placement of fixtures provide good lighting for close work. Soft pools and centers of light dramatize your prized possessions, draw guests to natural conversation areas, and make you look your best.

In a Gold Medallion Home like the Nelson's you find true pleasure in the clean cooking heat of a flameless electric range. You sense how safe and clean it is to use a flameless, flueless electric water heater and a flameless, fumeless electric clothes dryer.

If you're planning to buy, build or modernize, get in touch with your local Electric Utility Company and find out how easy and inexpensive it is to make a better life for your whole family in a total electric home. See a model Medallion Home during National Home Week starting September 26.



CLEAN COOKING HEAT is what the Nelsons like best about their flameless electric range. Says Joan, "The kitchen stays so clean. My cabinets, wallpaper . . . even my pots and pans keep clean with electric cooking."

"FLAMELESS ELECTRIC CLOTHES DRYING IS SO SAFE," Joan maintains. "I never worry about the children being around my dryer, and I use it for everything from my sweaters and Orlon things to the baby's plastic pants."

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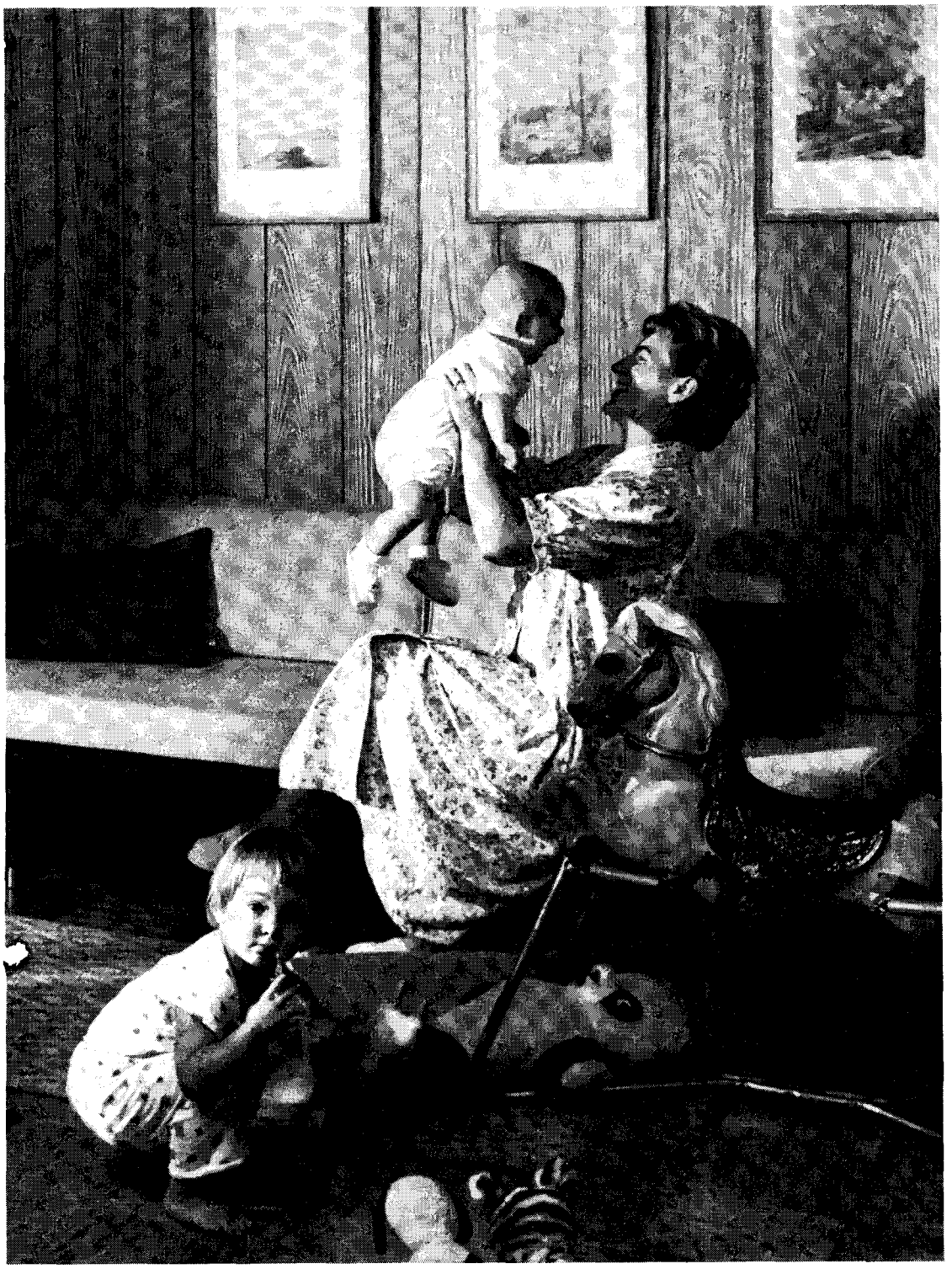
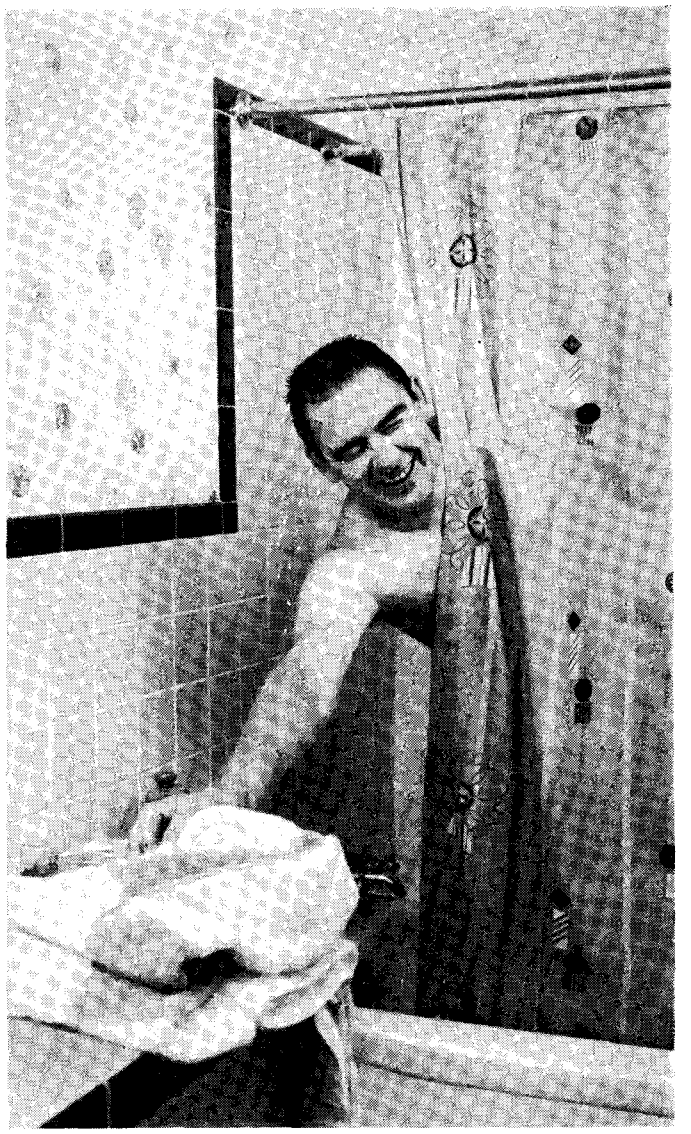
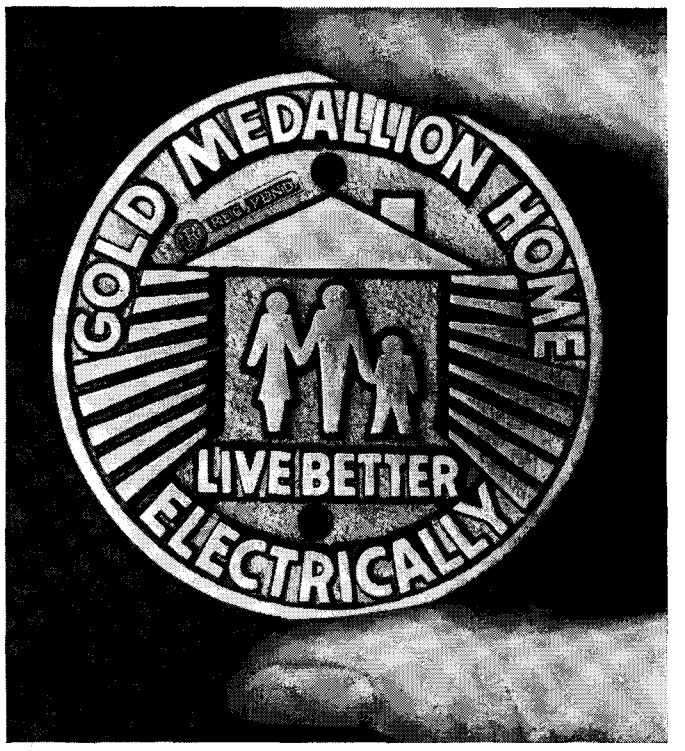


"THE CHILDREN ARE SO SAFE because electric heating gives us even heat with no drafts," says Alan Nelson. And from wife Joan, "Electric house heating is so clean we've had fewer sinus attacks than ever before, and housecleaning is easier because there's never any film on my curtains, furniture or windows."

FULL HOUSEPOWER WIRING gives the Nelsons plenty of circuits, with enough capacity to run appliances at peak efficiency and provide plenty of switches and outlets. Says Joan, "Casual entertaining is easier when you can plug in appliances anywhere and have them work the way they're supposed to."



SAFE WATER HEATING is the most important feature Alan sees in the Nelson's flameless electric water heater. "It's completely automatic, and needs no flue to make it work," he explains, "and believe me, it's a load off your mind when you never have to think about anything going wrong."



THIS GOLD MEDALLION identifies the Nelson house as a total electric home. Wherever you see it, it means that the house you are entering is equipped with flameless electric house heating, flameless electric appliances, full Housepower wiring and decorative Light for Living. It is today's home built for tomorrow . . . the home that cannot be outmoded in your time, or your children's.

In a total electric Gold Medallion Home . . .

YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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(*Continued from Page 87*) is a Catholic—next approached a burly fellow mowing the lawn, who turned out to be the lady's husband. He was voting for Nixon because Nixon was "more mature." Was Kennedy's religion of any concern to him? "Hell, no," he replied with some heat. "Religion ain't got a damned thing to do with it."

But the main trouble is not the people who don't tell you the truth. The main trouble is that a lot of people don't finally make up their minds until they enter the voting booth. These undecideds have a nasty way of upsetting all the pollsters' best efforts. That happened in 1948, for example, when the undecideds elected Harry Truman. It happened again in West Virginia this spring, when the big block of undecideds gave Kennedy his smashing 62 per cent victory over Hubert Humphrey, thus astonishing the experts and, for that matter, Kennedy himself.

Because there are such lurking dangers in the undecided vote, the professional pollsters now use every device, including a mysterious screening process, to reduce the undecided tally to an absolute minimum. As early as August, for example, a Gallup poll listed only 6 per cent undecided, or less than one voter in sixteen. Let the reader ask himself whether fifteen out of every sixteen people he knows have firmly decided already how they will vote in November. Of course they haven't.

Moreover, in order to get a neat, down-to-the-last-percentage-point standing between the candidates, the professional pollsters extrapolate the undecideds by "assuming that the undecideds will divide in approximately the same ratio as the decideds," as Doctor Gallup puts it. In this election especially, I am sure that this is a totally unsafe assumption. And here I come to my reasons for the first of the five conclusions listed at the beginning of this report—that Nixon is still the underdog at the moment of writing, despite the polls.

Although no poll can predict an election in advance to the last percentage point, the polling technique is nevertheless by all odds the best way to pick up a major trend among the voters as a whole or among special groups of voters. Allowing for the fact that the interviews are of necessity a few weeks old, I think the Alsop Poll is significant in that respect, for it not only suggests that the people who have not made up their minds will decide this election but it also suggests who, in general, these people are and the way they may be tending.

For example, there are forty-six former Eisenhower voters who are undecided, against twenty-five former Stevenson voters. And the number of former Eisenhower voters who have already made up their minds to vote for Kennedy is more than five times the number of former Stevenson voters who have decided to vote for Nixon. This suggests that Kennedy has a good chance to pick up a healthy majority of the undecided vote. The breakdown by religion suggests the same thing.

Consider the Catholics first. The switchover of former Eisenhower voters to Kennedy among the Catholics is one of the major phenomena of this election. The four-to-one support for Kennedy among Catholics that we found may be high, although *Jubilee*, a national Catholic magazine, in a poll of its readers, came up with almost precisely the same percentages. But there is no doubt at all that the switch to Kennedy among Catholics is very big indeed.

Mind you, the switch is not wholly motivated by religion. For reasons hidden in the depths of the human personality, Adlai Stevenson was remarkably unpopular among Catholic voters, which partly accounts for the massive Catholic vote for Eisenhower in 1956 especially. Moreover, a lot of Catholics in supporting Kennedy are reverting to their old party. Three out of four of the Catholics I interviewed in the 8th Ward of Baltimore, for example, considered themselves Democrats, but they voted for Eisenhower by almost two to one. When they vote for Kennedy by three to one or better—as I am sure they will—they will not only be voting for a fellow Catholic but they will also be returning to their ancestral political home, the Democratic Party.

Some Catholics say flatly that they are going to vote for Kennedy because he is a Catholic. This is especially true in areas with a Catholic majority. But most deny that religion has anything to do with their vote. "Why, if we Catholics were going to vote our religion," one cheerful lady in Baltimore remarked, "we'd never have had a chance to vote for President." That is true enough, at least back to Al Smith. But it would be silly to suppose that religion plays no part in the huge Eisenhower-to-Kennedy switch among Catholics. And indeed, in all fairness it must be said that Catholics have a right to feel that the Presidency should not be a permanent Protestant monopoly.

In any case, although I can't prove it, I think it is quite safe to assume that there will be the same heavy majority for Kennedy among the Catholic undecideds as there is among the Catholic decideds. I suspect it may be heavier. I suspect that a good many Catholics say they are undecided, or even for Nixon, because they are aware that, if most voters voted their religion, no Catholic would ever be elected President.

How about the non-Catholic undecideds? That, I think, may well be the key question of this election year. And, although again I can't prove it, I think it is not safe to assume that the non-Catholic undecideds will divide in the same ratio as the non-Catholics who have made up their minds how to vote.

A lot of non-Catholic undecideds are in doubt for reasons other than religion. But make no mistake about it. The votes of a great many non-Catholics are going to be influenced by religion also. In this connection I noted a curious thing. In the places I polled where the Protestants were in a minority, not a single Protestant would acknowledge that he was in any way influenced by religion. And yet in these places the non-Catholic vote for Nixon was just short of unanimous. By contrast, where the Catholics were a small minority, between 40 per cent to more than 50 per cent of the non-Catholics acknowledged being influenced by religion. Yet, in these places Kennedy got a much higher proportion of the non-Catholic vote.

There were certainly some people—like that angry husband to whom my wife talked—who said religion made no difference when it did. And there were some out-and-out anti-Catholic bigots. Some of them gave odd reasons for their passionate anti-Catholicism. One woman kept repeating mysteriously, "Oh, you don't have to tell me. I know what the Catholics did in Tennessee." Another said, "My forepeople, like my own grandma, they told me how they came in the windows, how they hid the babies and the Bibles." She refused to enlarge on this macabre imaginary spectacle.

The passionate anti-Catholics are not among the undecideds. They account for some of the tiny switchover from Stevenson to Nixon, but the real key voters are those who are torn in two directions. Here, for example, is a Protestant minister in Seymour, Indiana: "As a minister, Kennedy's religion is certainly of concern to me, but I am almost coming to believe that his integrity is such that his religion should not be a problem." Here is a thoughtful farmer: "Kennedy? There's something there I like. I'm worried about his religion, but I'm almost coming to the conclusion that it's just prejudice." Or here is a mailman in California: "I don't know how I'll vote. I'm a Democrat, but they say Kennedy would take orders from the pope."

These people represent Kennedy's great opportunity. If he can persuade them that as President he would not "take orders from the pope," that his religion would not affect his conduct of government, he may have a chance of taking an actual majority of the non-Catholic undecideds. This, mind you, is precisely what Kennedy did in West Virginia. The chance to repeat on a nationwide scale what he did in West Virginia is Kennedy's hidden asset. For make no mistake about it, if Kennedy can come within reasonable shooting distance of taking half the non-Catholic vote, he will be our next President.

Consider the figures. The Catholics represent a trifle under a quarter of the voting population. The two other big minorities, Jews and Negroes, represent probably a trifle over 10 per cent of the vote. That is a total of about 35 per cent of the vote.

In the past Negroes have tended to vote for the Democratic Presidential candidate by two-to-one majorities and Jews by even heavier majorities. My sampling of the Jewish and Negro voters was too small to be conclusive, but my strong impression was that both groups are likely to give Kennedy a large if not very enthusiastic majority. As one Jewish woman said, "Of course, we wanted Stevenson, but I suppose we can learn to like Kennedy." Suppose, then, that the over-all Kennedy majority in the three big minority groups is 70 per cent. Given Kennedy's Catholic support, this is by no means an unreasonable supposition.

With Catholics, Jews and Negroes accounting for 35 per cent of the vote, that leaves the WASPS (for white Anglo-Saxon Protestants—an inaccurate shortcut word used by politicians for all those not in the three big minorities) with a majority of 65 per cent. If Kennedy takes 70 per cent of the combined minorities, he will need less than 40 per cent of the WASP vote for an over-all majority. And Nixon will need over 60 per cent, or more than Eisenhower's over-all majority in the 1956 landslide.

Add the fact that the minorities are concentrated in the big industrial states with the largest electoral votes. For example, Catholics constitute more than 35 per cent of the voters in New York State, the grand prize with its forty-five electoral votes, and more than 30 per cent in Pennsylvania, which is tied for second place with thirty-two electoral votes. Add the further fact that three out of five voters in this country consider themselves Democrats, and you begin to wonder how Richard Nixon, or any Republican whose name is not Dwight Eisenhower, can hope to be elected President. And yet, it is very much too early to write Nixon off, for four reasons.

First, the hidden Kennedy asset is also a hidden Kennedy danger, as Kennedy himself is well aware. For what might happen is just the opposite of what did happen in West Virginia. If large numbers

NEXT WEEK

From **Bernard Baruch's** Own Story

THE 1929 CRASH

A DELIGHTFUL REMINISCENCE
by BING'S KID BROTHER

OUR MOM, KATE CROSBY

By Bob Crosby

HOW WE BROKE
THE MISSILE IMPASSE

By Harold H. Martin

CHILDHOOD SCHIZOPHRENIA

THE "ATTIC CHILDREN"
GO TO SCHOOL

By Thomas B. Congdon Jr.

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:

THE FUTURE OF MAN

By P. B. Medawar

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of Protestants become convinced that there will be a monolithic Catholic vote for Kennedy, this in itself might push a big majority of the undecided Protestants—and even many Protestants who now intend to vote for Kennedy—into the Nixon column.

Second, Nixon is not only right in believing that the "foreign-policy issue" is the controlling issue; he is also right in believing, as he obviously does, that he is in a better position than Kennedy to profit by it. There are two words which neatly sum up Nixon's main advantage over Kennedy—"more experienced."

Moreover, Republican vice presidential candidate Cabot Lodge, whose personal popularity is downright astonishing, is a real asset to Nixon in the advantage of experience. As of now, Lyndon Johnson is not a comparable asset to Kennedy—not even in the South, to judge from the reaction to his name in Virginia.

Third, Kennedy appears largely to have lost what was until recently a central Democratic asset. Four years ago anyone who took the trouble to talk to the voters heard the following phrase, or something like it, endlessly repeated, "The Democrats are for the little guys, and the Republicans are for the big shots." Now you almost never hear that phrase unless you invade the worst slum areas. Why? Partly, perhaps, because eight years of relative affluence have erased the notion from most minds. But there may be another reason as well, which also suggests the fourth reason why it is very much too early to count Nixon out.

The relationship between candidate and voter is a mysterious and unpredictable thing. Adlai Stevenson, in his 1956 campaign, complained of his own "failure to communicate." He was quite right—he never really got through the ears of the mass of the voters, into their minds and hearts. Thomas E. Dewey failed in a similar way. And so, up to the moment of writing, have both Jack Kennedy and Dick Nixon. To most people, both men remain cardboard figures—distant, unreal, not quite human.

The man who can break through the cardboard and establish that inexplicable thing, a warm, human contact with the voters, will have an immense advantage. Kennedy succeeded in establishing that sort of contact with the voters in Wisconsin and West Virginia, and most journalists assume that Kennedy, with his great personal charm, has a head start over Nixon in this respect. I thought so myself; but after my walkathon-talkathon, I am not so sure.

Kennedy cannot possibly shake hands at every crossroads in the United States, as he did in Wisconsin and West Virginia. A comparison of their respective acceptance speeches is enough to suggest that Nixon is technically a more accomplished master of the television medium than Kennedy. And Nixon has certain other assets which are not, perhaps, immediately apparent—his receding hairline, for example, his notably unglamorous face and his humble origin.

Just about everybody in the country knows that Kennedy is a Catholic, and there are three other things that most people know about him—that he is young, that he is handsome, that he is rich. And this may explain in part the mysterious disappearance of the "little guy-big shot" phrase. For it may be hard for most people to fit a "golden lad" into their mental image of the defender of the "little guy."

Indeed, Nixon fits more neatly into that role, an asset which Nixon will certainly exploit for all it is worth. It is easier for the ordinary voter to identify himself with the visibly aging Nixon, with his ordinary-seeming face, than with the young, rich, handsome and fabulously unordinary Kennedy. Quite often people would say of Nixon, "He seems more like ordinary folks." And quite often, they would say of Kennedy, "He doesn't know what it's like to be poor." Those two phrases represent a real danger to Kennedy.

Even so, there really is something magnetic about the Kennedy personality, and the expected Kennedy baby will presumably touch a lot of hearts, predominantly female. All in all, if I were a professional gambler—no doubt an easier and more lucrative way to make a living than writing about politics—I would offer even money to the Nixon betters, but I'd insist on the Kennedy money putting up seven to my five. And if I began hearing a lot of people using one shopworn adjective about one candidate or the other, I would take no bets against him at any odds whatsoever. The adjective is "good."

It is the best word there is in politics. I remember an old gaffer in Suffield, Connecticut, who got on the subject of Dwight D. Eisenhower. "Maybe he does goof off a lot and play too much golf and that," he said. Then his face lighted up. "But he's such a *good* man." Then there was the old widow in a run-down apartment house in Chicago's 39th Ward. "It's hard to make ends meet, these days," she said. "Now you take Mr. Roosevelt, he understood the problems of the poor. He was a *good* man." She looked for a moment as though she might be about to cry.

In all my wanderings I never heard the word "good" used about either Kennedy or Nixon—not in that way, at least. If large numbers of people begin using the word about either man, you can be dead certain he will be the next President of the United States. For the voters seem above all to want a "good man" as their next President. And perhaps goodness is, after all, a useful quality for a President to have.

I Am a Dugout Doctor

(Continued from Page 27)

Virgil Trucks was deeply disturbed when he reported at Comiskey Park following a trade in June of 1953. During more than ten seasons at Detroit the powerful right-hander had enjoyed a number of good years, but in 1952 he had won only five games while dropping nineteen. With the St. Louis Browns during the first part of 1953 he had a so-so record of five and four.

I examined him. He was in amazingly fine physical condition for his thirty-four years. "Anything I can do to help you?" I asked.

"I need all the help I can get," he replied.

I had what turned out to be the right verbal medicine at hand. I told him that I had watched him pitch many fine games while I was training the Yankees and Red Sox in the 1940's. "You poured fast balls over the plate," I said. "You pumped hard as soon as your catcher tossed you the ball. But, as time passed, batters told each other to wait you out—peck away and wear you down. Along the grapevine you became known as a pitcher who could be tagged for long drives late in the game."

"That's true, doc," he said. "I knew it too. But what can I do about it?"

"Admit to yourself that you're not as young as you used to be. Pace yourself. Discard your rapid-fire delivery. Take more time between pitches. Breathe deeply before you throw. The pause will give your heart time to slow down. Deep breathing will increase the oxygen content of your blood. There's no physical reason why you can't be a nine-inning pitcher again."

Trucks took his time and a deep breath between deliveries during the rest of that season and the next one. He became the mainstay of the Sox staff, winning thirty-four games while losing eighteen—a triumph of mind over matter.

Al Smith had been a versatile, high-spirited performer for the Cleveland Indians until he pulled up lame in 1956. An X-ray examination revealed a calcium deposit in his right ankle. His batting average dropped almost sixty points in two years. He was traded to the White Sox before the 1958 season as damaged goods. The pain in his ankle subsided that year and disappeared in 1959, yet Al's average sank to its lowest point, .237.

I was taping Al's leg from foot to knee in our Miami training camp last spring when he began to talk about his ankle, as usual. "The Indians tried everything," he said. "They sent me to some doctor who rubbed my leg. One day he said, 'Your pain's gone out of your ankle. It's in my hands now.' And, sure enough, the pain was gone.

"But that night I tried to beat out an infield hit. Midway to first base the pain hit me like a knife in my leg. I hobbled to the bench. 'That doctor just lost the pain in his hands,' I said. 'He's sent it back to me in spades!' "

I didn't laugh at Al's story. "And now the pain's in your head," I said. "Stop talking about it. Stop being a mental cripple. Tell yourself your leg's as good as new."

Since then Al Smith has forgotten the calcium deposit in his ankle. Going into the final month this season he was one of the American League's hitting leaders.

Pitchers are the most hypersensitive of all athletes. An umpire's "wrong" call, a teammate's error, a misread sign have knocked more pitchers out of the box than their opponents' bats. Before each game I "stretch" the starter's arm—that is, I flex, yank and massage it to conserve his energy by reducing the number of warm-up throws he will need. I also check his mental attitude.

Early Wynn has no psychological problems. He trains himself, and one aspect of his training is mental self-control. Gerry Staley disciplines himself to bed early each night; he avoids alcohol and tobacco and regulates his weight by a strict diet. Neither of these superior pitchers intends to worry himself into premature retirement because he is past forty years old.

Other stars fall heir to the pitcher's commonest ailment, pre-game tension. Billy Pierce shows the strain in his face. Bob Shaw wisecracks or sings, then lies down and falls so soundly asleep that I am obliged to wake him for his warm up.

In my Yankee days I watched Hank Borowy pace the passage behind the dugout, reciting the enemy's batting weaknesses aloud. Ernie Bonham told reporters that he clutched an iron ball before games in order to strengthen the muscles of his hand. Actually Ernie fondled the ball like a child hugging a Teddy bear in the dark.

I never spoke to them before their starts, nor to Vic Raschi. Raschi sat sullenly on the bench, rousing himself to a fighting pitch like a champion boxer awaiting the opening gong. Each game was life or death to Vic, who was at his best when stakes were highest.

The 1949 pennant hung in the balance when he pitched the season's final game. The Yankees led in the ninth, 5-3. Two were out, with one Red Sox runner on base. First baseman Tommy Henrich called time and went to the mound. Vic shoved him away, turned back, took a sign and fired his best fast ball plateward. The batter swung and popped out.

"What did you say to Raschi?" I asked Henrich afterward.

"Two words," he replied. "'Everything okay?' I asked. 'Get away from me, you blankety-blank!' he yipped. Then I laughed. I knew there was nothing to worry about."

Spud Chandler hated himself before and during games—and afterward, if he lost. In 1943 he lost only four games and had twenty victories. One of the defeats came in June, when, after he had held Philadelphia hitless for six innings, a walk, a sacrifice and a bad-hop single gave the Athletics a 1-0 lead.

That ridiculously cheap run stood up. Spud was in a fury of frustration. As the game ended in a Yankee pop-up he tried to rip his cap apart. I trailed him as he strode to the dugout stairs, cursing loudly. Suddenly he flung the cap toward the grandstand. A wayward gust of wind boomeranged it into my hands.

I didn't dare approach him after the game, so I put the cap in my locker for safekeeping. The following morning I handed it to him. He turned scarlet. "That's the kind of day yesterday was! Lost a one-hitter! Lost my temper! But I couldn't lose this damned cap!"

At the opposite extreme is the pitcher who loses faith in himself after a shellacking, or the batter who goes into a slump after committing a costly error. Such men need doses of mild encouragement, subtly administered. However, I have no sympathy for the hypochondriac who benches himself with a crick in the neck or a psychosomatic bellyache. I needle him with injections of ridicule, or I dip into my memory for the story of Joe DiMaggio's heroic fortitude.

Joe was the Yankees' inspired leader during their 1947 drive to a pennant and world's championship. A bone spur had been removed from his right heel the preceding winter. Skin was grafted on the heel during spring training. Before each of the 141 games he played that season I dressed and bandaged the raw flesh.

"Can you make it today?" I would invariably ask.

"I'll be out there," he would say, with a slow wink and smile.

Joe also suffered from arthritis in both shoulders and in the cervical vertebrae. Bone chips in his right elbow limited him to one long throw a day. But Joe concealed his pains, even from his own teammates. After each game he rested for an hour in the clubhouse lounge. Yet he succeeded in batting .315 that season, with thirty-one two-baggers, ten triples and twenty home runs.

He stretched many singles into two-base hits by taking long, hard slides. I helped him strip away his bloodstained

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uniform after one such game. A patch of skin had been ripped from his thigh.

"You'd better slide on the other side tomorrow," I suggested.

"Not if it's going to get me thrown out," he said.

Joe DiMaggio was one of that select company who plays for keeps, modern counterparts of the old Orioles of the 1890's. Pint-sized Nellie Fox, the White Sox second baseman, has played in more than 750 consecutive games despite torn flesh, battered bones and bruises. In 1957 Bob Cerv broke up a double play by crashing into Nellie. His body block twisted Nellie's knee and his spikes sliced into Nellie's underthigh.

I packed the knee in ice; I patched up the thigh. "You can pinch-hit tomorrow," I said, "but keep away from second base."

Nellie was first on the field at morning practice. He played his usual nine innings.

Even more extraordinary is Minnie Minoso's tolerance for pain. Our rugged left fielder has been hit by pitched balls more than 130 times. His upper torso, arms and shoulders are scarred with old bruises. Twice Minnie has been struck in the face.

Early this season Yankee catcher Elston Howard flung his mask away as he chased Minnie's foul pop up. The mask sliced into Minnie's lips, loosening three teeth. He sank to the ground. I revived him with cold towels. The club physician sewed six stitches in his inner lips. The accident had occurred at the end of the first game of a doubleheader. Just before the second game began Minnie dashed from the dressing room into the dugout with his characteristic cry, "I play!" Manager Al Lopez erased a substitute's name from the batting order.

Another amazing fellow is Jim Rivera. One of Eddie Lopat's rare fast balls bounced from Rivera's skull to the screen during a 1952 game with the Yankees. Thoughts of a fracture or at least a concussion raced through my mind as Jim was tenderly borne away past the stands.

"Hot franks! Get yer hot franks!" cried a vendor.

Up scrambled Jim. "Gimme one, boy! I'll pay you later." He reached over and grabbed a hot dog, and then, chewing hard, he was lugged on to the clubhouse. "Heck, doc," he explained, "my head aches, but my stomach's O.K."

Another pitched ball ricocheted off Jim's head a few months later. I sprinted to the plate. I was too late—Jim was off and running to first base.

I began my baseball career as the visiting club's bat boy at Chicago's Wrigley Field in 1926. A ball was my daily pay. If the clubhouse attendant felt good, the ball was new. If he felt bad, it was scuffed. If he felt mean, it was dirty with a ripped cover.

"Wear a clean shirt tomorrow and you can work again," he would say, and I was happy.

I wanted to be a big-leaguer. Jimmy Burke, the Cubs' coach, told me, "You couldn't hit .100 in a girls' softball league."

"Then I'll be a trainer," I said.

"Don't you realize there are only sixteen big-league trainers in the United States?" Burke said.

I pestered manager Joe McCarthy into letting me assist the Cubs' trainer, Andy Lotshaw. I inhaled the fragrance of rubbing alcohol and peppermint oil. I heard the ripest profanity in baseball, for the Cubs were a rough and boisterous crew.

Training methods then were primitive—rubdowns, a pill or powder, a pat on the back for an ailing player. No one watched the scales. The idea was that the more you weighed, the harder you could throw or hit.

Our leading slugger was barrel-chested, tubby Hack Wilson, a child of nature who took his pleasure straight from the bottle. Hack is dead now, but two of his single-season marks still endure—most runs batted in (190) and most home runs by a National Leaguer (fifty-six). He achieved these figures in 1930, when he seldom went to bed before three in the morning.

One afternoon Hack reported on the field just five minutes before the opening pitch. He walloped a home run the first time up, but staggered around in the outfield, misjudging several fly balls.

After the game Manager McCarthy told Trainer Lotshaw, "I can't suspend Wilson. I need his bat. Have you got a magic pill that'll straighten him out?"

There was no such pill. I was present, nervy and ambitious. I had witnessed a laboratory experiment at Northwestern University, where I was studying physiotherapy. I suggested that McCarthy adapt it to the circumstances.

The upshot is still one of baseball's most frequently told tales, with at least a dozen heroes other than Hack Wilson.

Marriage teaches a man to share everything with his wife—including the blame for her mistakes.

HAROLD COFFIN

Anyway, McCarthy summoned Hack to his office the next morning.

"What's in them glasses on your desk, Joe?" Hack asked.

"This glass contains water," said the manager. "And this contains gin." He produced a small box and took a live worm out of it. "I'm going to show you what gin does to your stomach."

McCarthy dropped the worm into the water. It wriggled happily. Next he dropped it into the gin. It wriggled briefly, jerked, then died and floated to the surface.

"Now do you understand what gin does to your stomach?" McCarthy asked.

"Sure," said Hack. "If I drink gin, I'll never have worms."

I quit the Cubs in 1932 to train the Black Hawks, Chicago's ice-hockey team, a wintertime association which continued until 1948. In the meantime I returned to baseball, my summertime love, in 1937 as trainer of the Dodger Daffiness Boys.

The Dodgers' prime box-office attraction in 1938 was the one and only Babe Ruth, who had retired as an active player three years before. The Dodgers brought him back as a coach. For much of the season the Babe was the life of the clubhouse, fascinating everyone with tales of his heroic past.

Eventually a pitcher needled him, "So you were the greatest southpaw of 'em all in your Red Sox days, were you? I'd like to see you win with the lively ball we throw today!"

The shaft struck home, for the Babe was prouder of his early pitching feats than of his later home-run prowess. "If you guys ride me about my pitchin', I'll get my arm in shape and show you something!" he threatened.

"Whoa there, Babe," the others chorused, "just let us know when you're ready, and we'll be there!"

The Babe took me aside. "I'm goin' to pitch batting practice to these sons of slobs," he said. "I want you to loosen up my arm for me."

For five days I "stretched" the Babe's left arm, which had not been used in serious competition since 1919. On the sixth morning he announced, "I'm ready! Everyone's invited to bat against me, especially you big hitters!"

Our "big hitters" were Dolph Camilli, Babe Phelps, Ernie Koy and Buddy Hassett. They vainly tried to drive the ball out of Ebbets Field. Their collective best was three meek flies.

Baseball's salad days were ending around this time, and with them the Daffiness Boys, who were less daffy than carefree. World War II exerted a sobering influence. Today the average major-league ballplayer has a sense of responsibility which rules out juvenile antics and bursts of temperament.

There have always been Good-Time Charleys in baseball, as in every other profession, and there always will be. I still come across a rare major-leaguer who bends the elbow or has a sweetheart in every port of call. They generally don't last long in the big time.

There are exceptions. The amateur Don Juan who overindulges in sex never bounces back on the day after, but addiction to alcohol did not diminish the skill of a few of the old-timers with whom I came into daily contact. They were sluggish when they reported in the morning, but they perspired freely during practice, and by gametime their vitality had returned. With the alcohol drained from their systems they played at top speed until the final out. Then they would shower, dress and hurry away to their bottles.

My Brooklyn experience ended in 1939 when Joe McCarthy, who had moved to the Yankees, induced me to resign from the Dodgers and become a trainer of the Yanks' farm club in Kansas City. Four years later he summoned me to Yankee Stadium, the home of champions.

I had regarded the Yankees as a special baseball breed, above ordinary human weaknesses. I soon discovered that although they hit, ran and threw better than other players, they were even more intensely devoted to upholding the highest standards of play, and therefore were even more high-strung.

My sponsor and patron, Joe McCarthy, resigned as manager of the Yankees in 1946. I stayed on in 1947 under Bucky Harris. He asked me to give special attention to a rookie named Yogi Berra. "That boy doesn't know how to take care of himself," Harris said.

I examined Yogi one day in April and found that he was running a fever from a sore throat and chest cold. I gave him some pills and told him to go home to bed. Half an hour later I saw him leave the stadium in an April shower, wearing slacks and a T shirt.

"New York is damp and chilly in the spring," I told him the next day. "Buy a topcoat."

Yogi did not buy a topcoat. "O.K., O.K.," he finally said, after I had lectured him again.

"Don't kid me," I said. "I'm going with you tonight."

We entered a clothing store that evening. "My friend wants a combination raincoat-topcoat, size forty-four short," I told the clerk.

As the clerk started for the rack Yogi shoved two twenty-dollar bills in my hand. "Gotta go," he mumbled. "I got a date." I bought the coat. When he finally wore it, the coat didn't fit, but it kept Yogi warm.

That summer Yogi looked drawn and thin. I checked on his diet and discovered that he breakfasted on a sweet roll and coffee, ate a ham and cheese sandwich before leaving for the ball park and two frankfurters before a game. After a game he ate another ham and cheese sandwich, and still another at seven o'clock before going to the movies. An hour before bedtime he consumed an overflowing platter of spaghetti and meat balls or two orders of veal *parmigiano*.

"I'll meet you for breakfast, dinner and supper tomorrow," I said.

Under my supervision Yogi ate cereal, a ham steak, two eggs and potatoes for breakfast. He had his ham and cheese sandwiches at the ball park, with milk to wash them down. At seven o'clock he consumed a four-inch steak, baked potatoes, vegetables, salad and a dessert. His nightcap was a chocolate ice-cream soda or two. His weight rose, and with it his batting average.

Regretfully I quit the Yankees after their 1947 World Series triumph over the Dodgers. Joe McCarthy had signed a contract to manage the Red Sox. Again he summoned me, and again I responded.

The real Joe McCarthy has never been depicted correctly by sports writers. He was a shy man, chary with words because he refused to speak anything but the exact truth. Joe demanded nothing less than perfection from his players. With one word he could put a boaster in his place. With a single sentence he could point to the reason why an error was made, a game lost.

Joe was the absolute boss of his many winning teams. He had resigned from the Yankees after 1946 because he would not tolerate interference from any source, including the new syndicate that had bought the club. In Boston Joe had but one aim—to dethrone the hated Yankees. He carefully remolded the Red Sox into his kind of team. Both in 1948 and 1949 they just missed winning the pennant.

By 1950 I was convinced that Joe McCarthy would quit soon, which he did on June twenty-third. I resigned, and in 1952 began my present tenure with the White Sox.

The Sox were struggling to win a pennant after years of frustration. Players came and went as Frank Lane, then the team's general manager, made trade after trade. I began to understand the trainer's duties more clearly. I could be more than the man in white who rubbed sore arms until they were strong again.

"You're eating too much," I would tell a boy who had never dined in a metropolitan restaurant before. "Don't wear a rubber shirt to sweat off your fat—run it off, and keep away from rich food." I would tell new arrivals who had suffered from the second-division doldrums, "The Sox have a chance to get a World Series cut this year. Put out, and you'll buy the wife that mink next fall." To the rookie whose eyes were wet after he had read his name on the spring cut-down list, I would say, "You'll do better out there than in Chicago. You'll play regularly and be back here next year."

Under Al Lopez since 1957 the White Sox have jelled into a team that refuses to be beaten until the last out. Team morale reached a peak after Ted Kluszewski was traded to us in August of 1959. With Ted's bat in the line-up, the boys laughed and joked with free-and-easy confidence in themselves. I knew they would win the flag.

This year, after they had blundered through half the season, their old confidence began to return. I became hopeful that the White Sox would do it again. By the time you read this we'll all have a better idea of whether I was right. Anyway, win or lose, they're as fine a bunch as I've ever worked with.

THE END

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Plainswoman (Continued from Page 31)

seemed to cling to his boots. A thousand miles of cattle and plains and work and hurt were clung like webs in his face.

Nora had made eggs, ham, bread and coffee for the breakfast, but Pleny made them objects of disgust as he extended his hand, as shyly but as definitely as a New England lad asking for a dance, and said, "I got the mortification, ma'am. I have to let you see it."

She looked at his index finger and saw the mortification of the flesh, the gangrene. He held the finger pointed forward, his other fingers closed. He pressed the finger with his other hand, and the darkened skin made a crackling sound like that of ancient paper or dangerous ice over a pond. And above the finger some yellow streaks were like arrows pointing to the hairs and veins above his wrist.

Nora smelled the food, gulped, stood up and turned away.

"I got to come to you, ma'am," said Pleny. "I finally got to come to you."

He spoke firmly but shyly, but she did not hear his tone; she heard only his demand. And her emotion rejected it and any part of it. Her emotion said that he should not have come to her and that she had nothing to do with it, and would not and could not. She walked toward the fireplace, staring into the low flames. She heard the wind coax the sides of the house. She said, pretending nothing else had been mentioned, "Pleny, there's your breakfast." She itemized it, as if the words could barricade her against him. "Eggs . . . ham . . . bread . . . hot coffee—hot coffee."

But after she had spoken she heard nothing but his steady, waiting breathing behind her. And she understood that she would have to turn and face it. She knew he was not going away and would not happily sit down to eat and would not release her.

The fire spoke and had no answer, even though it was soft. She turned and saw the weather on Pleny's face, the diamonds of raised flesh, the scars. And she knew that death was in his finger and was moving up his arm and would take all of him finally, as fully as a bullet or freezing or drowning.

"What do you expect of me, Pleny?" she said.

He moved with a crinkling hard sound of stained dungarees, hardened boots and his dried reluctant nature. "Ma'am," he said, "I don't want you to think I'm a coward. I just wouldn't want you to get that notion. I'll take my bumps, burns and cuts, just like I did with this finger on the lamp in the bunkhouse and then on the gate before it could heal. I'll take it without complaining, but I sure don't like to doctor myself." His lake-blue eyes were narrowed with thought, and the erosion in his face was drawn together, as if wind and sun were drawing his face closer together the way they did the land in the drought. "I just can't bear to cut on myself," he said, lowering his head with a dry shame. He lifted his head suddenly and said, "I suppose I'd do it out on the plain, in the mountains, alone. But I can't do it here."

His Adam's apple wobbled as he sought in his throat for words. His lips were cracked and did not easily use explanations. "It just seems sinful, ma'am," he said, "for a man to hack on himself." Suddenly his eyes were filled with burning knowledge. He spoke reasonably, without pleading, but an authority was in his voice. "Ma'am, you never saw a man do that, did you, when somebody else was around to doctor him?"

She had watched and listened to his explanation without a stirring in her; she had done so as if she were mesmerized, like a chicken before a snake. Gradually his meaning penetrated her and told her what he meant.

"Ma'am," he said, "would you do me the kindness to take off this here finger?"

She ran senselessly, as if she were attempting to run long, far, back to New England. The best she could do was run through the rooms of the haphazardly laid-out house and get to her room and close the door and lean against it. She was panting, and her eyes were closed, and her heart was beating so hard that it hurt her chest. Slowly she began to feel the hurts on her shoulders, where she had struck herself against the walls and doors. Rolf had started this house with one room and had made rooms and halls leading off from it as time went on. She had careered through the halls to her room, as if fighting obstacles.

She went to her bed, but did not allow herself to fall down on it. That would be too much weakness. She sat on the edge of the bed, with her hands in her lap. Her wish to escape from this place was more intense than ever within her. And her reasons for it ran through her brain like a cattle stampede, raising acrid dust and death and injury—and fear, most of all.

Her fear had begun in the first frontier hotel in which she had spent a night. Rolf had been bringing her West from New England to his ranch in the springtime. The first part of the ride on the railroad had been a pure delight. Rolf's hand was big, brown, with stiff red hairs on the back, a fierce, comforting hand; and her own had lain within it as softly as a trusting bird. The railroad car had had deep seats and décor that would have done credit to a fine home. As those parts of the world she had never seen went past, mountain, stream and hamlet, she had felt serene; and the sense of adventure touched her heart like the wings of a butterfly. She was ready to laugh at each little thing and she had a persistent wish to kiss Rolf on the cheek, although she resisted such an unseemly act in front of other people.

"I know I'll be happy," she said. And his big quiet hand around hers gave her the feeling of a fine, strong, loving, secure world.

But the world changed. After a time they were on a rough train that ran among hills and plains, and after a while there was nothing to see but an endless space with spring lying flat on it in small colorful flowers and with small bleak towns in erratic spaces, and the men on the train laughed roughly and smelled of whisky. Some men rode on the roof of the car and kicked their heels, fired guns and sang to a wild accordion.

Rolf's hand seemed smaller. His tight, strong burned face that she had so much admired seemed remote; he was becoming a stranger, and she was becoming alone with herself. She, her love for him, her wish for adventure were so small, it seemed, in comparison to the spaces and the crudity.

One night the train stopped at a wayside station, and the passengers poured out as if Indians were attacking. They assailed the dining room of the canvas-and-board hotel as if frenzied with starvation. In the dining room Rolf abruptly became a kind of man she had never known. He grabbed and speared at plates like any of the others and smiled gently at her after he had secured a plateload of food for her that made her stomach turn. After affectionately touching her hand, he fought heartily with the others to get an immense plateload for himself. Then he winked at her and started to eat, in

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the same ferocious way as the others. His manners in New England had seemed earthy, interesting and powerful—a tender animal. But here, here he was one more animal.

That night they shared a bedroom with five other people, one a woman who carried a pistol. Rolf had bought sleeping boards and blankets, so that they would not have to share beds with anyone. The gun-carrying woman coughed and then said, "Good night, all you no-good rascals."

Rolf laughed.

The spring air flipped the canvas walls. The building groaned with flimsiness and people. Nora had never before heard the sounds of a lot of sleeping people. She put her face against Rolf's chest and pulled his arm over her other ear.

Late at night she woke crying. Or was she crying? There was crying within her, and there were tears on her face. But when she opened her eyes, the night was around her, without roof or walls, but there was the water of rain on her cheeks. Rolf bent over her. "We're outside," he said. "You were suffering. Exhausted, suffering, and you spoke out loud in your sleep."

"Why did you bring me out here?" The blankets were wet, but she felt cozy. He was strong against her. The night was wet but sweet after the flapping, moaning hotel.

Some water fell from his face to hers. Was Rolf crying? No, not Rolf, no. But when he spoke, his voice was sad. "I told you how it would be, didn't I?"

"I didn't know," she said. "I didn't know how awful it could be."

He spoke powerfully, but troubledly. "I can't always take you outside, away from things. I can't do that. There'll be times when I can't do for you, when only you can do it yourself."

"Don't be disturbed," she said, holding him closer. "Don't be disturbed." The smell of the wet air was sweet, and it was spring, and they were alone and small again in an enclosed world, made of them both, and she was unafraid again. "I'll be all right," she promised. "Rolf, I will be all right."

She slept with that promise, but it did not last through the next day. The train stopped after noontime in the midst of the plain. Cattle ran from the train. A lone horseman rode toward them out of curiosity. The sky was burning. Some flowers beside the tracks lifted a faint gossamer odor. Men were drinking and making tea on the stove of the car. Then they all were told that a woman two cars ahead was going to have a child, now. Nora was asked to go forward to attend her.

The impressions of the next few hours had smitten her ever since. The car in which the woman lay on a board suspended between seats across the aisle was empty except for herself and the third woman on the train. The cars before and after this one had also been emptied. The woman helping her said that the men were not even supposed to hear the cries of the woman in labor. It would not be proper. But were the men proper anyway? From the sounds in the distance, Nora could tell they were shouting, singing and shooting, and maybe fighting and certainly drinking.

She had seen labor before, when the doctor was unavailable, blocked away by snow, so she was good enough here, and there were no complications. But there was no bedroom with comforters, a fire and gentle women about. The woman helping her was the one who wore a pistol, and she cussed.

When the child, a boy, was born, the gun-toting woman shouted the word out the window, and the air was rent with shouts and shooting. The woman on the board lifted her wet head, holding her blanketed baby. "A boy to be a man," she said. "A boy to be a man." She laughed, tears streaming from her eyes.

The woman with the gun said softly, "God rest Himself. A child of the plains been born right here and now."

The train started up. Nora sat limply beside the mother and child. Men walked into the car, looked down and smiled.

"Now, that's a sight of a boy."

"Thank you kindly," said the woman.

"Now, ma'am, that boy going to be a cattleman?" said another.

"Nothing else."

"Hope we wasn't hoorawing too much, ma'am," said a tall man.

"Jus' like my son was born Fourth of July. Thank you kindly."

"Just made this tea, but it ain't strong's should be," said a man carrying a big cup.

"Thank you kindly."

Another man came up timidly—strange for him; he was huge. It turned out he was the husband. He did not even touch his wife. He looked grimly at his son. The woman looked up at him. "All these folks been right interested," he said.

What the women of this country need is a permanent wave half as permanent as a temporary tax.

CHESTER L. MARKS

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The woman smiled. The train jerked and pulled. Her face paled. The man put his hand on her forehead. "Now, just don't fret," he said. "Just don't fret."

"Thank you kindly," she said.

In her own seat, next to Rolf, Nora was pale. She flinched when the train racketed over the road. Rolf gripped her hand.

"Rolf?"

"Yes, honey?"

"She's all right. The woman with the baby—she's all right."

"I know."

"Then be quiet, don't be disturbed. I can tell from your hand. You're disturbed."

He looked out the window at the plains, at the spring. "The trip took longer than I thought," he said. "It's time for spring roundup. I ought to be at the ranch."

She was shocked. This great, terrible, beautiful thing had happened, and he was thinking of the roundup. Her hand did not feel small and preserved in his; it felt crushed, even though his fingers were not tightly closed.

"Rolf?" Her shock was low and hurt and it told in her voice. "Rolf. That woman had a baby on the train. It could have been awful. And all you can think of now is the roundup."

He looked around at the others in the car. Then he lowered decorum a little and put his arm around her.

He whispered, "Honey, I tried to tell you—I tried. Didn't you listen? On the plains we do what has to be done. Why, honey, that woman's all right, and now we've got to get to roundup."

"But can't we—can't we be human beings?" she said.

He held her. "We are, honey," he said. "We are. We're the kind of human beings that can live here."

She remembered all that and she remembered also that within two days after they had got to the ranch, Rolf had gone out with the men on spring roundup. That time, too, Pleny had been left with her to take care of the home ranch. She had been sad, and he had spoken to her about it in a roundabout fashion at supper one night. Pleny ate with her in the big kitchen when the others were gone, instead of in the bunkhouse. And he was shy about it, but carried a dignity on his shyness.

"Don't suppose you know that the cattle're more important than anything out here?" he said.

"It seems I have to know it," said Nora.

Pleny was eating peas with a knife. She heard about it, but had never been sure it was possible.

"Couldn't live here without the cattle," he said.

"It seems to me that living here would be a lot better if people thought more about people."

"Do. That's why cattle's more important."

"I fail to understand you."

Pleany worked on steak meat. "Ma'am, cattle's money, and money's bread. Not jus' steak, but bread, living. Why, ma'am, if a man out here wants a wife, he has to have cattle first. Can't make out well enough to have a wife and kids without you have cattle."

"I don't think it's right," she had said then in the springtime. "I don't think it's right that it should be that way."

And Pleny had replied, "Don't suppose you're wrong, ma'am. I really don't." He wiped his mouth on his sleeve. "Only trouble is, that's the way it is here, if you want to stay."

She hadn't wanted to stay. As soon as she was sure she was pregnant, she wanted to go home. The spring had passed, and the summer hung heavy over the plains. The earth, the sky, the cattle, the people had dry mouths, and dogs panted with tongues gone gray. The wind touched the edges of the windmills, and water came from the deep parts of the earth, but you could not bathe in it. The water was golden and rationed, and coffee sometimes became a luxury—not because you didn't have the coffee, but because the cool watery heart of the earth did not wish to serve you.

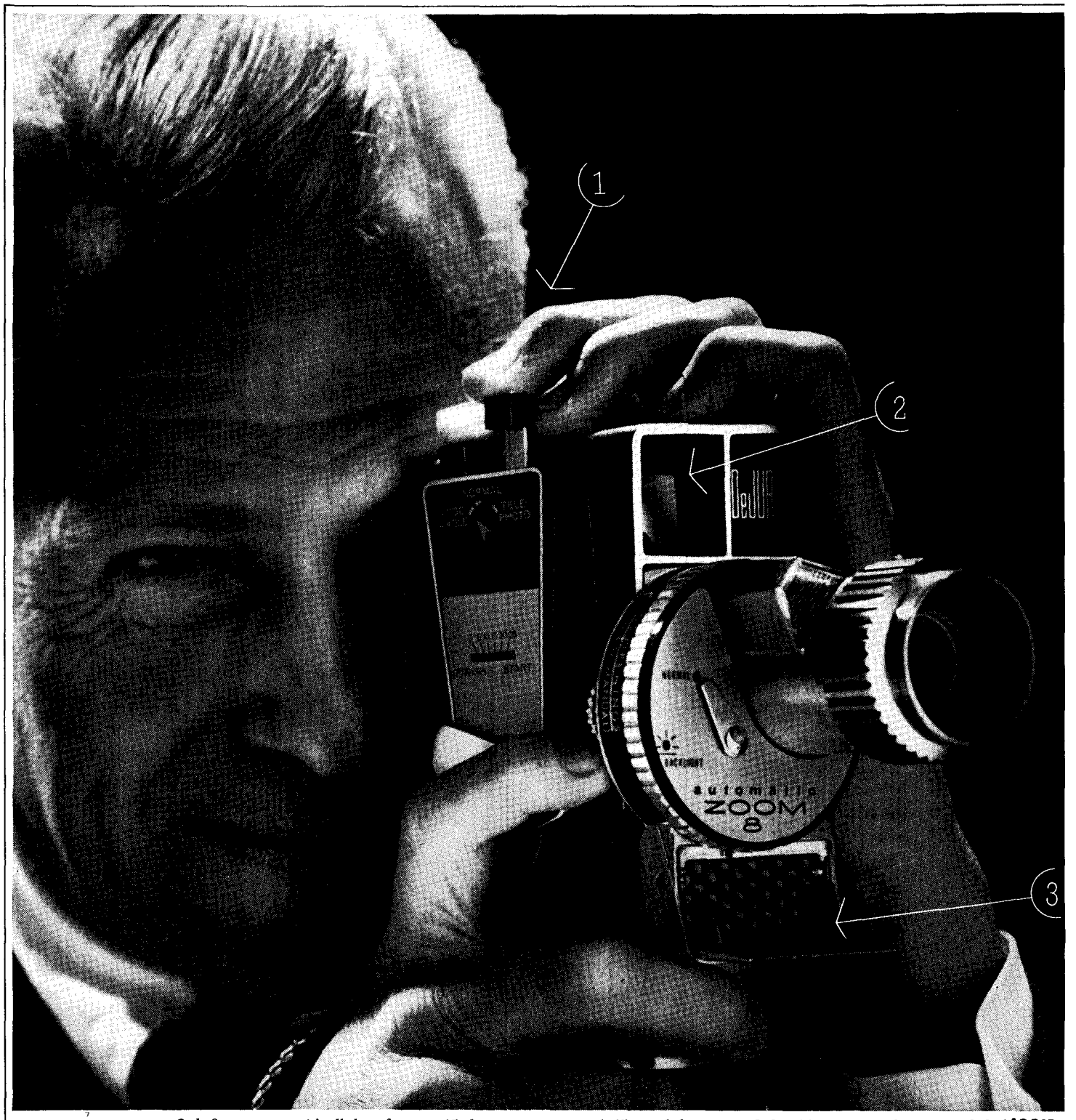
The fall roundup time came; and just before the outfit moved out, a cowboy, barely seventeen years old, had broken his leg. Rolf had pulled the leg straight, strapped a board to it and put the boy on a horse with a bag of provisions. "Tie an extra horse to him," Rolf had commanded Pleny, "in case something happens."

Pleny had done so. Rolf had asked the boy, "Got your money?"

"Got it right here."

"Now, you get to that doctor."

"Sure enough try."



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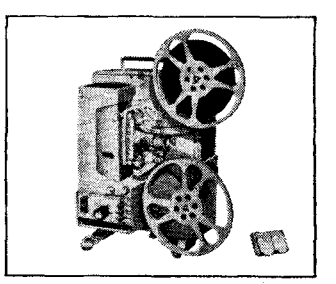

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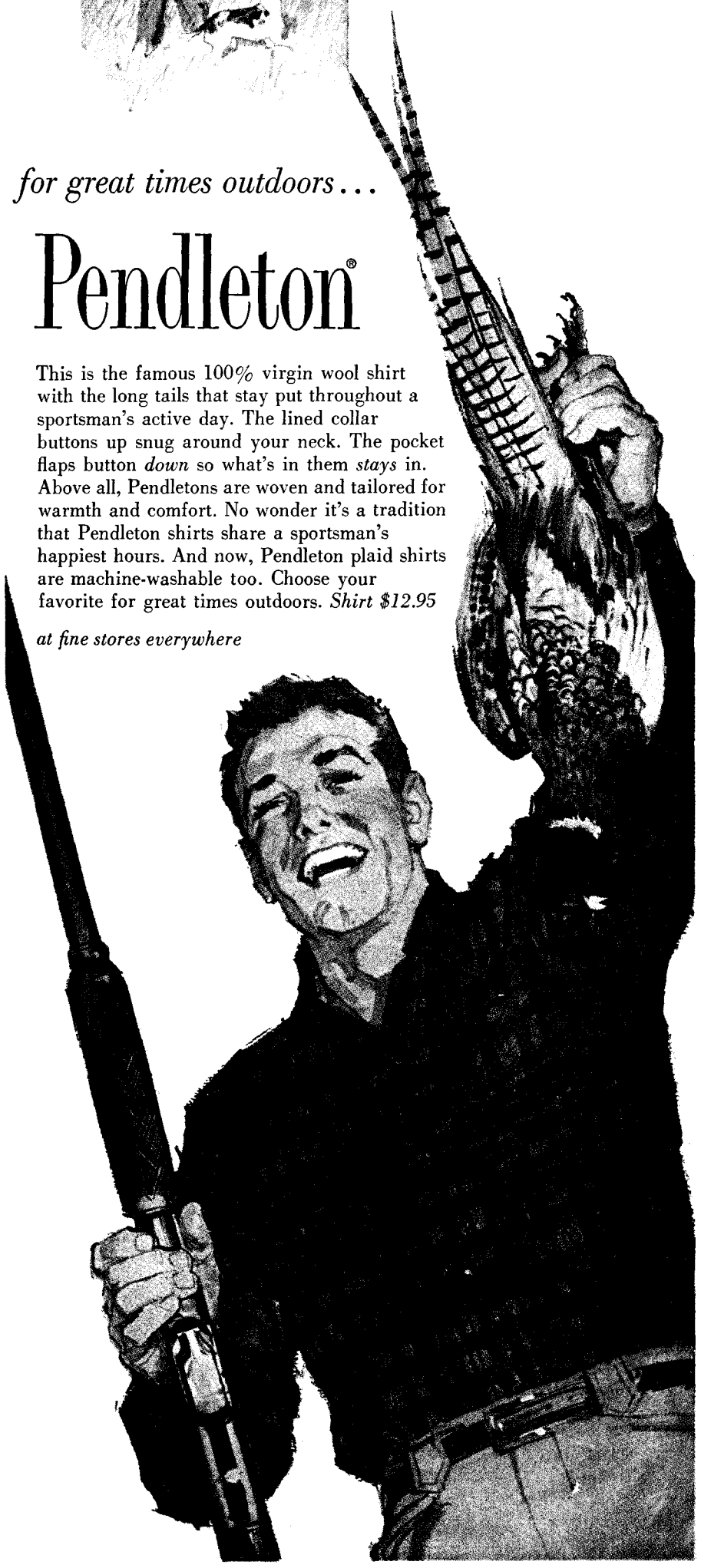

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"Now, when you're fixed up," said Rolf, "you come back."

"Sure enough will."

Nora knew that it would take eight to ten days for the boy to get to the nearest doctor. She ran toward the boy and the horses. She held the reins and turned on Rolf. "How can you let him go alone? How? How?"

Rolf's face had been genial as he talked to the boy, but now it hardened. But the boy, through a dead-white pain in his face, laughed. "Ma'am," he said, "now who's going to do my work and that other man's?"

"Rolf?" she said.

Rolf turned to her, took her hands. "Nora, there isn't anybody that can go with him. He knows that."

The boy laughed. "Mr. Rolf," he said, "when I get my own spread, I'm going to go out East there to get a tender woman. I swear." He spurred with his good leg and, still laughing, flashed off into dust with his two horses.

"Rolf? He might die."

Rolf bowed his head, then fiercely lifted it. "Give him more credit."

"But you can't ——" she began.

"We can!" he said. Then he softened. "Nora, I don't know what to say. Here—here there's famine, drought, blizzard, locusts. Here—here we have to know what we must do if we want to stay."

"I don't like it," she said.

A wind lifted and moved around them, stirring grass and dust. In the wind was the herald of the fall—and therefore the primary messenger of the bitter winter. In the wind was the dusty harbinger of work, of the fall roundup.

"Soon I'll have to go," he said, "for the roundup."

"I know."

"The plains are mean," he said. "I know. I came here and found it. But I—I don't hate it. I feel—I feel a—a bigness. I see—I see rough prettiness." He bowed his head. "That isn't all I mean." He looked at her. "Soon I have to go. You'll be all right. Pleny will take care of you."

She hadn't told him that she was sure she had a child within her. She felt that she must keep her secret from this wild place, because even if it were only spoken, the elements might ride like a stampede against her, hurting her and her child, even as they did in the dark when she was alone and the wind yelled against the walls beside her bed and told her how savage was the place of the world in which she lived.

There was a knock on her door. She looked up. Her hands, folded in her lap, gripped each other. She did not answer.

"Ma'am?"

She said nothing.

"It's Pleny. I just can't sit down and eat, ma'am, worrying about this mortification of the flesh I got. I just can't sit down to anything like that. I just have to do something."

She made her hands relax in her lap.

"I have it wrapped up in my kerchief, ma'am," said Pleny, "but that ain't going to do it no good."

She closed her eyes, but opened them at once, staring at the door.

Pleny said, "I ain't going to leave you and the ranch, ma'am. Couldn't do that. I have my chores to do."

A small unbidden tear touched the edge of her eye and slipped down.

There was a silence, and then he said quietly, "The doc's so far away, don't 'spect I could get there before that mortification took more of my flesh. Sure would hate that. Sure would hate that."

A second tear burned silver on the edge of her eye and dropped and burned golden down her cheek and became acid on her line of chin, and her wrist came up and brushed it away.

She heard the wind and many messages and she imagined Pleny waiting. She felt a sense of response, of obligation, of angry maternal love, as if all the wistful hope and female passion of her nature had been fused, struck into life, made able because she was woman and was here, and birth, survival, help, lay potent, sweet, powerful in her heart and in her hands.

She stood up. "Pleny?"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"What must I do?"

He was silent, and she opened the door. Angrily, then firmly, she said, "Let's go outside, Pleny."

... ...

Pessimist's Week

By Thompson Young

Even loyal friends of Monday
Must admit that it's
    No-Fun-Day.
Understatement christens
    Tuesday
Simply No-News-Is-Good-
    News-Day.
I will merely note that
    Wednesday,
Out our way, is
    Cub-Scout-Den's-Day.
My wife has designated
    Thursday
As special
    What-Is-His-Is-Hers-Day.
The payroll Ghost-That-Walks
    makes Friday
Figuratively (less deductions)
    My-Day.
Home handymen find Saturday
Is Fix-Up-What's-the-
    Matter-Day.
That leaves—or *ought* to leave—
    us Sunday,
Once our Neither-Toiled-Nor-
    Spun-Day,
Now our Traffic-Jam's-Begun-
    Day
Bumping bumpers into Monday.

... ...

"Yes, ma'am."

She held the kindling ax. Pleny had his finger on the block. He closed his eyes. The wind pulled her skirts. She looked up for a moment at the whirling light. Then, in necessity and tenderness, she swiftly did what must be done.

They were coming, the men were coming home from the roundup. The screen of dust was on the plain. She had been working on the meal and now it was the bread she was kneading. Working on the bread, she felt a kick against her abdomen.

She stopped, startled a moment, her hands deep, gripping in the dough—the kick again, strong.

Suddenly, in a way that would have shocked her mother, in a way that would have shocked herself not so long ago, she threw back her head and laughed, a fierce song of love and expectancy. She made bread and was kicked; she expected her man and she laughed, fiercely and tenderly. She was kicked, and a child of the plains had awakened within her.

THE END

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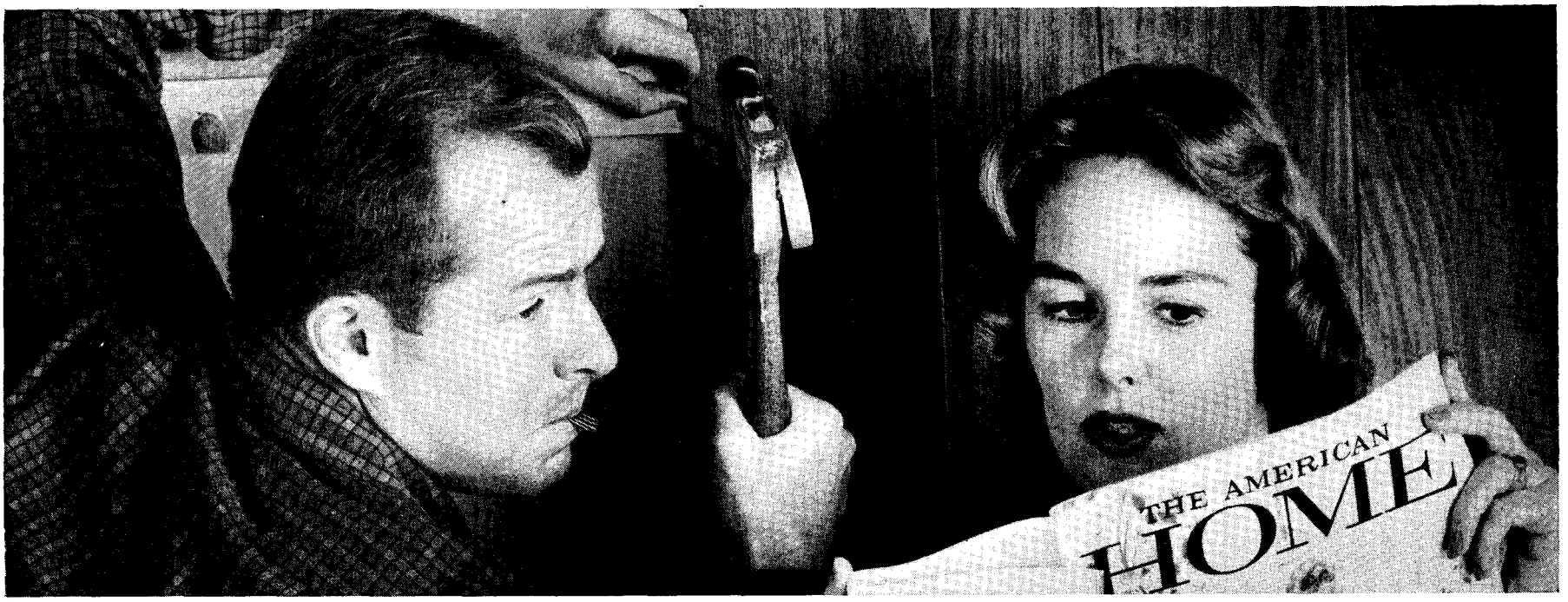

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The Capture of Kevin Cooley

(Continued from Page 35)

was pulling poor George's car. She would have dragged it all the way downtown had not the rope broken."

Policeman Wimsett examined the evidence carefully. The rope had been tied with a businesslike bowline. "You're sure there wasn't an older boy with him?" he said.

"I'm quite sure! There was a dog, though, but it ran when it heard all the commotion. How am I to get this car out of the street, officer? George has the keys with him."

"Better call the dealer from whom you bought it, ma'am," said Policeman Wimsett. "He'll have duplicate keys. I'll have to try to find this boy."

He hurried on. By now he had almost circled the block, and was not far from where he had parked his prowl car, in front of Mrs. Ramsey's house. He got in it and began cruising around the neighborhood. He drove slowly and quietly, without making use of his red lights and siren.

In a few moments he saw a small boy. He was trudging along the sidewalk, crying, and if he lived where Mrs. Ramsey thought he lived, he was going in the wrong direction. He stopped and wiped his face with his sleeve, trying not to cry, when he saw the police car stop at the curb beside him.

Policeman Jim Wimsett rolled out, leaving the door of his car open and the police radio going. "What's the matter, Kevin?" he said.

"I lost my rope," said Kevin Cooley.

"That," said Policeman Wimsett, "is an understatement. But we'll let it pass. Aren't you a bit lost yourself?"

"I guess so."

"How many blocks did you come?"

"I don't know."

"Can you count?"

"Yes."

"How many streets did you cross?"

"I don't know."

"I know," Policeman Wimsett sighed. "You were too busy with your rope to keep track. Well, how would you like a ride in a genuine police patrol car?"

"Well, all right," said Kevin Cooley.

He got into the car at 9:02 A.M. Policeman Wimsett had just captured his first fugitive. First he checked in with his dispatcher. There were no more calls for him. Kevin Cooley was interested in everything that happened. He was a rather average-looking boy with dark hair and dark eyes. He was not big for his age, but not small either. But smart! Not every boy of four could tie a bowline.

He cruised the streets slowly, but either Kevin Cooley did not recognize any block, or he was (*Continued on Page 100*)

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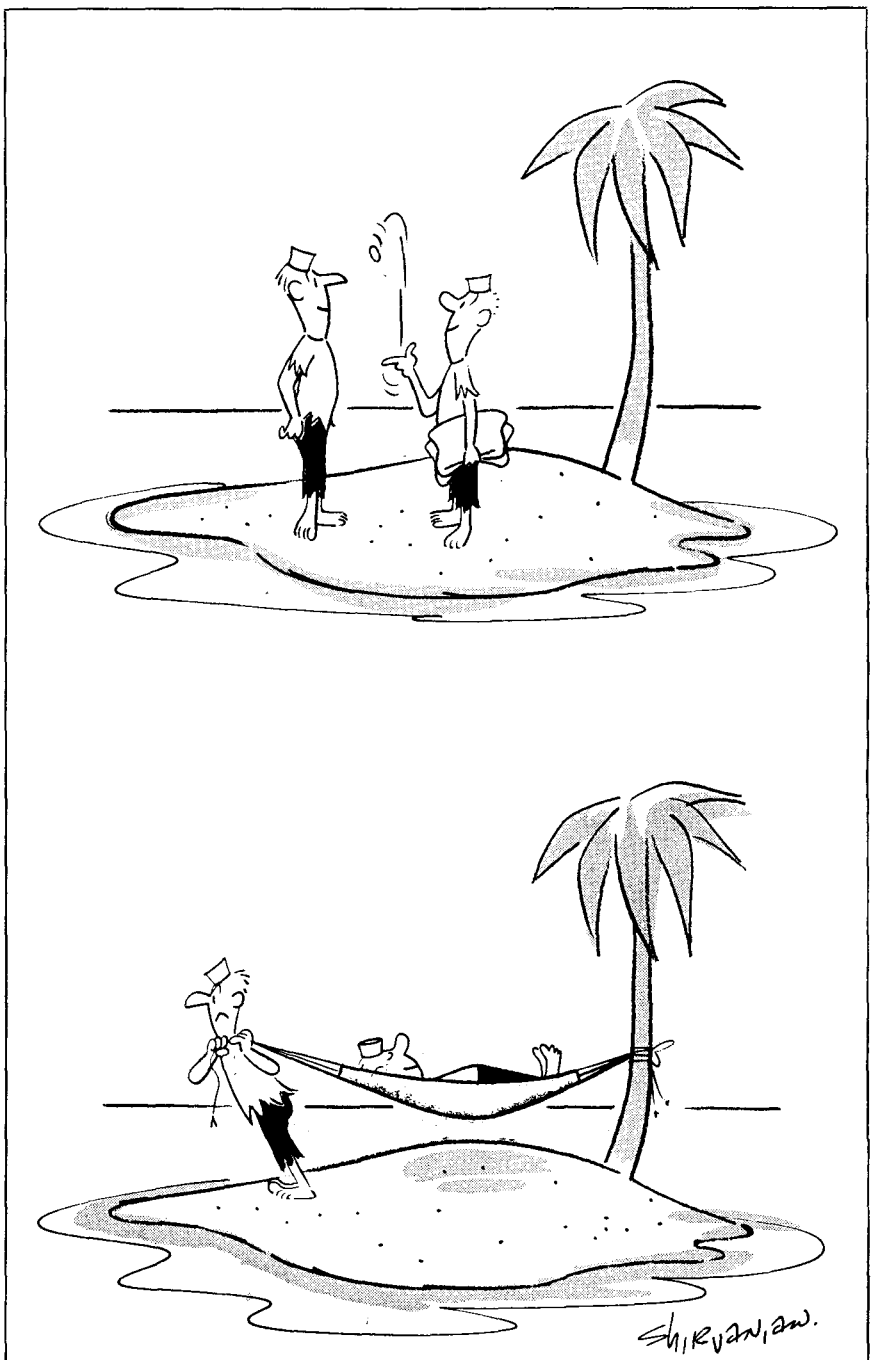

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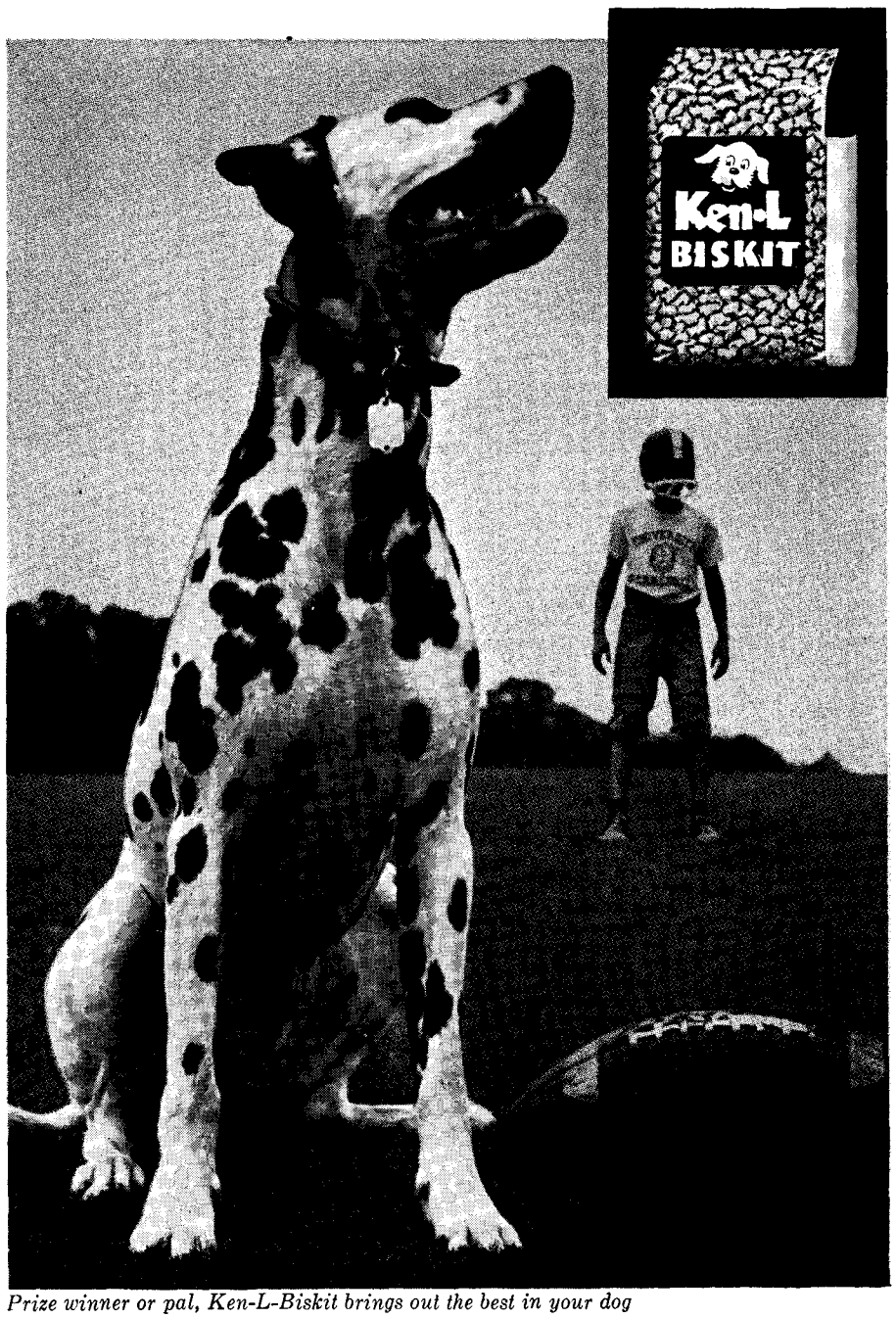

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(*Continued from Page 98*) enjoying the ride in the patrol car too much to rap, as policemen say. But at 9:16 A.M. Policeman Wimsett saw a slim young woman in Capri pants and a red blouse running wildly down the street. She had dark hair and eyes, and her pretty face was ashen with panic. Policeman Wimsett stopped the car beside her.

"Did you lose a boy, ma'am?" he said.

"Oh, thank God!" the woman screamed. She clutched Kevin Cooley to her breast a moment, crying the bitter tears that are a form of prayer. Then she said, "I ought to spank you within an inch of your life!"

Policeman Wimsett got out his little black notebook. He read off the terse catalogue of Kevin Cooley's depredations. Some of the color had started to come back into the woman's face, but as the list of wreckage went on and on and on, she paled again. Her enormous brown eyes closed, and her full red lips trembled.

"I'll pay for everything, some way," she said. "I don't know how soon I can because I have to support both of us. But I'll pay, officer!"

A widow, Mrs. Ramsey had said. "I don't think any of these kind ladies really expect to be paid," said Policeman Wimsett. "Most of them, I would judge, have kids of their own. I think they're more worried about the boy himself. Tell me, ma'am, where did he learn to tie a bowline?"

"Why," said Mrs. Cooley, "I taught him myself."

"You? A woman? And where did you learn?"

"Why," said Mrs. Cooley, "I was a Girl Scout once. I learned to tie a bowline and to build a fire with wet wood and to scour my mess kit with the ashes. But nothing about how to cope with a small boy."

"Where did he get the rope?"

"From me. I run a secretarial service from my home, so I can raise my own child. Ha!" said Mrs. Cooley. "You see how I raise him, don't you?"

"But the rope, ma'am—why a rope?"

"Yesterday I delivered some letters for a client. He had just received a bale of merchandise from Sumatra, and it was tied with this rope. I've never been anywhere in my life, and it seemed to me that a rope that had come all the way from Sumatra would be a wonderful gift for my son. Can you understand that?"

"Why, of course!" said Policeman Wimsett, looking down at the sidewalk. "Sumatra has always fascinated me too. I don't know why, but it does."

Kevin Cooley was standing on tiptoe to study the riot gun attached to clamps in the rear seat of the car. "I do the best I can by him," the young widow said in a troubled voice, "but apparently it's not enough. What awful, awful hostilities must be hidden in the child, to make him do the things he did this morning?"

"Hostilities," Policeman Wimsett said earnestly, "have nothing to do with it, Mrs. Cooley. I doubt you'll understand this, but a man would. Give a boy a thing, and he must use it. Give him a saw, and he will saw something, and if you lock him away from everything but the dining-room table, he will saw off its legs. Give him a spade, and he must dig; if it's a small set of wrenches, everything with nuts and bolts will be taken apart, and put back together. It is the nature of boys, ma'am."

"I don't understand."

"To a boy, ma'am, a thing is not to have, but to use. Give him a rope and teach him to tie a bowline, and he must rope things and tie bowlines. Flowers, cats, dogs, cars—these are not things to have, ma'am. They're things to be roped and tied with bowlines."

"Then you don't think my boy is a fiend?" she cried. "One never knows what mistakes one is making until it's too late."

"He's not a fiend. He's only a boy who had a rope and could tie a bowline," said Policeman Jim Wimsett.

He stood there talking so long that he did not report himself back in service until 9:48 A.M. He was sent at once to stop a fight in a parking lot—this was at 9:55 A.M. At 10:05 A.M. he was dispatched to investigate a complaint about trash in an alley, and at 10:10, while he was still in the alley, came a call about a purse snatcher. Thus the busy life of a policeman.

But at 3:50 P.M., just before ending his first watch on duty, Policeman Jim Wimsett was seen putting a bright red wagon in his prowl car. There is still some doubt as to who captured whom that day.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Good grief—how high are we?"

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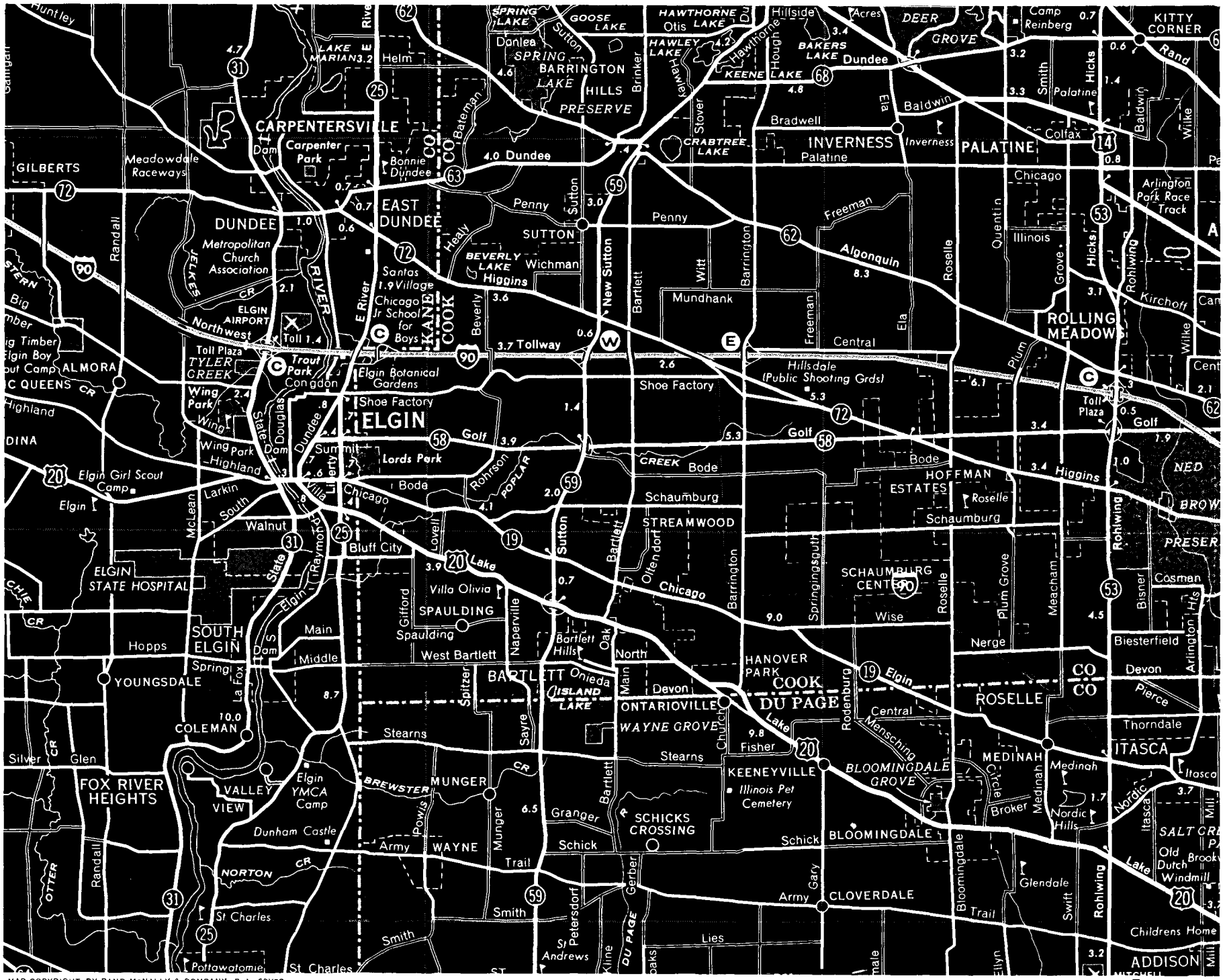
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Plum
Randall
Big Timber
Elgin Boy
Camp
ALMORA
QUEENS
Highland
DINA
Larkin
McLean
South
Lovell
Raymond
State
Elgin
Fox
Spring
Dam
Middle
Main
Walnut
Chicago
Lake
Bartlett
Barrington
Roselle
Schaumburg
Bode
Higgins
Golf
Toll Plaza
Shoe Factory
Hillsdale
Freeman
Algonquin
Mundhank
Central
Illinois
Quentin
Roselle
Barrington
Witt
Bartlett
New Sutton
Sutton
Penny
Beverly
Healy
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Can Machines Replace Teachers?

(Continued from Page 37)

when she said, "A machine teach my child? Not on your life! A child needs human warmth."

Actually, of course, even the most rabid proponents of the teaching machine visualize it only as an aid to the live teacher, not as a substitute for him, and they point out that a book is as much a machine as the part of their machine that does the teaching. Furthermore, not even the ideal class—and no lecture, book or film—can conduct a two-way conversation with each student, whereas the machine tutor is infinitely patient and attentive, prepared to lead the student step by step at his own best speed. Nevertheless, many people express quite genuine horror at the thought that mechanical or electronic gadgets will train minds.

In general, however, the consensus lies somewhere between the all-out endorsement of Professor Skinner and the downright abhorrence of the Philadelphia mother. Dean William Arnold, of the University of Pennsylvania's School of Education, speaks for most educators when he says, "I have a most cordial wait-and-see attitude. I think teaching machines will be a valuable tool." His school plans research into the best classroom use of this tool. Such research is now under way in a number of places.

One of these is the Collegiate School for Boys, in New York City, one of the nation's oldest and most traditional private schools. At the instigation of a young teacher named P. Kenneth Komoski, a French spelling course was given automatically to one group of students and by the regular classroom method to another.

"Frankly, I wasn't too convinced about the automatic method at first," Komoski says, "but it certainly proves itself." Tested on the same material, the machine-taught students did ten times as well as the others.

"I don't know what you put in those machines," said one mother, "but Johnny's picking up French like never before."

Recently teachers and administrators from public schools in Westport, Connecticut, Great Neck, Long Island, and New York City have visited the Collegiate School to see machine teaching in action—both in French and in the newer mathematics course—and to inspect plans for programing physics, chemistry and Russian. Mathematics particularly is the focus of much interest. Last term, tenth- and eleventh-grade boys were studying calculus in class and doing, as homework, two machine programs. One of these is a statistics program written by four University of Pittsburgh professors. The other is an introduction to "Sets, Functions and Relations"—concepts underlying arithmetic, algebra, calculus and, indeed, all of modern mathematics. They are also, incidentally, concepts which heretofore have been taught only to college students.

The topic presently requires 1000 steps and, says Lewis D. Eigen, of Columbia Teachers College, who prepared the program, "I could have written a text for a four-year math course with less time and effort." Eigen has been more than adequately rewarded for his labors, however. Last fall one of his students finished the program—half of the term's homework—in four hours and twenty minutes and wrote a perfect final examination in January.

Early this year, while the Collegiate School eighth grade was testing the program to indicate what further revisions, if any, were needed, a visitor could see that the method offers more, in terms of time and results, than just efficiency. "Gee, it's so easy to concentrate," one boy said. "It s fun," said another. The boys had whooped into the classroom in high spirits, flinging down book bags and chattering loudly. Question books and answer sheets were handed around to the class. Then, for forty minutes, the only sound in that room was the flipping of pages, even when Mr. Eigen wandered out. Were the boys always so quiet when left alone?

"With this material, yes," said Eigen. "Leave them with ordinary books, and they'd be throwing spitballs before long."

Only one boy paused long enough to muse at the gray sky beyond the window, and after the bell even he admitted, "This is better than our regular math class."

About half of the students concurred. A few were enthusiastic, yet uneasy. As one of these said, "I like it and I can go through twenty problems and get every one right—but I don't feel I know why I'm right." Here, of course, the regular classes have help from a live teacher. The guinea-pig class forfeited such assistance in the interest of improving the program, which has now been tested on boys of different ages, but possessing in common very high intelligence. After one of these earlier trial runs, a sixth-grader offered a typical, if backhanded compliment. "I don't like it," he said. "It makes me think too much."

The New York City Board of Education has been watching closely, for machine teaching just might be an answer for "asphalt jungle" schools, where students are both deprived and retarded. As a first step, and on a strictly experimental basis, some "problem kids" from culturally deprived neighborhoods will be sent to the Collegiate School to try machine tutoring. Although Mr. Eigen's program is but a fragment of a course, several New York high schools are considering it for use as an insert in their own math courses. "As soon as we have a complete program, we will put it to use, no question about it," says Harold Zuckerman of the High School Division.

Special attention has been focused on this program because mathematics is one of the fields in which nearly everyone agrees that the curriculum is sadly out of date. Prof. Howard F. Fehr, of Columbia Teachers College, has stated, "Any seventeenth-century mathematician, reappearing on earth today, could enter most classrooms in our traditional high schools and, without any preparation, teach the present curriculum, so far is it behind the time." Research is swiftly altering and adding to man's knowledge. Many of the changes are basic, and our children should not be placed in the frightening predicament of facing the twentieth century with seventeenth-century tools. Because

(Continued on Page 104)

There's the Rub!

Whenever friends ask the
naked truth,
I whip up a well-tailored
fiction.
By now I have learned, to
my lasting woe,
That truth is no stranger to
friction.

Jean B. Chisholm

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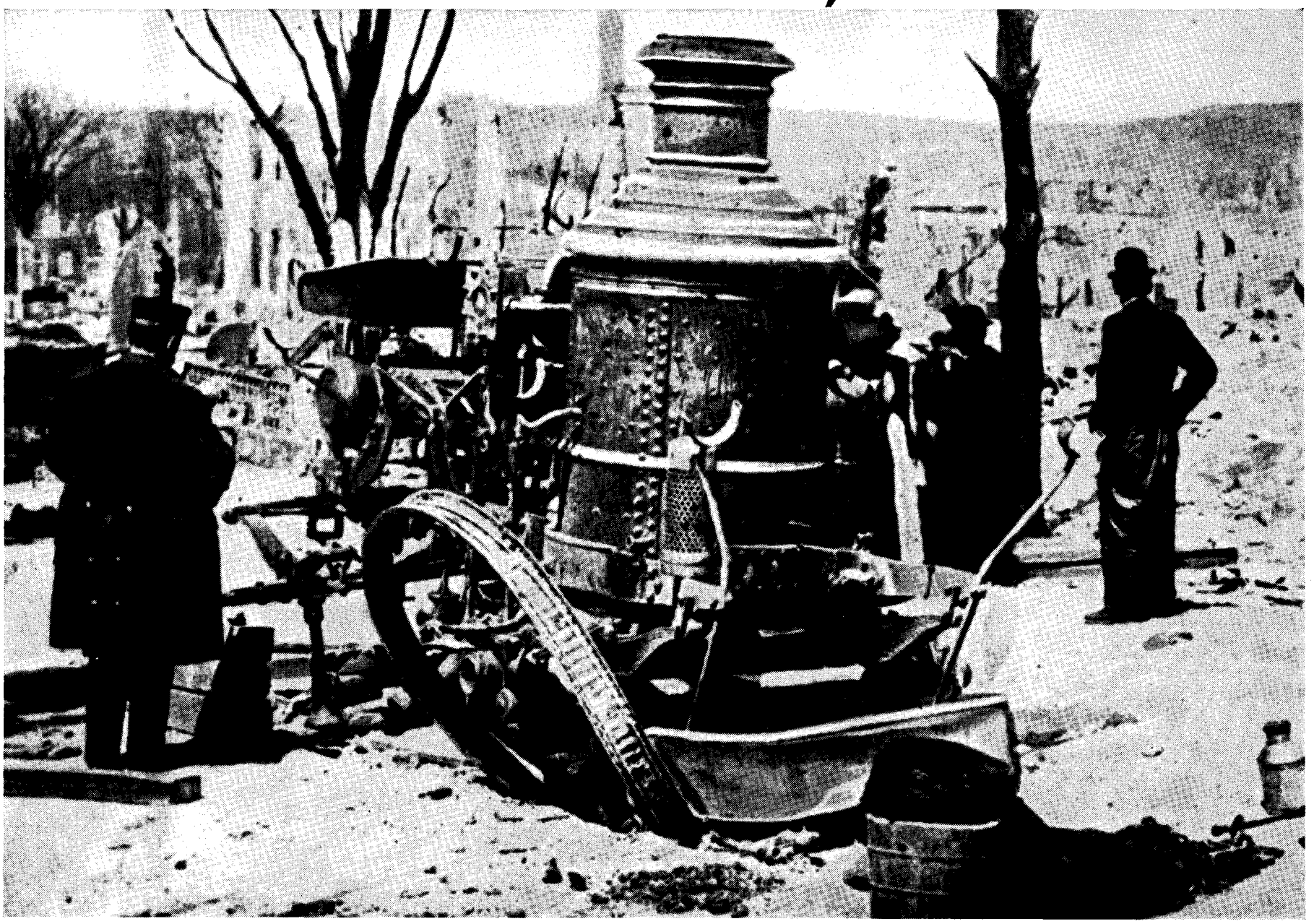
APRIL 12, 1908....



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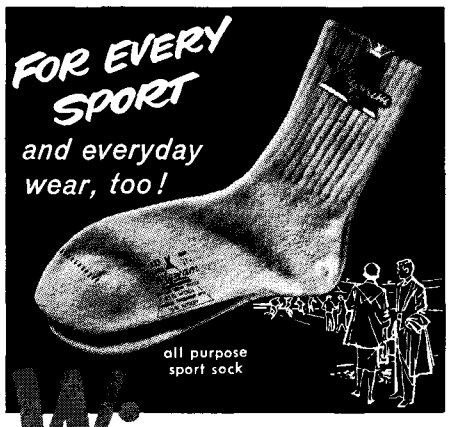

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(*Continued from Page 102*) teaching-machine programs can compress topics and present them with clarity, they open the door for inserting new subjects into the schedule. "Sets, Functions and Relations" is one stride in this direction.

Experimental work is under way also in several other secondary schools and in about fifteen major universities, thanks to infusions of money from private foundations and the Federal Government. Last spring the American Institute for Research, in Pittsburgh, sponsored an automated six-weeks physics course in twenty high schools in Western Pennsylvania. Students at these schools learned elementary electricity and optics from programed texts used in conjunction with televised laboratory demonstrations.

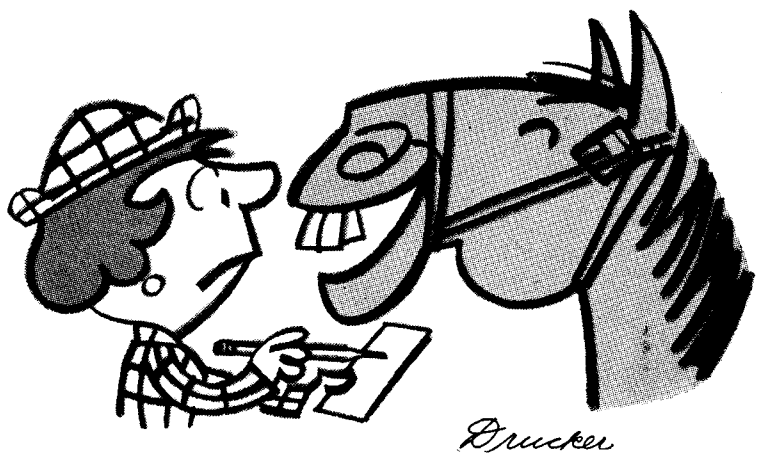
Oberlin, Earlham, Hamilton and Harvard are currently offering refined programs in some courses and are developing others. Each college accents different implications of the teaching-machine method.

At Earlham, for instance, Prof. John Barlow predicts the abolition of introductory courses as we now know them—students will finish assigned programs before they attend class at all. Even now, indeed, undergraduates starting Russian at Earlham take two years' basic work in one, beginning with programed texts and a tape-recorded program which allows them to practice conversation. When they go to their first class meeting, part way through the year, they have already mastered the new alphabet, grammar and a sizable vocabulary, and have some conversational skill.

At Hamilton the logic program is used largely as homework—"This sure beats studying," said one freshman—and classroom sessions continue much as before, but with one notable difference. "Now," says Prof. John Blyth, "the students come in waving their arms, asking questions, eager to show off. I've never had such fun teaching in my life—and I've been at it for twenty-five years."

At Harvard about one third of Professor Skinner's elementary-psychology course is programed; the other two thirds is made up of lectures and outside reading. Last March sixth, when CBS took its television program *Conquest* into Skinner's laboratory, many Americans got their first look at a teaching machine in action. In the basement of one of the university's oldest, ugliest and best-loved classroom buildings, they saw Harvard and Radcliffe students seated at some of the ten machines, each in its own separate booth, used in the course. The students were studying reflexes, Pavlovian and operant conditioning, motivation, emotion and similar topics—and learning them so well that Professor Skinner is now faced with a bit of a problem. Natural Science 114 now requires students to cover far more ground than it did four years ago, before the introduction of machine teaching; yet, whereas the course used to be considered at least moderately tough, it is now "a gut"—too easy. To get his course back to par for Harvard, Skinner will presumably have to include still more material.

Machines have proved equally effective in teaching quite young children.



The Perfect Squelch

Mildred, always a vocal volcano, was erupting about her system of picking winners at the track. "I just can't understand why you don't adopt my method," she told a group of friends. "It's simple; it works perfectly, and all you need is a pencil."

Mildred went on to give a horse-by-horse account of how her system worked. She explained in detail how she took a list of the entries in each race, then closed her eyes and poked a pencil at the sheet. Wherever the pencil landed, she claimed, she had a winner. "Just get a pencil," she urged her captive audience for the fifth time. "It always works."

As she paused for breath, one weary woman spoke up. "Why not use a fork, Mildred?" she said. "Then you could pick four winners at once."

Lockwood H. Pool

Address Perfect Squelch contributions to Box 234, The Saturday Evening Post, Phila. 5, Pa. They should be original, unpublished and typewritten. Decision within a month. Only those accepted can be acknowledged. Payment is $100 upon acceptance.

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Viewers of the same television program also saw a little blond girl of preschool age muttering to herself as she pressed transparent keys on a device about the size of an adding machine. She looked at a picture in the large window of the machine, then scanned the three smaller windows for one with a matching picture. When she pressed the window of the correct picture, the roll of paper beneath moved up to show a different set of pictures. The child began by matching geometrical shapes, then went on to letters of the alphabet. Finally she saw a large picture of a dog with the word "dog" printed beneath it, and she had to press the smaller window showing the same word before the machine would let her see the next picture. Basically the same as the teaching machine described earlier, this was a multiple-choice machine. And it was teaching the little girl to read.

Four years ago Eugene Galanter, a young psychologist at the University of Pennsylvania, drew snickers when he asserted that teaching machines would enable five- and six-year-old children to read second-grade primers after less than 100 hours of instruction. At that time, machine tutors sounded remote, if not fantastic. But today Galanter's supposed pipe dream has become reality, and television has permitted millions of Americans to see the process at work. The conclusion seems inescapable that if our youngsters are learning too little, too slowly, it is the limitations of our educational system, not the capacities of our children, that are at fault. For teaching machines have clearly demonstrated that we have vastly underestimated the capacities of our children—that, in fact, we actually discourage them from learning by requiring too little.

In view of the promise they hold for helping students learn more and faster, it is ironic that teaching machines came into being not as answers to the education crisis but as research instruments. Back in the '20's, to be sure, Prof. Sidney L. Pressey invented a device to give and correct quizzes at Ohio State University. Observing that his students learned a good deal while answering and correcting their tests, he pursued the matter of teaching by testing. One time, fifteen of his students took an automated course in psychology. But the event caused no reverberations in educational circles. Pressey was ahead of his time. Automatic teaching did not really start to catch fire until 1954, when Skinner published a description of his own teaching machine and method. Skinner had added some brilliant insights drawn from his experience in the psychology laboratory.

Research into the laws of behavior requires precise experiments on large numbers of animals—usually mice, rats, cats, pigeons or monkeys. Scientists have found that these animals can be trained to perform remarkably complicated actions if taught individually and one step at a time and if instantly rewarded when they perform whatever act the experimenter wants. Since few scientists have the time or patience to tutor perhaps fifty animals, however, automatic instruments were designed to drop a pellet of food, for example, when a hungry rat scampered through a maze the right way or when a pigeon pecked a button the desired number of times. By ingenious machine training, pigeons have even learned to play a sort of table tennis; and our astronaut monkeys have been taught to pull a lever in their space capsule at intervals, triggering a signal to earth that shows they are still alive.

While training animals, scientists observed three important principles. The animal had to be active, not passive, if its behavior was to be controlled. It would learn a new step very fast if it was rewarded the moment it made the correct response. And it would learn a very complicated trick if it was led by a progression of minute steps, each forward step an extremely easy one.

Professor Skinner applied these same three principles to human education after visiting his daughter's fifth-grade math class at a private school in Cambridge. At first he was merely unhappy to see children staring out the windows, whispering or passing notes under desks. He told himself that he was probably too ignorant of classroom practice to understand what he saw. Then, one session irritated him to outrage. "I saw minds being destroyed," he has said with characteristic bluntness.

He went home and constructed a program for teaching fifth-grade math. Instead of sitting passively, as in class, the child would have to answer questions continually. Correct answers would bring their immediate reward; but, whereas animals had to be rewarded with food, the child could be equally gratified merely by being told when he was right and by being allowed to progress to the next question. The most difficult principle to apply was the third, which involved analyzing the subject matter so that it could be broken down into easy steps and arranged in proper order.

Program writing is still difficult, time consuming and expensive. It is estimated that a year's arithmetic program will cost upward of $50,000 to prepare—exclusive of printing and paper. Professor Skinner's psychology program, developed and revised over several years on grant funds, is the first actually to be offered for sale—it is being used in Java, Lebanon and the Philippines as well as this country—but the charge of fifteen dollars a copy pays only for reproduction and handling. Produced commercially, the program would cost far more, since the price would also have to cover experts' salaries and profit. This fall Harcourt Brace will offer a scientific program in English grammar and usage, and Doubleday will publish four programs—introductory algebra, bridge playing, electronics and computer arithmetic. Doubleday's texts are known as "scrambled books," a method which poses a question on each page and offers a choice of answers, each accompanied by a page reference. If a student chooses a wrong answer, when he turns to the indicated page, he finds an explanation of the reason for his mistake and is directed back to the original page to try again. Only when he chooses the right answer does the page to which he is referred give him the next question. All of these programs, as yet unannounced, will cost between three and five dollars a copy. But even when they are available, the program shortage will still be acute.

At an optimistic guess, there are now not more than a dozen complete programs in the entire country, even for experimental use. Thus the fact that several manufacturers are already producing teaching machines commercially is a prime example of the cart's preceding the horse. It results in some odd situations. This year, for instance, the principal of a California school bought six machines from the Rheem Califone Corporation, best known for water heaters and jukeboxes, plunked them down in a classroom, explained their workings to his staff and said, "Well, there they are. You write the programs." A number of schools are in the same boat, and quite a few teachers are writing programs. Understandably, some of them feel that the machines have arrived on the market too

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soon. They blame the profit motive behind machine production.

"We haven't proved the method yet," says one teacher, "and already the manufacturers want to start a bandwagon." To this plaint, the machine makers have a ready answer. As Dr. Robert Roop of General Atronics says, "You can do research until eternity. If we're going to solve the education problem, we have to begin acting some time."

Action has indeed begun. Among the machine models now available there is considerable choice between "write-in" models like Skinner's and multiple-choice devices. Some are mechanical, others electronic. The smaller ones range in price from about twenty dollars to more than $250, but one complex electronic console, about the size of a cigarette vending machine, costs $6500. Still more complicated machines are in the wind. Dr. J. C. R. Licklider of Cambridge, Massachusetts, one of the nation's most inventive psychologists, predicts that before too long "Large schools will have a computer in the basement and a question-answer device on every desk." IBM, AT&T and other big companies are developing programs for training their own employees, and business is expected to become the first large paying customer for teaching machines. AT&T will soon have three texts in financial management ready for use. And the military, with its long history of interest in automatic trainers, continues to support considerable research in this area.

"There is exploding interest in the field," remarks Professor Pressey, perhaps remembering the way his own work with teaching machines remained virtually unnoticed for thirty years. Dr. James Holland at Harvard looks on this activity with both delight and anxiety. He believes in the value of the teaching-machine method, yet he sees commercial prodding leading to hastily and badly constructed programs. Other psychologists and scientists watch with even deeper concern, for some of them doubt that the method is as good a teacher as the evidence seems to indicate.

"Remember when you wanted to write your name in letters of fire against the sky?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Show a wary scientist that you have taught a child to read in fifty hours, and he will remind you of a famous demonstration that people work extra hard when they know they are "experimental" and attracting special attention. Until machine teaching is common, it will be hard to decide how much of its efficiency comes from the "novelty effect." Educators also wonder how machine methods will affect originality, independent thinking and intellectual courage. Some people ask if it is a good thing to learn without making mistakes. Others fear that reliance on machine teaching will result in a stultifying uniformity of instruction. For though today the picture is chaotic, with new programs being written all over, new research projects being started and new companies formed nearly every other week, in the long stretch the economics of mass production tends to enforce standardization. Programs are far more costly to prepare than ordinary textbooks, and only massive distribution can make them economically feasible.

Until now, we Americans have tacitly relied upon random variation in our schools to produce the diversity of outlook and difference of opinion that makes great leaders and creative thinkers. Not everyone is convinced that we can continue to produce such richness when we train children with a limited set of methods and programs. Even among the enthusiasts there is impassioned disagreement, and some educators cite these disputes as evidence that the teaching-machine method is not ready to be launched into our schools.

Ready or not, however, it seems to be coming. Skinner and others in contact with industry foresee mass production and wide use of teaching machines within five years. Specialists calculate that schools will need one machine or programed text for about every three students, and that automatic instruction will occupy between a fifth and a third of each school day.

Right now, nearly everybody in the field emphasizes that teaching machines are still experimental. Most of the existing programs are considered research, and for this reason colleges are refusing to sell them after only a year or two of testing. But the very existence of machines on the market is enhancing the clamor for programs, and at least a limited use is likely inside of two years, however premature cautious educators may consider them.

Penn's Professor Galanter has an answer for these doubters. "Premature?" he says. "Maybe. But we can't do much worse in education generally than we're doing right now."

THE END

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Cars I Have Loved (Continued from Page 33)

I didn't have to ask him why he put up with Oscar. My memory was sharp enough on the early days to explain that. Mechanics had a godlike quality in those days. They didn't know very much about cars, but they were the only people who knew anything about them. They were the Scott Crossfields—the astronauts—of their day.

The Winton produced other headaches besides just making the old man conspicuous. For instance, we were living at Great Neck then, which was way out in the country just the way once upon a time Fifth Avenue and 59th Street was way out in the country. Whenever father wanted to go out for a Sunday-afternoon drive, he had to telephone all the people who had telephones—and get them to tell the people who didn't—in order to explain just what roads he was going to take so that their carriage horses, terrified by the sight and sound of the car, wouldn't bolt and endanger the lives of his friends. It was like filing a flight plan with the FAA.

Father had one really memorable if not historic experience with the Winton. It was equipped with Diamond tires. They were, like the most modern tires, tubeless. This, however, was not by design but because the tube was not yet in common use. The whole tire was nothing but a tube. Well, after father had pounded the poor car over cobblestones and rough country roads and what not for, oh, at least a year, maybe two, one of the tires, quite naturally, had a blowout. Father was furious. He sat down and wrote the president of the Diamond Rubber Company a scathing letter, saying, among other things, "I cannot understand how a company of your reputation and integrity can be willing to sell a product so inferior that it blows up. I cannot understand one of your tires doing such a thing."

Father got a letter back from the president of the Diamond Rubber Company. It said in effect:

Dear Mr. Hatch: With reference to your not being able to understand how one of our tires could do such a thing as you refer to in your letter, let me assure you, we cannot understand it either!

And he sent father a new tire! I'll bet it wasn't too long after that that tubes became standard equipment.

I don't actually remember the Winton. The first family car I do remember was either a Maxwell or, maybe, another Winton. What I remember most about it was that it was like a governess cart—those little basketwork things that ponies pulled around. You got into it through a door at the back and everybody sat facing one another. On long trips—and in those days any trip however short in miles could be very long in time—this was a most trying arrangement. It became a question not of whom you wanted to sit next to, but whom you didn't want to sit staring at. This car was pretop. If it began to rain you'd had it—unless someone had remembered to bring along an umbrella. We had two or three Maxwells in a row, some of them with tops, and something called an Autocar that father won in a raffle. Then in 1908 came our big step forward—the Thomas Flyer.

The Thomas Flyer in those days wasn't just a car. It was a legend. It was the first car to travel around the world—mostly under its own power. It was bright, bright scarlet with red-leather upholstery, and it was lousy with brass. There were brass head lamps, a brass taillight, brass steering column, brass throttle and spark controls, brass instruments, brass everywhere Mr. Thomas could think of putting it. I don't know how fast it would go, but father had it well over sixty on quite a few occasions. In fact, the only way he could get mother to drive along at forty with him was to jazz it up to sixty or so. When he slowed down to forty she would be so relieved that she'd keep quiet. Father realized that having gone sixty, forty seemed conservatively slow. Thus father was really way ahead of Einstein on the theory of relativity. To Einstein this was a career; to father it was simply a way of keeping mother quiet.

The Thomas had a mechanic who came with it, too, only by then they were called chauffeurs. They really were chauffeurs, not just converted coachmen. You got them from the factory that made the cars and trained the drivers. This one was named John, and he was a wild, red-haired Irishman. One of the nicest drives I ever had was in the Thomas with John at the wheel. We were spending the summer at a place called Richfield Springs, and mother had taken my brother Alden and me to a hotel in Cooperstown, New York, for lunch. We ate our lunch. It would appear that John drank his lunch—and it must have been a dandy. For a boy of eight, with no sense of judgment and so no sense of fear, the drive home around the lake was sheer heaven. The Thomas Flyer flew. It was like bouncing along in a balloon in a high wind. I suppose the wheels must have touched the ground occasionally on the tops of the hills, but they didn't seem to. Mother, poor angel, couldn't make herself heard over the racket of the wide-open exhaust, so she wasn't able to tie the can to John until we got back. I was sorry to see him go. I missed him.

The most epoch-making thing I remember about the Thomas was the day the windshield arrived. I realize this must sound like a loose statement. It isn't. We'd heard about something called a windshield having been invented, but nobody around our part of Long Island had ever seen one. This one had to be seen to be believed. It arrived in a horse-drawn truck with four men who forthwith proceeded to erect it. Naturally, all of it, except the part you actually looked through, was brass. There were two brass rods that ran from the top of the windshield on each side to the tips of the fenders, about ten feet away. There were other rods that ran, as I remember, down to the running boards. There were still others that supported the hinges, because this windshield, if you had enough manpower handy, opened and closed. It was, in short, terrific; and it marked the end of a picturesque era. The goggle-veil-and-ulster set had to find other fashion fads now that it was perfectly possible to ride in a motorcar and debark from it looking at least recognizably like the person you were when you got into it. The motoring world had begun to go soft. It was only a step to the days of automatic-glide-turbo-torque-tail-fin-air-conditioned transportation. But it was quite a long step—like the first step you take when you walk off a cliff.

There was a lot of charm to those early days of motoring, when there were no roads as we know them now, no road maps, no electricity in the cars and so, of course, no self-starters.

If you wanted to drive from, say, New York to Danbury you used a thing called the *Blue Book*. You had to go to Columbus Circle in New York to start because that was where all trips were supposed

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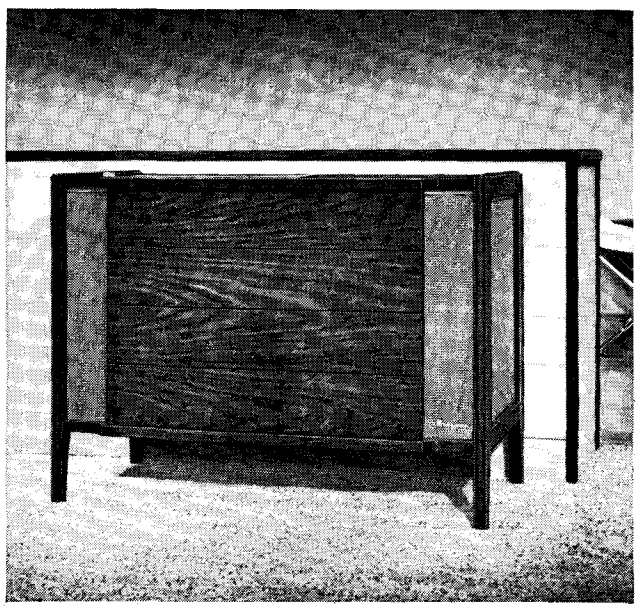

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*Diagonal measure

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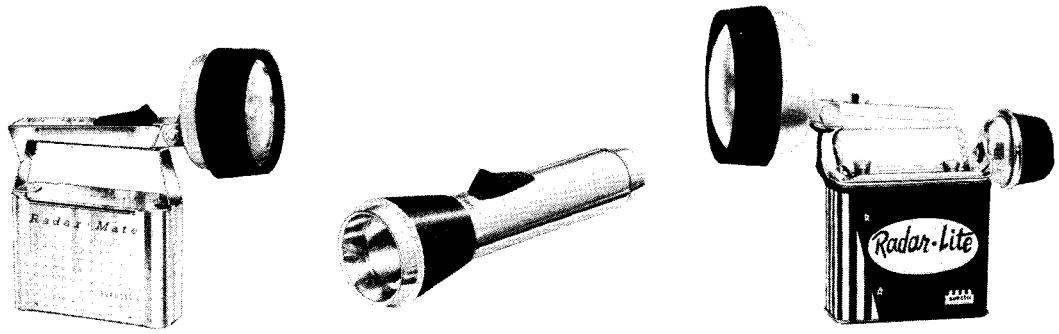

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to start from, why I don't know. As I remember it, the instructions read something like this:

Proceed n. on Cent. Pk. W. to 119th. St. Turn W. to B'way, then N. to City Limits. One and one tenth mi. E. to White Meth. Ch. on L. At Stone H. Trough, bear left to P. Off., then rt. on drt. rd. 3 & 4/10 mi. to OSTLERS HOTEL * * * Then L. on drt. rd. 7 & 3/10 mi. to . . . .

By the time you got within 30 & 4/10 mi. of Danbury you were so mixed up you didn't know whether you were coming or going and didn't care. Which was very compensating, as the chances were that what with flat tires, breakdowns, paying for run-over chickens, running out of gas, and so on, you probably wouldn't get to Danbury anyway. So, it being now dusk (of course you'd started at six A.M.) you made The Light Stop. This was significant—a sort of triumphal gesture. It was the one time you stopped at the side of the road intentionally. It was a cozy stop. If one had been a good little boy, one was allowed to dig one's way out from under the fur rugs, climb out of the car into the soft enemy dust of the road and watch. It was one of the moments when the chauffeur, like the old Winton mechanic, had traces of a god about him.

He got himself out from behind the wheel, stood proudly beside the car, tugged at his gold watch chain, stared, frowning at his watch. Then he looked carefully up at the sky, nodded solemnly and The Oracle spoke.

"Time to light her up!" he said, then promptly disappeared into the bushes. If there were no bushes he disappeared elsewhere. To me this seemed part of the sacred ritual. In a way I suppose it was. At any rate, he invariably returned rattling a huge box of matches, pretending they were what he'd gone into the bushes for. He'd go to the front of the car and unscrew the brass knobs on the headlights and throw back the lenses. Next he'd go to the left side of the car, where a big brass acetylene tank with a gauge on it was strapped on the running board. He'd turn a valve. A hissing sound came out of the tank, and he'd quite literally leap to the front of the car and start setting off matches. He was pretty much of a nervous wreck by this time, from following all those directions and changing tires and cursing under his breath since six A.M., so he couldn't hold the matches very steady and wouldn't get to first base with what he called "Lighting her up." In fact he seemed to be trying to burn her up. Meanwhile a most ghastly smell would rise and surround the car. Eventually the chauffeur would shake his head, go back and shut the valve on the acetylene tank.

"We'll try her again in a couple of minutes—after she's had a chance to change her mind," he'd say. Then off he'd go trembling into the bushes again.

We didn't try to go to Danbury very often. In fact, I don't think we ever actually tried to go there, having no conceivable reason for it. We did go to the Vanderbilt Cup Races. They were the classic of their time. In fact, an attempt at reviving them is taking place this fall at Roosevelt Raceway in Westbury, the big trotting-horse track which once was Roosevelt Field where Lindbergh took off for Paris and, before that, was a part of the Vanderbilt Cup race track.

The Vanderbilt Cup Race I went to came about because William K. Vanderbilt Jr. had built a private road some forty-five miles long with banked turns, hills, and long straightaways in the middle of Long Island. It's just possible that having built the road he came close to a crack-up trying to think of something to do with it. You can see where owning forty-five miles of road that lead from nowhere to nowhere could present a problem.

He did two things with it: he made it into a toll road with entrances and gate keepers every ten miles or so, on which you could drive as fast as you liked for the cost of one buck. To say the traffic on it was sparse would be an overstatement. By about 1915 or 1916 it was practically nonexistent. In fact, the Motor Parkway, as it was called, became a superb high-speed Lovers' Lane where couples could court in complete privacy at sixty miles an hour. He also made it a part of the Vanderbilt Cup race track in conjunction with a parallel public road that the police would obligingly seal off to traffic.

The race, for a good big sterling-silver cup presented by Mr. Vanderbilt, attracted the elite of motoring, both professional and amateur. It also attracted thousands upon thousands of spectators, stretched out along the entire length of the course. As a spectacle, it was not really very stimulating. You'd get up long before dawn to drive to it; then, having threaded your way through traffic, you'd park in a field facing a stretch of hard-top road. Every ten or fifteen minutes, with a great clanking and a sputtering roar, a huge car, mostly engine, with two men crouching in it would thunder by. I remember—I was about seven then—if two cars came by at once, everybody cheered wildly. If three cars—well, let's face it, what with pit stops for gas, for carburetor adjustment, for tire changes and what with the course wandering for all those miles through the countryside, the chances of three cars' coming by at once were very remote. Traveling at sixty or seventy miles an hour, they appeared and disappeared pretty fast, so most of the time all you had to look at was this empty stretch of hard-top road.

I have one rich memory, though, of something that was quite spectacular; to be polite, let's call it an impetuous little clash, between an amateur driver and a professional. Foxhall Keene, the late and very famous all-round amateur sportsman, was driving a brand-new car in this race. He'd wrecked the old one the year before by running into a telephone pole at the hairpin turn on the Jericho Turnpike, where the race was then held. This had put him in a foul mood, for it was one of his own poles. He owned the telephone company. The professional in the clash was Louis Chevrolet, driving a—Buick. On one of the long open Motor Parkway stretches, when the race was a little more than half over, "Uncle Foxy" was roaring along at a terrific clip and thought he had the race in the bag. His mechanic, riding at his side, nudged him. A car was thundering up behind. Uncle Foxy looked over his shoulder. It was Louis Chevrolet. Foxy slammed his accelerator to the floor, but Louis Chevrolet kept right on gaining. A moment later he was roaring by, and Uncle Foxy did a most unsporting but very human thing. He reached down, picked up a monkey wrench and slung it with all his might at the opposition. Uncle Foxy was a much better driver than he was a monkey-wrench slinger. He missed.

Louis Chevrolet was a superb driver. I remember in 1911 watching him drive a race on the Belmont Park race track against a Wright Brothers' Aeroplane. (They were "aer-o-planes" in those days. They looked like aeroplanes. They looked even more like overgrown box kites.) Louis Chevrolet beat the plane. He literally beat it to pieces because the pilot got so interested watching Chevrolet skid his car around the turns that he began doing a little skidding himself. He skidded himself into a spin and went plop in a cloud of cloth, baling wire and bamboo right in the middle of the infield. No injuries, except to his pride.

In 1915 I began having cars of my own. It sounds as if father must have been generally crazy as well as automobile crazy to let me have a car, even a Model T, when I was only fourteen. On the other hand, there were so few cars on the road then that if you'd wanted to have an accident you would have had to drive for hours to find another car to have it with. Some of the cars I had when I started buying them for myself were, it now seems to me, almost as eccentric as the old man's Winton. There was, for instance, the Mercer.

I bought it, considerably used, in 1920. It was a great juggernaut of a touring car. It had two eccentricities, one of which upset my friends if they weren't used to that sort of thing; the other upset me, and I was used to it. Two-wheel foot brakes were the accepted standard in those days. The Mercer had no-wheel foot brakes. The brake was on the drive shaft just under the front seat. Whenever I'd be driving in hilly country the brake would

A sermon often helps people in different ways. Some rise from it greatly strengthened; others wake from it refreshed.

A. W. STINSON

get so hot that it would set fire to the wooden bottom of the front seat, and smoke would naturally start pouring into the cockpit. Putting the smoldering fire out was simplicity itself. All I had to do was wait until I hit a reasonably straight stretch of road and drive fast enough to blow it out. This, though hard on the nerves of the uninitiated, was 90 per cent effective. The other 10 per cent of the time I'd simply rip out the cushion, pull the bottom of the seat out of the car onto the road and stamp on it.

The other eccentricity was almost as disconcerting and considerably more dangerous. About once every month the right front wheel used to fall off. Because nobody was ever able to find out why it fell off, nobody was ever able to fix it. The strange thing about it was that it never happened without Divine Providence's tipping me off ahead of time. I'd be leaving the office to drive home, and a voice would say to me, "That front wheel's going to fall off, Eric. Watch yourself!" After that I would drive at not over twenty miles an hour until, almost always within fifty miles, the wheel would fall off. Extrasensory perception? Or just a very alert and somewhat overworked guardian angel? I honestly have never known, but I'm a strong backer of the guardian-angel theory.

The Mercer crossed me up once. I was driving between Garden City and Valley Stream one summer's day, traveling about fifty miles an hour, when all of a sudden a big wire wheel with no car attached to it went right by me and bounced up against a house at the side of the road. I couldn't have been more surprised when I found out it was mine—my left rear wheel. The big drums of the emergency brake had let the car drop only about six inches, and the way the roads were in those days you never paid any attention to a little bump like that.

The Mercer wasn't nearly so eccentric as a Renault I bought in Hollywood—a very much used Renault tourer. I think it was the biggest car I have ever seen; a far, far cry from the dainty Dauphines that frisked about Squaw Valley during last winter's Olympics. I bought it in midsummer. The top was down and I left it down because I didn't think I could ever get it folded so neatly or the canvas boot fitted so snugly over it again. Then the rains came. My wife woke me up around dawn and suggested I'd better get three men and a couple of boys to help me try to put the top up on my fine, fancy car. Tops, of course, were not exactly automatic in those days. I sloshed out to the Garden of Alla parking lot. (And that is how you spell it—because that's how Alla Nazimova, who built the place, spelled it.) I stripped off the beautiful boot—and I thought I'd die of embarrassment. There was no top; just a wooden frame with the boot tacked to it. No wonder it fitted well. After that until the rain stopped I had to go out three times a day and let about a foot of Los Angeles high fog flow out of the tonneau. The front seat was all right. It leaked.

I traded the Renault—with the boot carefully in place over the nonexistent top—for my first Rolls-Royce. This, too, was a slightly used car. It had been slightly used by various people for eighteen years when I bought it in 1932, but it was beautiful. It was a four-passenger touring car with top. It was about three feet high—top down. It had a polished aluminum engine hood, and the rest of it was glistening black enamel with black wire wheels and white-wall tires. I hadn't been so pleased with a purchase since I'd bought a Pierce-Arrow a few years before, which you had to pump with one hand to keep going because it had an air-pressure fuel system. I just loved pumping that car along the roads. I don't like merely to sit in a car and have it go by itself. I might get soft.

The Rolls was not a car to let a man get soft. It had four gears forward with a little impediment of some sort that made it almost impossible to shift them, which to me just added to its charm. It had something else I've never seen on any other car: a separate wiring circuit complete with fuses and switches for everything electrical on the car. Thus, there was a button on the dash you pulled out to turn on the left parking light, another for the left low-beam headlight, another for the left high-beam headlight and the same business all over again for the right-hand lights. Naturally there was another button that controlled the horn button, a button for the taillight, a button for the right stop light, a button for the —— Let's face it, there were a hell of a lot of buttons. And to drive the car you had to use every one of them.

Groucho Marx, who lived at the Garden of Alla when I did and got to be quite a pal of mine, summed it up beautifully. One night he and I were driving to a movie preview in the Rolls. He was sitting up front with me. For a long while in fascinated silence he watched me pushing buttons in and pulling them out. Then he turned to our wives, who were in the back seat, nodded his head toward me and said, "Hatch at the Wurlitzer."

I had to get rid of this car some years later because it turned out that it had bad teeth. One by one the teeth on the flywheel fell out until finally the self-starter would no longer work, and it was cheaper to trade it in on a much newer model than to have its teeth fixed. I had four other Rolls-Royces in rapid succession, including a two-seater coupé that looked like an old-fashioned doctor's buggy. The time to trade this one in came when the metal hinges of the door on the passenger's side crystallized and broke. I nailed

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the door on. After that if you tried to get out that side you didn't get out, you fell out. But my favorite was a convertible sedan that grew a mushroom six inches in diameter in the upper right-hand corner of the top where it joined the windshield.

This was my first "Phantom" model—meaning it was only ten years old when I bought it and so was *much* newer than any of the other Rollses I'd owned. I felt as if I should drive it slowly to break it in. It was delivered to me one fine summer's day at the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club where, living on a boat at the time, I kept it parked all one summer outdoors. (I cite this merely as reference information in case you're interested in growing mushrooms in your Rolls-Royce.) It was delivered to me, driven by a uniformed chauffeur accompanied by a rather stout representative of the Rolls people. It was a fancy-enough car, you see, so that it wouldn't have looked well to have just one man deliver it and drive my doctor's-buggy Rolls with the trick door back to New York.

We took the Phantom out and whirled around with it for a while, and it was perfect. Just before the chauffeur and the representative took off, they handed me a piece of what looked like kindling wood about an inch wide and eight inches long. The chauffeur showed me how, when the car was parked, to wedge it under a bulge on the steering column so it would hold the clutch pedal down against the floor. I didn't mind having to do this on a car that had originally cost around $20,000. It was the kind of thing that appealed to me, but I was curious. I asked, "Why?"

"Surely, Mr. Hatch," said the representative, "you've had Rollses long enough to realize there are certain things that one—well, just *does*. I mean—well, it's *done*, that's all."

When a man from Rolls-Royce puts a thing to you that way, you don't argue. You don't dare. You might look like an unsuitable Rolls Owner. I nodded and said, "Of course."

Do you know, to this day I don't have the foggiest idea why for the twelve years that I had that car, every night I pushed that same little piece of kindling wood under the steering column just as I'd been told. For all I know there was no reason for it. For all I know it was just a tremendously successful and enduring hoax.

On the way back to New York in the doctor's-buggy Rolls, the somewhat more than stout representative decided to stop in Long Island City for a drink. That did it. He forgot my warnings about the door on the passenger's side and landed flat on top of the door on the sidewalk in front of the saloon.

You see, in some Rollses there are certain things one just does. In others there are certain things one just doesn't. I think, hoax or no, I came out even on that one. But that little stick—I still just wish I knew what ——

Old cars have a charm: witness the growth of Antique Car clubs and even Classic Car clubs, which are cars that are not quite antique. The old cars you have owned and driven have a charm unto themselves. They bring back so many memories of places they have taken you and of people who have ridden in them, memories of what you didn't realize at the time were the good old days. And they're great conversation pieces. Whenever the subject of old cars comes up, everybody wants to get into the act. Only the other day I was talking with a friend who is by way of being a hot shot with automobiles and with another more conservative banker friend. The hot shot and I were going on about old cars sixteen to the dozen. Pretty soon the banker couldn't stand being left out.

"See here, you two," he said belligerently, "I'd have you know that I was once run over by a Stevens-Duryea!"

Confessions of a Happy Man (Continued from Page 30)

finger fatigue from a line of ardent handshakers. He said he grabs the other person's hand about halfway down the finger tips, a grip that prevents any bone-crushing response. I use the full palm-to-palm grip myself because my fingers are strong from playing handball, and few people are going to do any knuckle cracking with me, but one day I may have to switch to the Truman system.

I can look back on an evening when my guest of honor on a special television show was a charming, motherly woman from Whittier, California.

"What was the outstanding quality about your son when he was a small boy?" I asked.

"He was the greatest potato peeler in the family," she replied.

The mother in this case was Hannah Nixon, and her potato-peeling son is Richard M. Nixon, Vice President of the United States.

My mental flash back might include a steaming hot afternoon in Chichicastenango, high in the mountains of Guatemala, when I saw little Indian girls doing bumps and grinds with plastic hoops. There was nothing odd about that, I guess, except that these hoops had been made by a company I own. We sold more than 10,000,000 of them—to the probable despair of parents everywhere—and I was glad to see that our salesmen had been busy in such remote areas. Matter of fact, our hoops had been pretested by my daughter Sharon, and when I look at her now—she is just fourteen—I have still another unforgettable vignette in my mind.

Lois was counting the days to Sharon's birth, and a hospital room had been reserved. Then, I had a phone call from a network press agent who seemed more nervous about the impending event than either of us.

"Art," he said, "wouldn't it be possible for Lois to have a Caesarean?"

"It would be possible," I said, "but luckily she's never had any problem that would make surgery necessary. Why do you ask?"

"Well," he said, "I've been thinking that if Lois had a Caesarean delivery—say, about nine tomorrow night—we could make the morning papers with the story."

Needless to say, my reaction to this idea burned the insulation out of his telephone line. I suppose I should have anticipated these and other adventures when I was fired from my job as radio director at the San Francisco world's fair and went into free-lance broadcasting. The year was 1939, and people were crazier—or funnier—than ever.

In one definition, at least, Webster defines a master of ceremonies as "an official at solemn services charged with the duty of seeing that all the rites are correctly executed."

I became a master of ceremonies with my eyes open and in full possession of my faculties, but I have since made a couple of changes in the definition. There was never anything solemn about my early shows—if anything, they were more on the riotous (*Continued on Page 112*)

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NORTH AVENUE SUBDIVISION
Ralph E. Sosebee

ILLINOIS
Alton
RIVER AIRE
Wickenhauser Construction Co.
Chicago
BRENTWOOD
Miller Builders, Inc.
Chicago
COUNTRY CLUB HILLS
J. E. Merrion & Co.

ILLINOIS (continued)
Chicago
HOME CONST CO., INC.
Home Construction Co., Inc.
Chicago
WESTGROVE
Miller Builders, Inc.
Chicago
ELK GROVE VILLAGE
Center Construction Co.
Lombard
BIRCH WOODLANDS
John Birch & Co.
Rockford
LINVIEW SUBDIVISION
Cliffway Homes, Inc.
South Holland
PACESETTER KNOLLCREST
Pacesetter Homes, Inc.
Springfield
PASFIELD PARK PLACE
Barker-Lubin Co.

INDIANA
Elkhart
BIG ELM SUBDIVISION
Huffman Houses
Fort Wayne
NORTH SHERWOOD TERRACE ADDITION
Klotz Bros. & Arnold Corp.
James Klotz
Indianapolis
HOLIDAY
Perine Development Corp.
Logansport
TIMBERCREST
Pattee Construction Co.

IOWA
Cedar Falls
SECURITY ADDITION
Hill Realty Co.
Council Bluffs
VALLEY VIEW TERRACE
Seldin Homes

KANSAS
Hutchinson
MOROCCAN HEIGHTS
Tucker Agency
Topeka
SUNSET HILLS
Gaither & Hohman, Inc.

KENTUCKY
Frankfort
CLOVERDALE
Hines & McDonald Realty Co.
Lexington
CARDINAL VALLEY
Banahan Homes

LOUISIANA
Lake Charles
THE PALMS SUBDIVISION
Dewald Construction Corp.
Mr. Jack DeWald

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston
CEDAR HILL ESTATES
Calvin Homes, Inc.
Boston
PRESIDENTIAL HEIGHTS
Leo B. Margolis
Newton Center
WAYSIDE ACRES
Alfred W. Halper
Newton Highlands
HARWICH ESTATES
Creative Builders, Inc.
Sharon
DEVONSHIRE ESTATES
Devonshire Construction Co., Inc.

MICHIGAN
Birmingham
FRANKLIN VALLEY
Frankel Bros.
Detroit
THE WELLSLEY AND THE WHITE HALL
Wilshire Construction Co.
Franklin
HURON WOODS
Suburbanite Home Builders, Inc.
Oak Park
BURTON HOLLOW ESTATES
REDFORD MEADOWS SUBDIV.
Slavik Builders, Inc.

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis
THOMPSON HEIGHTS
Thompson Homes, Inc.
St. Paul
THOMPSON GROVE
Thompson Homes, Inc.

MISSOURI
Creve Coeur
WILLOW BROOK
Spartan Construction Co.
Kansas City
FAIRWOOD
The Ong Corp.

MISSOURI (continued)
Kansas City
NORTHHAVEN
Northhaven Homes, Inc.
Overland
ROBINWOOD WEST
Contemporary Homes, Inc.
St. Louis
PADDOCK HILLS
Mayer Raisher Construction Co.

NEBRASKA
Omaha
MAPLE VILLAGE
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NEW JERSEY
Brigantine
ABSECON SHORES
Seaview Homes, Inc.
Mays Landing
CLOVERLEAF LAKES
Woodsite Constr. Corp. of N.J.

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque
PRINCESS JEANNE PARK
Dale Bellamah Homes

NEW YORK
Glen Cove
CLOVER LEAF LAKES
Woodsite Const. Corp. of N.Y.
Glens Falls
RESERVOIR PARK
Colony Homes
Huntington, L.I.
NORTH POINT IN HUNTINGTON
Osias Construction
Kingston
IDEAL HOMES
I. D. Homes, Inc.

NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte
BEVERLY WOODS, SPRING VALLEY AND EDGEBROOK
John Crosland Co.
Greensboro
STARMOUNT FOREST
Phillips Realty Co.

OHIO
Akron
TURKEYFOOT HEIGHTS AND LANCASTER ESTATES
Louis Stile Construction, Inc.
Beachwood
MENTOR HEADLANDS
Dori Construction Co.
Cincinnati
WILLOW DELL
Willow Dell Builders, Inc.
Cleveland
YORKTOWN COLONY
Saks & Goldberg Builders
Columbus
LINCOLN VILLAGE
Central Homes, Inc.
Dayton
ELMWOOD TERRACE
TROTWOOD TERRACE
Valley Hi, Inc.
Dayton
HUBER HEIGHTS
Huber Homes, Inc.
Dayton
MEADOWDALE
SOUTHRIDGE
Ninth Meadowdale, Inc.
Dayton
ROSEWOOD GARDENS
Twelfth Ohio Builders, Inc.
Englewood
ENGLEWOOD HILLS
Englewood Hills, Inc.
North Olmsted
BEVERLY HILLS PARK ESTATES
Dailey Construction Corp.
Shaker Heights
EASTLAND ESTATES
D. A. R. Builders, Inc.
Stow
NORTHPORT
Valleydale Builders, Inc.
Toledo
FULLER'S MT. VERNON ADDITION
Hillway Construction Co.

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City
BROADVIEW HEIGHTS
HOLIDAY HILLS ADDITIONS
Mr. Joel Coley
Tulsa
WOODLAND VIEW
Beck Homes Co., Inc.

ONTARIO
Kitchener
EASTVIEW PARK
Harold Freure, Ltd.

PENNSYLVANIA
Center Square
CONTINENTAL PARK
STEEL CREST HOMES
Continental Builders, Inc.
Glenside
CANTERBURY PARK
Gen. Suburban Construction Co.

PENNSYLVANIA (continued)
Merion
DAVID WARREN
10TH ANNIVERSARY HOMES
David Warren Construction Co.
Philadelphia
PINE VALLEY ESTATES
SUN VALLEY PARK
S. Bronstein & Sons
Pittsburgh
HOLLIDAY PARK
Edward M. Ryan, Inc.
Shillington
WEST HILLS
Securda & Co., Inc.
Swarthmore
BRINTON LEA
J. F. Blackman Co.

RHODE ISLAND
Coventry
CENTRAL CITY
Regis Forcier, Inc.
Cranston
PILGRIM ESTATES
Kelly & Picerne, Inc.
East Greenwich
LOVE LANE ESTATES
Moorehead Bros., Inc.
TANGLEWOOD
Moorehead Bros., Inc.

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga
SHAWHAN ESTATES
Jacoway Construction Co., Inc.

TEXAS
Abilene
DREAM KEY HOMES
Dream Key Homes
Austin
ROYAL OAKS ESTATES
Nash Phillips Copus
Dallas
ELK GROVE VILLAGE
Centex Construction Co.
Dallas
TEX-ANN HOMES
Pettigrew-Worley & Co.
Garland
DREAMKEY "STORYBOOK" HOMES
Garland Better Homes
El Paso
DREAMKEY "WIDE WORLD '61" HOMES
Meridian Homes, Inc.
Houston
MEREDITH MANOR
Colonial Bldg. Co.
Houston
WALNUT BEND
Carlton Corp.
Paris
WESTERN OAKS
Murphy-Provine Lumber Co.
San Antonio
VALLEY HI
Ray Ellison Homes

UTAH
Ogden
RON-CLARE VILLAGE
Simmons & Wiberg, Inc.

VIRGINIA
Alexandria
WESTGATE
John R. Minchew, Inc.
Falls Church
BARCROFT WOODS
Kettler Bros., Inc.
Falls Hill
Kettler Bros., Inc.
Lynnhaven
BIRCHWOOD GARDENS
Sebago Corp.
Roanoke
WILMONT FARMS
Wilmont Realty Corp.

WASHINGTON
Bellevue
LAKE HILLS
Bell & Valdez
Edmonds
SIERRA VILLAGE #2
Citation Homes, Inc.
Seattle
CEDAR GROVE AND SIERRA HEIGHTS
Albert Balck, Community Builder, Inc.
Tacoma
PARK ORCHARD
United Bldg. Co. of Tacoma

W. VIRGINIA
Huntington
HIGHLAND MEADOWS SUBDIV.
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WISCONSIN
Hales Corners
MARYKNOLL HEIGHTS
Math Starck & Sons, Inc.
Madison
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VISIT A MODEL HOME FEATURING BLUE RIBBON BRAND NAME PRODUCTS DURING NATIONAL HOME WEEK, SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 2

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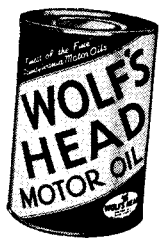
TRI-EX REFINED
XXX
Wolf's Head Oil

Outstandingly different

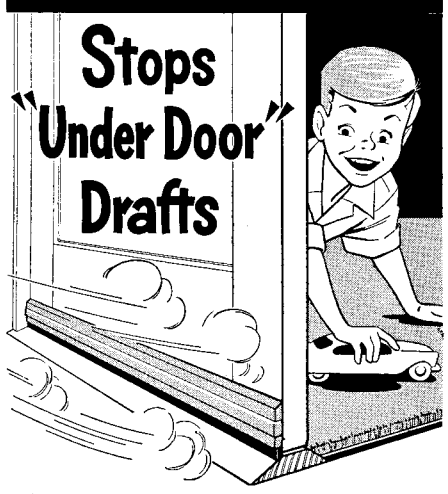
WOLF'S HEAD definitely makes a difference in your car's performance . . . in smoother operation . . . fewer repairs . . . less oil added between regular changes! WOLF'S HEAD, "finest of the fine" premium motor oils, is 100% Pure Pennsylvania . . . the oil with Nature's Miracle Molecule. And it's Tri-Ex refined three important *extra* steps for truly superior performance; scientifically fortified for complete engine protection. Try it — prove the difference yourself.



WOLF'S HEAD OIL REFINING CO., INC.
OIL CITY, PA.

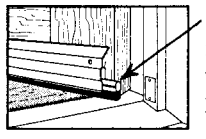
md Nu-GARD Automatic DOOR BOTTOM

Stops "Under Door" Drafts

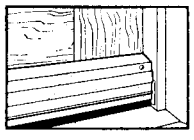


CLEARS CARPET AUTOMATICALLY

Felt bottom raises when door opens. Stops cold drafts — loss of heat. Seals out dust, noise. Ideal *between* rooms. Anyone can install!



THIS HIDDEN BUTTON is released when door opens — automatically *raising* the door bottom to clear rug.



WHEN DOOR CLOSES, button presses against door jamb, automatically *lowering* thick felt bottom to make air-tight seal!

At Hardware & Lumber Dealers

MACKLANBURG-DUNCAN CO.
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

(*Continued from Page 110*) side—and my rights were certainly executed, a fate that actually should have befallen some of the characters I met.

One of my first such shows, broadcast over the Mutual network from the Telenews Theater on Market Street in San Francisco, was called *What Do You Think?*

The format was simple. As we went on the air I chose a current-events subject—usually highly controversial—and then asked for opinions from anyone willing to get up and talk. I quickly learned three disturbing things about people when there are controversies involved. First, the average man is astonishingly intolerant when he is arguing a pet belief. Second, he listens to the opposing view only because he's just waiting to whack you with his own opinion. And third—and this always baffled and angered me—no matter what was said by either side, I would be personally blamed by my listening audience. I was in the same position as the umpire at a ball game—always the villain.

I remember one wild affair when my question of the day was, "What do you think of Adolf Hitler?"

The first volunteer was a big, tough truck driver who got up, dusted off his hands as though he had just K.O.'d a rival in a street brawl and said, "Hitler is nuts. He's a jerk who's got a lot of other jerks hypnotized, and we oughta hire some hood to rub him out before he gets us mixed up in his crummy war."

He sat down, and another volunteer stood up. He was a meek, pale little man who looked as though he'd crawled out of a damp, dark basement, and his voice was small and soft. "Mr. Linkletter," he said, "I have given this question considerable thought. My carefully considered opinion is that Adolf Hitler is the greatest man who ever lived, not excepting Jesus Christ."

He started to sit down, but he never made it. The truck driver grabbed his necktie and gave it a violent jerk. Two rows away another man made a crack and was rewarded with a short left to the chin by a stranger alongside him. People began shouting and shoving and climbing over the seats. It was practically a riot, and we needed help from the police to calm things down.

The real victim, though, was Art Linkletter. One weekly newspaper called me a Communist. Another said I was a fascist. One civic organization demanded that I be investigated by the FBI. A second group pressured the sponsor to dump me.

The wreckage had just been cleared away when I unfortunately chose to discuss newspapers and their impact on people. Midway during the show a man in the audience took on the late William Randolph Hearst, and when he finished a somewhat scathing speech, I looked over the audience and said, "Now, is there anyone who would like to speak up for Mr. Hearst?"

There was an ominous silence, and I repeated the question. No one stood up. "Well," I said lamely, "I'll be happy to continue the discussion on my next program and I invite Hearst supporters to come and speak up."

The news about this broadcast got to the Hearst castle at San Simeon almost before I was out of the theater, and as of that moment, as far as the Hearst newspapers were concerned, Art Linkletter ceased to exist. My name was not mentioned in these journals for more than two years, and none of my programs were listed in the radio logs.

One Hearst publisher who was and still is a close friend, told me in confidence that Hearst felt I had purposely planned the broadcast as an attack on him and that I had "packed" the audience with anti-Hearst people. This was not true, of course, but I thought afterward how ironic it was that this was the only show of that whole series in which there were not articulate and noisy speakers for both sides. I don't blame Hearst for being angry about that, and it seemed an eternity before he relented and lifted the ban.

The Telenews show eventually became too inflammable for both me and the sponsor, and it was abandoned by mutual consent. But it did help spread the name Linkletter, and one day I got a phone call from Mervyn LeRoy, one of the big names at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and he said he wanted to see me.

"Art," he said when we got together, "Hollywood needs creative talent, and I'm impressed with your work. Could you come down to the studio and bring some samples?"

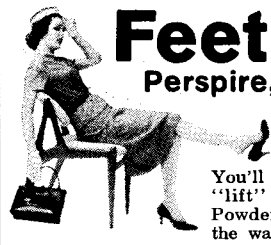
Could I? I would have crawled the distance on my hands and knees over broken glass. I scrambled around and packed up copies of everything I'd ever written and I hustled to Hollywood and presented the whole batch to the great man.

"I'll run over this material tonight," he said. "I'll call you at your hotel, and then we'll have another talk. But I want to tell you that here at M-G-M you ought to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The superficial manifestations are overt in the extreme. Still, I'd like to explore the superego and the id to a greater degree before making a firm diagnosis that you're not in possession of all your marbles."

Feet Burn
Perspire, Sore, Tire?
HERE'S FAST RELIEF!



You'll love the refreshing "lift" Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder gives you . . . and the way it keeps your feet cool, dry, bath-fresh and comfortable all day. Essential to daily grooming; helps prevent Athlete's Foot. Try it!

Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

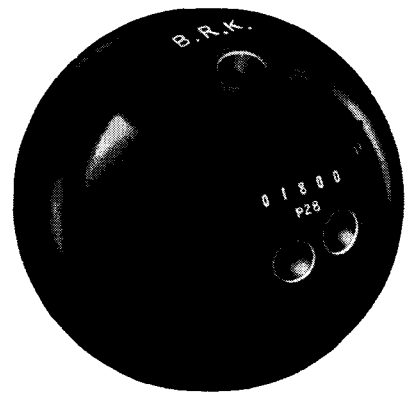
NOTHING ELSE TO USE
. . . from raw wood to bar top finish
Dries in 30 minutes

The complete interior wood finish in one can. Use *trouble-free* Deft for a beautiful natural finish.

Accept no substitutes

FREE 6 point finishing chart. Write SEP
DEFT • Box 2216 • Torrance, California

WIN YOUR OWN BOWLING BALL



YOU can easily earn within a single week one of these nationally advertised Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand.

Just send us four 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.00 each and we'll rush your bowling ball to you. All subscriptions must be sold to persons outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name, address and full remittance. As soon as your order has been processed, we will send you the bowling ball of your choice. Be sure to specify weight desired.

This offer is good in the U.S. only, until December 31, 1960.

Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
496 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

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make no less than $100,000 the first year."

I floated back to my room at the Knickerbocker Hotel and I waited. I was still waiting the next afternoon. Finally, to stop my twitching and floor-pacing, I called his office. So sorry, a secretary said. Mr. LeRoy had suddenly gone to New Orleans. I waited two days and called again. Awfully sorry, Mr. LeRoy is in Hong Kong. I checked out of the hotel, retreated to San Francisco and called again. Mr. LeRoy was incommunicado in London and terribly busy.

Well, I could wait for him—after all, a hundred grand a year, maybe more, my name on the movie screen, lunch every day at the Derby, an Oscar. Ten years later I went to a Hollywood party, and there he was, greeting me as though I were Louis B. Mayer himself.

"You know, Art," he said. "I've been thinking about how Hollywood needs creative writing and ——"

"Yes, I know," I said. "If I come to M-G-M, I should make at least $100,000."

"Amazing!" he said, wide-eyed. "You must be on my mental wave length."

"Oh, it's nothing," I said. "Thanks anyway. But I'm making $200,000 a year and I don't need the job."

Merv and I have since become good friends, have worked together on a number of public-service projects and have laughed about this affair many times. But I wasn't laughing much during those gloomy days when, it seemed, I was being frustrated and defeated in every direction.

I loved San Francisco, and still do, but Hollywood was the main stem in my business, and I wanted to get there. I was doing some eighteen interview shows a week—commuting to Hollywood regularly for some of them—and in 1941 I felt the time had come to make a permanent move. I went south with warm encouragement from three celebrated entertainers I had interviewed in San Francisco—Georgie Jessel, Ina Claire and Eddie Cantor. All three had told me I would be a star, and I began to believe it.

I was soon talking contracts, and I signed a thirteen-week deal at $1000 a week to emcee an oil-company radio show from Hollywood called *Shell Goes to a Party*.

The first program was broadcast live from a restaurant on La Cienega Boulevard—I still shudder every time I pass the place—and the party in this instance was a reunion of wealthy sportsmen who owned and flew their own planes. They were already gaining altitude when I got there, and by the time I started strolling among them with my microphone they were in outer space.

I had to fake most of the show, carefully stepping over pilots who had crash-landed on the floor, and it would have been a complete disaster without some unexpected help from sober Edgar Bergen and Charley Correll and Freeman Gosden, the famed *Amos and Andy* team. These high-priced gentlemen generously contributed a couple of skits and filled out what may have been the slowest half hour of my young career.

The following week, deliberately choosing something less raucous, I planned a campfire-and-marshmallow party at the ocean beach with a newly elected Miss America as our guest.

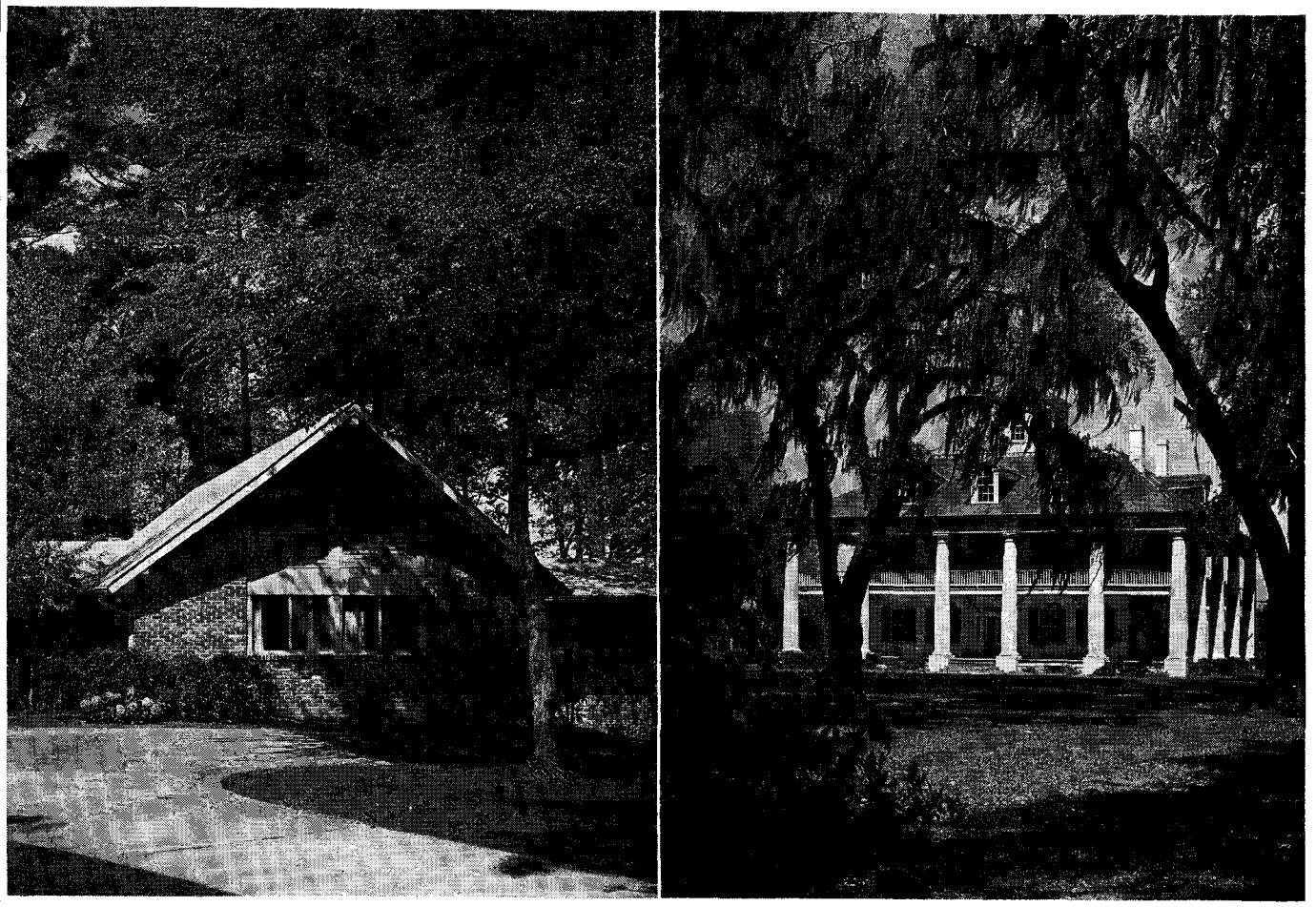
I had planned to have a couple of my assistants pick up the gorgeous doll and throw her into the sea—a clever idea considering that bathing beauties, with the possible exception of Miss Esther Williams, have never been known to get their suits wet. At the appointed time my helpers carried the squealing, squirming lass toward the water, and I followed with my mike trailing a long cord. The moment we left the bright circle of light from the campfire, the night turned very black, and I tripped over a log. The Columbia Broadcasting System suddenly disappeared from my hand. By the time I found it, frantically clawing around in the sand for the mike cord, Miss High Octane—as we called her among ourselves—was soaked and shivering on the beach, and our audience had missed the climax of the party.

The next day the president of the Shell Oil Company, who had heard my first two shows with growing horror, told the ad agency that this was an undignified way to sell gasoline. "Cancel Linkletter immediately," he said. I was canceled and I settled the contract for a mere $1500.

I soon got another sponsor—the *Los Angeles Times*—for a show called *Who, What, Where and Why?* But some mastermind had forgotten to ask "When?" The program had just started when Bob Hope decided this would be a good hour for his show, and I was canceled. Along came a wine company—they had sponsored me once in San Francisco—and backed me for a celebrity-interview program to be broadcast from the stage of the Earl Carroll Theater Restaurant. The bald-headed customers waiting for the long-legged beauties they had paid to see never stopped eating or drinking long enough to listen, and I laid a very large egg. The only compensating recollection I have about this theater is that I stood on the same stage fourteen years later—it was now named the Moulin Rouge—and was awarded an Emmy for the best daytime television show of 1954.

Those were depressing days in Hollywood, and my big dream was suddenly a

Next-door Neighbors



In Ladies' Home Journal you are likely to find home features ranging from ante bellum South to raised roof modern.

That's because the Journal is edited for the women whose world refuses to be typed as split-level. It is for the woman who grows as she lives; her hopes, her interests, her abilities.

For the woman who *cares* about good writing, who does something about a better education for her children, who *enjoys* seeing and working toward some of the things in life she can't afford today.

This is the magazine that makes a splash where it counts . . . in the minds of the world's largest, most devoted all-woman audience.

This is a magazine for advertisers who understand the difference between merely reaching women and really communicating with them.

WHEN THE JOURNAL SPEAKS — WOMEN LISTEN

the world's largest magazine for women

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nightmare. I knew I would have to slink back to San Francisco and start all over again; and if I had any doubts, they were soon settled. It was at that point, as I related earlier, that John Guedel and I created the *People Are Funny* show, with Art Baker and me sharing the master-of-ceremonies job. Baker didn't like the setup, and when Guedel and I decided we could get along without him, the ad agency involved gave me the *coup de grâce*. They wanted a big name. They wanted Art Baker. I had no choice and I was forced out of my own show.

I walked out of Guedel's office and stood on the corner of Vine Street, looking at the long chain of shimmering lights on Hollywood Boulevard. A radio transmitting tower pierced the dark stretch of sky high above the gaudy street—lofty, beyond reach, and it seemed to be a symbol of my defeat. I made a decision, and it was abject surrender.

I have never forgotten that intersection at Hollywood and Vine, and by a curious coincidence I was standing there some years later, reflecting on my current good fortune, when I saw a hulking figure of a man leaning against a building and glumly gazing at the passing stream. I recognized him and spoke to him.

"Hello, Art," he said huskily.

"You in trouble?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said. "This town has me beat, and I'm going back to New York where I came from."

I told him my story—how I stood at that very spot years before, a self-confessed failure, and how I made the decision to quit Hollywood. "It was perhaps the best move I ever made," I said, "and I'm sure it will be for you." We shook hands, and he ambled away. He did go back to New York and within a year he had become one of the great names in television. His name was Jackie Gleason.

In San Francisco, trying to rebuild my reputation—to say nothing of my fractured ego—I salvaged some of the old shows I had dropped and picked up a few new ones. There are residents of San Francisco, still living, who survived the Linkletter radio barrage of the Forties and who swear I was on all three networks and a few independent stations seven days a week, day and night. This is only a mild exaggeration. I was probably blasting the loud-speakers thirty times a week.

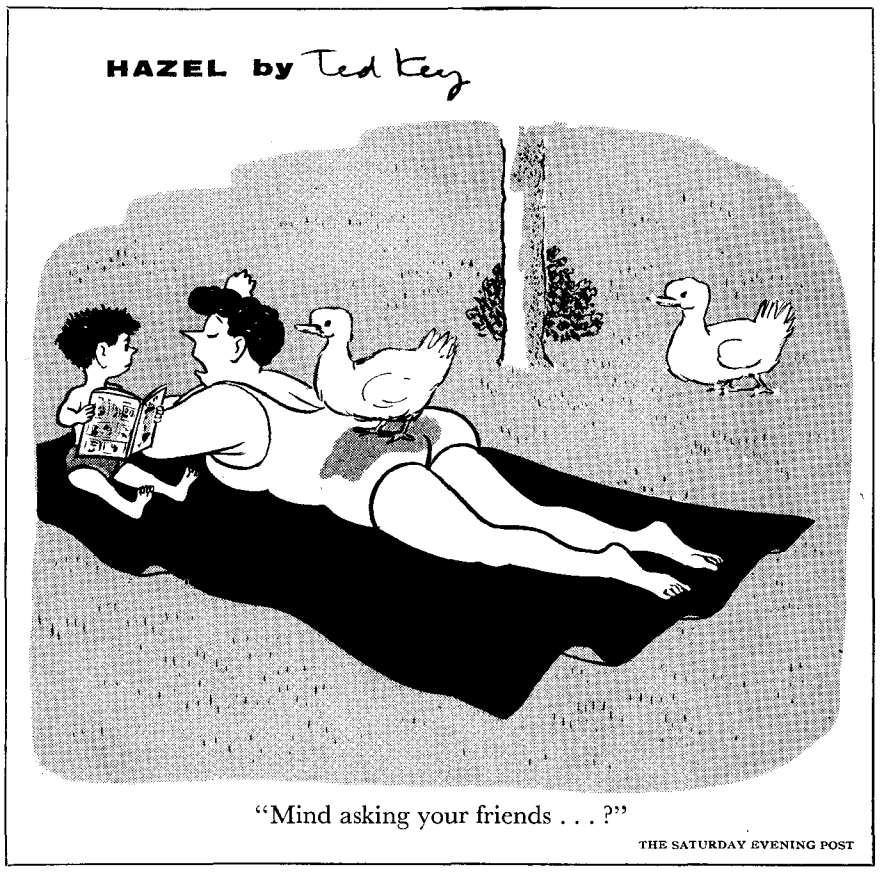
After the Pearl Harbor attack and all through 1942, I was a volunteer announcer and performer for Nelson Rockefeller's government information program, which was beaming short-wave broadcasts to Latin American countries. Mr. Rockefeller didn't know me from one of his oil wells at the time, but I suspect the name Linkletter rings a bell with him now.

I was invited to an elaborate Republican Party dinner in Syracuse not long ago, and the toastmaster asked me to say a few words. I have always enjoyed kidding celebrities. I deliberately test their ability to take it, and when anyone asks me to say a few words, it is virtually impossible to turn me off. Anyway, I looked at Governor Rockefeller of New York and told the audience that he had once been my boss. "I've only been in this state a few days," I said, "but I have heard many comments about the kind of job Governor Rockefeller is doing here. I would be happy to repeat those comments here, but I can't. There are ladies present." It was a harmless little gag—and not too original—but I was happy to hear the governor laugh as loudly as the rest.

In addition to my work for Rockefeller in 1942, I was also broadcasting for the Office of War Information and I was radio program director for the Kaiser shipyards in Richmond, across the bay from San Francisco. I was not Christopher Marlowe's "face that launched a thousand ships," but I was at the microphone when at least a hundred or more slid down the ways. Those were happy, tense and thrilling hours for me. Then on a chilly December day in 1942, the bottom dropped out of my world.

I was walking down Powell Street, near the St. Francis Hotel, when my eyes swept over a newspaper rack on the corner, and the headline jumped up and hit me. It read, ART LINKLETTER INDICTED.

I find myself unable to describe the total impact of those big black letters. I only know that for a moment there were invisible hands at my throat, and the blood was sucked out of my face. I snatched up a copy of the paper without paying for it, ran around the corner and found refuge in a dark corner of an office-building lobby.



"Mind asking your friends . . . ?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I held the paper in front of my face—I did not want to be recognized by anyone at this awkward moment—and I read the story. It could not have been more devastating. I had been indicted by a Federal grand jury for falsely claiming to be an American citizen. The Government accused me of lying about my birthplace, illegally voting in an American election and falsely stating that I had never been out of the United States. The account reported that I had not yet been arrested, but that bail had been set at $2500.

In such situations your mind can easily run off the track and skitter around in wild little circles.

I had never been arrested or accused of a crime, but now I could hear cell doors slamming shut. This was wartime, when passions were easily aroused, and I imagined angry citizens pointing fingers and calling me a spy. I could hear myself being denounced in every direction. I was frightened and I knew my radio career was finished. I slunk out of the lobby and hurried to the office of my lawyer, William A. O'Brien, looking apprehensively over my shoulder, momentarily expecting the touch of a heavy hand.

"Well, Art," O'Brien said, "what's the answer?"

"There isn't any answer, Bill," I said. "It's true."

"All of it?"

"All of it. And I have no excuse and no defense."

"Tell me about it."

I told him the whole story, and this is how it went. In earlier chapters of this narrative I revealed that my true name is Gordon Arthur Kelly and that my real parents, whom I have never seen and with whom I have never had any contact since birth, are still living in Canada, where I was born. I was adopted in the little town of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, by a middle-aged couple named John and Mary Linkletter, and my first American home was at Lowell, Massachusetts, where the Linkletters lived before moving west to San Diego. This was an intensely personal secret, and I never talked about it.

When war broke out and I volunteered to participate in the Government's overseas radio propaganda campaign, I suddenly realized the squeeze was on. All Government broadcasters were being investigated, and I was sure I would be barred from the stations if my Canadian citizenship was exposed.

For a long time I had considered myself an American. I had assumed that the Linkletters had become naturalized citizens and that therefore I automatically became a citizen too. Like the reporter who didn't check his facts because he was afraid he wouldn't have a story, I didn't investigate my citizenship status. I think I knew what I would find. As insurance, though, I had gone to the United States Immigration Service in September of 1942—without telling anyone—to fill out an application for United States citizenship.

Among other stupid things, I said I had never been out of the United States, except for occasional trips to Mexico during my college days when I worked as a shill in an Agua Caliente gambling hall.

Immigration agents naturally investigated my claims and soon trapped me in a web of lies. They discovered that I had posed as an American citizen when I voted in a 1940 election. They came upon documents—some were in the files at San Diego State College—in which I said I had been born in Lowell. They had no trouble at all learning from newspaper clippings that I had made a trip to South America as a deck hand aboard the *American Legion*. The agents took these facts to the grand jury, and I was nailed.

O'Brien, who has since become a judge in San Francisco, gloomily agreed that I had no excuse for these foolish deceptions and that there was no out. "My advice to you, 'Art," he said, "is to plead guilty and hope the court will give you a break."

On January 12, 1943, O'Brien and I went to the courtroom of Federal Judge Michael J. Roche. I was ashamed of myself and scared and I watched Judge Roche for some clue that might suggest sympathetic understanding. There was a prisoner standing before the bench, head bowed, and Judge Roche said coldly, "Twenty years." My stomach flipped, and when my case was called, I pleaded guilty and asked for probation with the dread certainty that he would throw the book at me.

One week later, when I went back to the same court for sentencing and a report on the probation request, Judge Roche said, "Probation denied. Six months in jail or a $500 fine."

I started to say something—you can imagine how grateful I was not to be going to the penitentiary—when Judge Roche spoke again. "Mr. Linkletter," he said gravely, "I cannot understand how you could have been so careless in disregarding the law. I am convinced that you have the makings of a good citizen, and for that reason I am denying probation—so we can get this case cleared up as quickly as possible, and you will not have a long probationary period delaying your application for citizenship."

"Your honor," I said—and nothing I have said since had more of my heart in it—"I have no disrespect for the law. It was an error of judgment. I have suffered many weeks of anguish and I wish to God I had never done these things. In my life I have known nothing but America and Americanism, and the word 'alien' seems strange to me."

I have long since proudly become an American citizen, but I have never forgotten that morning more than seventeen years ago. I learned how the courts jealously guard certain basic rights you have or don't have as a citizen of the United States. I also learned—for the first and last time, I hope—that there are problems in life that cannot be solved by glib talk alone.

With my nagging conscience finally stilled and my case settled by payment of the fine, I went back to work. I am certain, looking back now, that my luck changed the day Judge Roche generously gave me another chance.

In succeeding months I took on one show after another, and none of them flopped. In my spare time I wrote reams of jokes, stunts and monologues for *People Are Funny;* and when our format made the show a national hit, I went back to Hollywood to take over as emcee. The decision cost me the friendship of Art Baker, but there was no other choice for me. He tried to disregard the fact that Guedel and I invented and owned the show, and I wanted to guide its destiny myself. Had it failed, I was prepared to take the blame.

I would like nothing better now than to live the rest of my life—both personal and professional—without any feuds or heartaches or crises at all.

Over the years I have tried to create an image of a happy man dedicated to fun and laughter. I have been willing to joke about my own faults and foibles and to talk about the troublesome things in my life and I have kidded people about theirs. The world needs laughter more than ever, and I intend to spread it around.

This is the last of a series of five articles by Mr. Linkletter and Mr. Jennings.

—THE EDITORS

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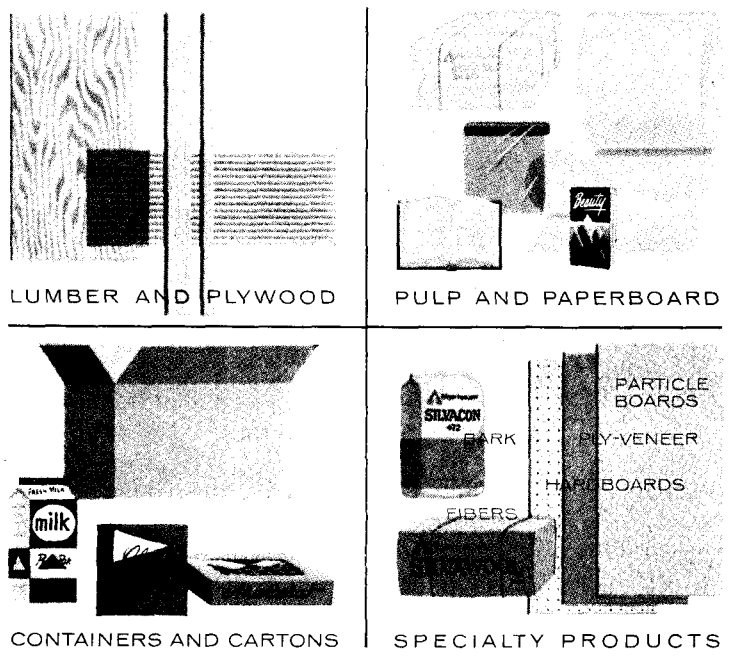
SEATTLE'S TOLT RIVER RESERVOIR, to be completed in 1962, lies in the heart of commercial timberland. Under agreement with the city, Weyerhaeuser land in the watershed will continue to be managed for perpetual yield of timber crops. Special provisions assure sanitary protection of the water supply.

Tolt River Dam . . . a story of good timberland management

PRODUCTS OF WEYERHAEUSER TREE FARMS



Water for the nation's expanding population and industry is a matter of grave concern in many regions. As new sources of water supply are developed, large areas of land are sometimes sealed off and their use restricted to watershed purposes. This is both unnecessary and unwise where commercial timberland is involved. Properly managed forestlands can supply *both* wood and water as twin crops, year after year.

The City of Seattle's Tolt River watershed is a case in point. It is comprised of federal, state and Weyerhaeuser timberlands, all of which are managed for sustained yield of timber crops. This practice is recognized by city officials as being fully compatible with use of the land as a watershed. As a result, the area will continue to produce wood for essential products, as well as water for the City of Seattle.

City officials and forestland owners in many other areas also can work out sensible long-range plans to meet future water and timber requirements. The accelerating demand for wood, water and other forest resources makes such cooperation vitally necessary.

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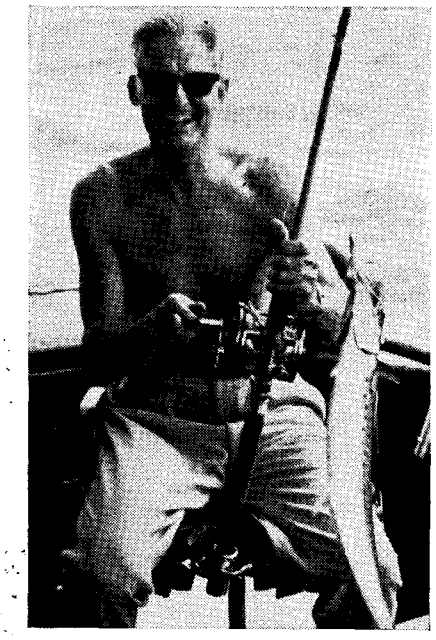
Keeping Posted

Our Man in Guantánamo

GUANTÁNAMO: OURS OR CASTRO'S? asks **Hanson W. Baldwin** on page 19. Reporter Baldwin is well qualified to probe that question. He is a seasoned military writer and has been making periodic visits to our Navy's base at Guantánamo Bay since the early 1920's, when he was an Annapolis midshipman and Fidel Castro had yet to unburden himself of his first angry howl. By 1924 Baldwin was a junior officer on the battleship *Texas*. One balmy night, when the *Texas* was at anchor in Guantánamo harbor, Baldwin was assigned as boat officer on a motorboat which took officers to the town of Caimanera for shore leave. When it was time to make the return trip to the *Texas*, Baldwin shouted to the coxswain, "Shove off!" The coxswain shoved off, and Ensign Baldwin stepped from the pier into the bay. The ensign's cap floated off with the tide, but the ensign was fished out with a boat hook. Because Baldwin was a teetotaler, his commanding officer took great delight in needling him thereafter about the time he was "drunk on duty." (Well, he was in the drink, wasn't he?)

Baldwin joined *The New York Times* staff four days after the 1929 stock-market crash and has been there ever since. He became a full-time military writer in 1937 and has been *The Times*' military editor since 1942, the year he won a Pulitzer Prize for his reports on our plight in the South Pacific. Baldwin has written or edited a dozen books, and has contributed nine previous articles to *The Post*. He lives in Chappaqua, New York, but is kept on the move by "three grandsons and the world situation." He was on the move in Panamanian waters when he and a fish were photographed together (above), just before Exercise Banyan Tree II, March, 1960. "I am no fisherman," he insists. "I was working that day—actually—but we were trolling as we worked, and the fish just bit. The one I have is a golden mackerel."



Military writer wins battle with fish.

Evolution of an Article

Gay Luce and Tibor.

1949: Gay Gaer, sophomore at Radcliffe College, enrolls in *Nat. Sci. 114*, introductory psychology course taught by Prof. B. F. Skinner of Harvard. Finds subject grim.

1950: Miss Gaer becomes Mrs. R. Duncan Luce, shortly after R. Duncan Luce becomes R. Duncan Luce, Ph.D. (He earned doctorate in mathematics at M.I.T.)

1957: **Gay Gaer Luce** hears of Professor Skinner's pioneering research in automated teaching, volunteers as test subject for machine-taught version of *Nat. Sci. 114*. "This time I was following the course with intense interest. I was excited about the machine method and began asking about the field."

1960: (R. Duncan Luce now at University of Pennsylvania—as professor of mathematical psychology.) Mrs. Luce asks *Post* if interested in article on teaching machines. Answer: Yes. In course of research Mrs. Luce becomes engrossed in automated math program of New York's Collegiate School for Boys. Result: Mrs. Luce learns Mr. Luce's language. Further result: CAN MACHINES REPLACE TEACHERS? (page 36), her first *Post* article.

Prodigy Behind the Wheel

Back in 1918, **Eric Hatch** had to allow three days of muddy-road driving to motor from his Long Island home to Virginia. This past March he drove to Philadelphia to discuss his article on page 32, CARS I HAVE LOVED, and when he headed back to his home in Litchfield, Connecticut, snow was falling. It took him exactly three days to make the trip, in a new sports car. "So things haven't changed too much," he says.

Regulations governing the operation of motor vehicles have changed considerably, however. The cocksure driver at the wheel of the Model T in the photograph at right is author Hatch at age thirteen. He was only eleven when he was taught to drive, and he recalls that "Mother was constantly alarmed." But she never really put her foot down—not even when Eric and three pals tried, unsuccessfully, to clear a four-foot-high steeplechase hurdle in a horseless carriage.

1914: Mother Hatch and sons Alden and Eric.

The courageous bulldog in our photo was named Hypatia, after a lady philosopher of ancient Greece who was slain with oyster shells in the year 415. We guessed the pooch's name was inspired by her philosophic attitude toward danger, but author Hatch says, "She was so christened by my old man because of her gorgeous Greek profile."

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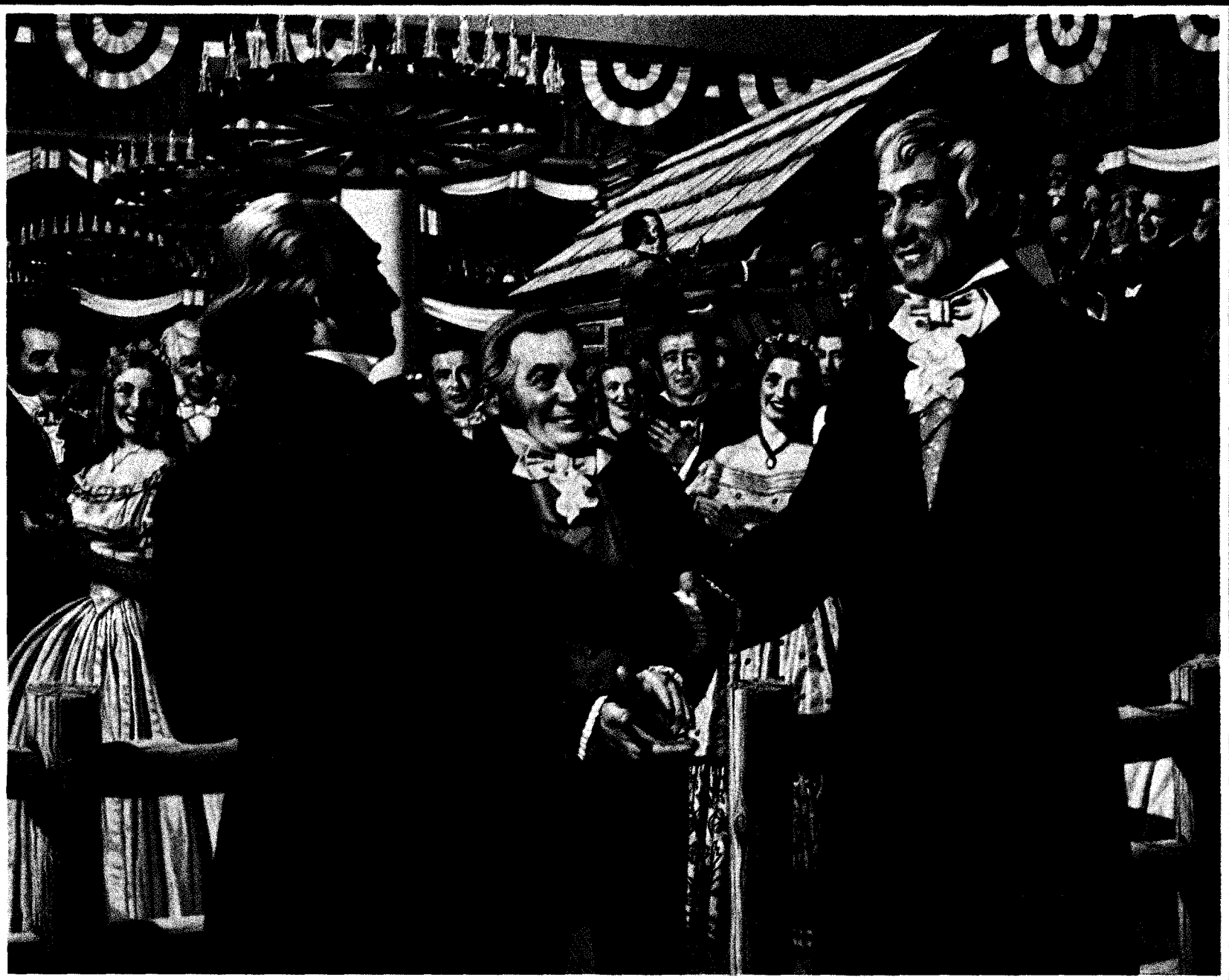

Daniel Webster honors William H. Harrison at the Log Cabin Ball

1800 candles gleamed in a great hall decorated like a log cabin when Sen. Webster and other notables gave a resplendent ball for William Henry Harrison. The guests could expect the refreshments to include Old Crow since, according to old records, both Webster and Harrison preferred it.

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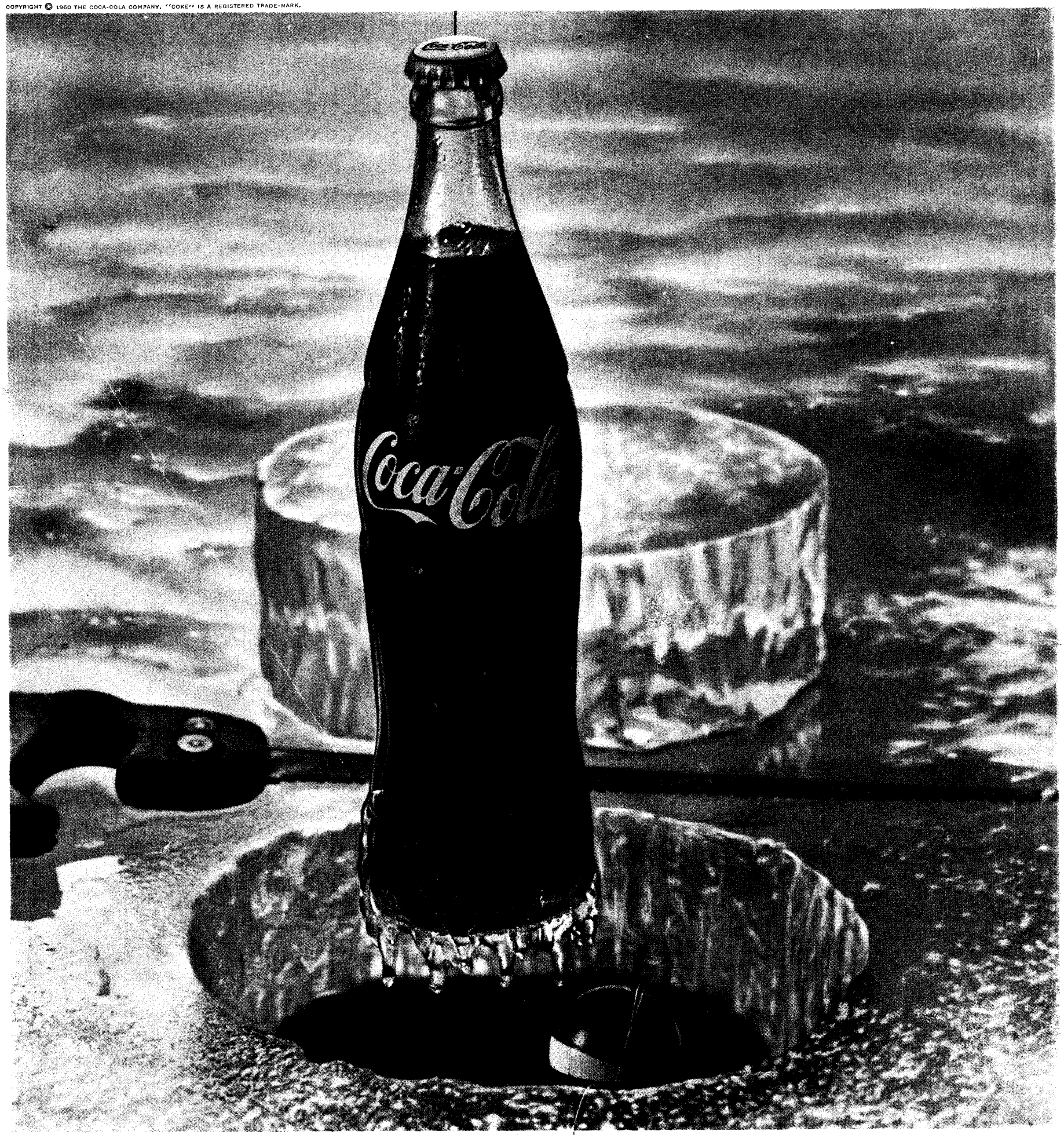

Be really refreshed! Cool off with Coke! Only Coca-Cola gives you the cheerful lift that's bright and lively... the cold crisp taste that deeply satisfies! No wonder Coke refreshes you best!

FOR THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

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